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THIRD SOUVENIR.

LINES.

Suggested to Mrs. Inez A. Hall, of Meadville, Penn., on her viewing the picture of the family group, as here presented, and knowing it was to grace the pages of this volume.

Descending, on the snowy pages
Of this book, to coming ages,
This group shall go—whose pleasant faces,
Each replete with special graces,
Gaze back on me, in sweet content
Of happy lives, and years well spent.

And ev'ry year 'twill grow more dear
To those who view their lov'd ones here;
When by death the band is broken,
Sweeter still must grow the token
Of a father's thoughtful love and care.

AUGUST 19, 1891.



FRANCIS C. WAID AND GRANDCHILDREN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT MEADVILLE, PA., JULY 25, 1891.



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THIRD SOUVENIR
OF
FRANCIS C. WAID

CONTAINING

FAMILY AND PERSONAL REMINISCENCES,

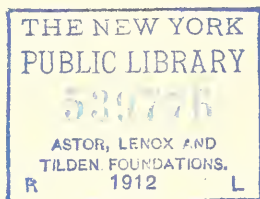
TOGETHER

With an Appendix including Treatises, Family
Records and Miscellanea.

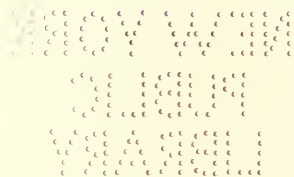
ILLUSTRATED.

CHICAGO, ILL.:
J. H. BEERS & CO., PUBLISHERS.
1892.

CHW



“What I have written I have written.”



PREFACE.

On presenting my THIRD SOUVENIR to my kindred, friends and others, my primal object, to DO GOOD, remains unchanged, and my desire in that direction I find increased and expanded within me through the generous welcome my many friends have given my previous efforts, and by the gratifying approval evinced in the columns of the Press, both at home and abroad.

Adverse criticism seldom comes unexpectedly to public writers, and I am not disappointed that the humble productions of my pen have not been overlooked by those who have the privilege to publicly pronounce the works of any author perfect or defective; although it is a maxim that a true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than upon imperfections, having always in mind that

“Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;

He who would search for pearls must dive below.”

Notwithstanding, however, the detraction to which it has been subjected, I am wonderfully encouraged to pursue my labor of love and gratitude, for the good of mankind, especially the youth of our land, my own kin and my many friends whom I dearly love. Yet I would not have it understood that in this I am inclined to be partial; far from it, I seek only an outlet for the unbounded love that ought to dwell in every true Christian heart—a love that is at once the parent and the offspring of that heaven-born ennobling desire of man—to benefit his fellow being. To me it seems so Christ-like, that I want to bear the greater share of the burden; indeed it seems to me only a *duty*, which I must cheerfully perform, for I have been all my days abundantly blessed of the Lord. Whatever else may be done, all honor to His name first, and good results will be certain to follow. *I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. There shall no evil befall thee . . . for*

He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

“Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless can not change;
Gladly will I journey on,
With His arm to lean upon.”

Faith and works are essential to our success in whatever we may undertake. I began writing my *FIRST SOUVENIR* (1886) in *good faith*, accompanied by *hard work* and earnest prayers to the Lord for His blessing on my efforts; and I know that I *have* been wonderfully blest and favored in my endeavors. I believe in both Divine and human aid, and while acknowledging that I owe everything to the Lord, I am not unmindful of the many friends who have lent a helping hand in my work.

I desire the readers of this *SOUVENIR* to consider that it comes from the hand of a *true friend*, even though we may have never met, and are total strangers. *Strangers* have often on life's journey helped me; let me in return do more than pray “God bless them;” grant me the privilege of doing some kind act also. The world needs more love and charity from every Christian. We belong to one common Father, in whose vineyard we should all be busy laborers for God and humanity, each doing what is possible for us, impossibilities not being either asked or required of any of us.

Of the reasons I have for publishing my *SOUVENIRS*, the chief one, as I have already frequently endeavored to make known is to do GOOD. I have received much, and I want to give in due proportion. The Scriptures say: *God loveth a cheerful giver*, which I not only believe but know, for my lifetime experience has fully convinced me of the truth of this passage. A certain Christian writer has said that “a good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.” Then in this world there is a great deal of good and a vast amount of evil, and it is for us to choose between the two; if it is in my power to guide anyone into the path of rectitude, or lead him from the one that tends to destruction, then duty teaches me so to do. There is, also, the incalculable amount of happiness that comes

of doing right. A little seed produces a large crop; even a small investment may bring good returns. Moreover, I delight in the work of book-making—writing, studying, thinking, collecting ideas and incidents; at home or abroad—in the quiet seclusion of my study in my old home, or in the midst of the “madding crowd” in a noisy railway car—I am ever in search of some knowledge by which others may be helped as well as myself. “Knowledge is power,” and in my own humble way I wish to make it a power for good. Multitudes of pleasant thoughts have come to me, and many happy hours have I spent in this way, and the benefits my labors may produce is all the reward I seek. My time and means I freely give, not for profit or from any mercenary motive, but simply to do good, and bless as far as possible all mankind. “If there be nothing so glorious as doing good,” wrote the Rev. William Law, “if there is nothing that makes us so like God, then nothing can be so glorious in the use of our money as to use it in works of love and goodness.”

I may compare my work at book-making to my labor on the farm, which I love; the more I do and the longer I continue in it, the more real satisfaction and pleasure it brings to me. I do not forget that our labor in the vineyard of the Lord will surely bring its reward; and the Bible teaches us that there is reward in this life as well as in that to come. I desire to consecrate my life here below, my means, my all, to every hour and every day teaching the salvation of all men as set forth in the Scriptures, given us through the Son of God, who died to save the world, and bring us back to Him; and if this be not in itself sufficient reason for my writing the *SOUVENIRS*, thereby endeavoring to prove to the world my love for Christ and humanity, then I fail to know how to express myself. To God we owe our existence, and subsistence out of His bounteous storehouse, and it behooves us to make an effort to repay Him in some measure, and do His will, that it may be well with us now and forever; and I trust that my efforts in that direction may be acceptable and blessed.

As it has not infrequently been inquired of me, for the most part in some indirect manner, as to the cost of publish-

ing my SOUVENIRS, I do not think I need offer any apology for here making it known: The outlay for my work ordered for the History of Crawford County (1885), together with the cost of publishing my FIRST SOUVENIR (six hundred copies printed, three hundred being bound for immediate distribution) was two thousand dollars; the cost of my SECOND SOUVENIR (two thousand copies printed, seven hundred being bound for immediate distribution) was in the neighborhood of two thousand one hundred and fifty dollars, while that of my THIRD SOUVENIR (sixteen hundred copies printed, six hundred being bound now—three hundred copies in my TWIN SOUVENIR, and three hundred separately) amounts to about twelve hundred dollars.

In order to make my THIRD SOUVENIR of more interest to my friends, I have had prepared for insertion in it two family illustrations, the one group containing twelve subjects—my three sons, their families, and myself—the other group representing my five grandchildren and myself.

To dear friends and kindred I return sincere thanks for kind and encouraging words—both spoken and written; also for valued literary contributions to the SOUVENIR, received from time to time. And I feel under special obligations to Mrs. Inez A. Hall, of Meadville, for the graceful lines written by her on the subject of the “family groups” as they appear in this volume.

This book, as were my previous SOUVENIRS, is dedicated by me to my kindred, friends, the youth of our land and humanity at large, as a token of my love for them and for the Truth, the Gospel, the Word of God, the Bible, and as an earnest of my desire for the bettering of the condition of both reader and author, and the salvation of all mankind, my sincere prayer being that God’s blessing and His divine love may rest upon us and abide with us all for evermore.

Faithfully in the service of God,
F. C. WAID.

Blooming Valley,
Crawford Co., Penn.

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ERRATA AND EMENDATIONS.

- Page 29: Thirteenth line from top, read *Valley Chapel* for Chapel Valley.
- Page 34: Seventh and eighth lines from top should read: *Soon after my arrival at the station I met Andy Pitcher up town, driving transfer wagon.* [I wish to here add that our next happy meeting was in Meadville, Penn., on my return home from Michigan, August 14, 1891.]
- Page 39: Twentieth line from top, read I saw the largest *corn* for largest field of corn.
- Page 44: In first footnote it should read that Mrs. Frank Jackson is from Titusville, Penn., and Mrs. Almira Jackson from New York.
- Page 80: In footnote (Andrew G. Waid's letter), read *the* wooden bowls for their wooden bowls.
- Page 83: Sixth line from bottom of last paragraph, read in her *nine-tieth* year for eighty-ninth.
- Page 93: Second line from bottom (of last paragraph), read *Radle* for Rudle.
- Page 97: Third line from top, read *Mrs. Olive Heller* for Oliver Heelyer.
- Page 97: Sixth line from top, should be stated that I helped to chain or measure off the lot.
- Page 113: Fifth line from top, read *S. K. Paden* for S. R. Paden.
- Page 113: Nineteenth line from top, read *J. H. Reynolds* for J. R. Reynolds.
- Page 136: Second footnote: Mr. Washburn died May 9, 1891, in his eighty-eighth year.
- Page 190: End of first paragraph: Mr. Danford Van Guilder died August 24, 1891.
- Page 194: Eleventh line from top occurs the name of Mrs. Jane Adams; since it was in type I have learned of her death.
- Page 197: In last paragraph appears name Morris—should be *Norris*.
- Page 206: The date in fourteenth line from bottom is 1845.
- Page 207: Twentieth line from top, before my arrival should read *at time of* my arrival.
- Page 231: Last two lines, read *Goodwill* for Goodwille.

Page 232: Seventeenth line from top, read *Francis L.* for Francis D.

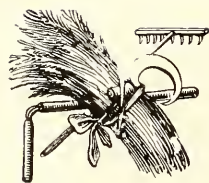
Page 233: Fourteenth line from top, read *Frances* for Francis.

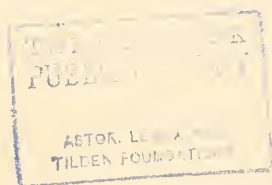
Page 237: Eleventh line from top, read *Ridle* for Riddle.

Page 252: I am truly glad I received the letter from Mr. David S.

Keep, ex-register and recorder of deeds for Crawford county, Penn.; more satisfaction came afterward, however, in shaking hands with him and his wife and son at our home. The desire he expresses in his letter was granted, but the visit we both wished for was not then made, and never will be in this life, for he died October 17, 1891; yet I believe *we shall know each other there*—in HEAVEN!









Francis O. Waid



Eliza C. Waid

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

JOURNEYS.

MY FOURTH TRIP TO KANSAS AND THE WEST.

COMMENCING JANUARY 21, 1890.

"Nothing tends so much to enlarge the mind as traveling; that is, making a visit to other towns, cities or counties, besides those in which we were born and educated."

DR. ISAAC WATTS.

HAVING made necessary arrangements for an extended trip to Kansas and other points in the West, my son Guinnip P. and I set out from Meadville, on Tuesday, January 21, 1890, via the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio and the Chicago & Atlantic Railroads for Chicago. Here I did some business with my publishers, J. H. Beers & Co., after which we visited Lincoln Park; but the weather proved cold and uninviting. In the evening we continued our journey westward via the Santa Fe route, and on the morning of the 24th arrived in good health and spirits at the home of my father-in-law, Freeman Tyler, near Norwood, Franklin Co., Kas., our only break worthy of mention in the run from Chicago being at Kansas City, where Guinnip and I took a jaunt on the cable cars, along with my old friend John Cavinee, whom we met at the station. I found the Tyler family all well except my wife Anna, who was still in delicate health, although

1

somewhat better than she had been. They are having fine winter weather here, and the sleighing is excellent.*

On Sunday, January 26, Rouelle† Tyler, Guinnip and I went to the Christian Church at Norwood, where we listened with pleasure and profit to an able sermon preached by Rev. Johnson, whom I heard when here before. After the services I had a brief interview with him, and also saw many members of the congregation whom I had met on previous occasions. Among them were Albert Tyler and his wife, and in the afternoon Guinnip and I went to their home for a brief visit.

January 27 is one day in the year I always hold in the deepest respect and reverence. It is the anniversary of the death of my revered father, Ira C. Waid, who peacefully passed from earth twenty years ago. During the day Rouelle, Guinnip and myself went to Ottawa where I transacted some business at my banker's. The snow has disappeared, and the ice is broken up on the river (the "Marais aux Cygnes") which is much swollen, and is carrying down immense quantities of ice and driftwood. On the following day, in company with Guinnip, I visited Albert Tyler, and took a look over his place, which embraces 160 acres farm land, and 40 partly covered with timber, about a mile from his home. On the 29th Albert drove us to Ottawa, where Guinnip took train home to Meadville via Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, &c. I am glad two of my sons, Franklin and Guinnip, have visited Kansas and seen my father-in-law's folks. It has all along been my desire that they should become acquainted with each other, the tendency being thereby to

*In fact the best sleighing I ever saw in Kansas. It was not only unexpected but the first I had seen this winter. The winter of 1889-90 was, in this part of Kansas at least, the mildest known for many years; also in Crawford County, Penn., the winter was so mild that fruit trees were advanced and the fruit afterward killed by early frosts.

†His full name is Rouelle Putnam Tyler.

produce good rather than evil, which is my purpose—in short, to promote the peace and harmony which I hope may ever exist between us all; and may the Lord help us so to live that our days may end with tranquility and under His blessing. My object in life, as already proclaimed in my writings, is to DO GOOD, and when accomplishing this object I ever feel within me a peace above all earthly dignities—a still and quiet conscience.

Sunday, February 2, being unpleasant outside, and the roads in bad condition, was spent indoors by us at home. Rouelle read to us—Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, Hattie, little Vera and myself—from a very interesting book by Rev. J. H. Ingraham, entitled “The Prince of the House of David, or, Three Years in the Holy City;” I consider it one of the best Bible stories I have ever read or heard read. It is written in the form of letters with answers thereto, the headings of some of which are: “Heaven our Home” and “We have no Saviour but Jesus, and no Home but Heaven,” and are supposed to be a correspondence in writing carried on between one “Adina” and her father, “Rabbi Amos.” I love the book, for it is so replete with Bible truths. It presents Holy Writ in a manner I have never seen excelled in beauty; in fact both “Adina’s” letters and her father’s replies are too full of Scriptural language for my pen to describe them with anything like justice; they seem to bring one to the actual spot where Jesus may be, and into His very presence.

The weather is now (Monday, February 3,) getting springlike, and there are many noticeable indications, such as wild geese flying northward, and the ever-welcome frogs heralding spring’s advent in their own peculiar euphonius manner. On Tuesday the thermometer stood at 74°, so we thought it a good day to drive to Ottawa.

which we did—Hattie, Vera, Anna, Rouelle and myself. While there I called to see my old friend, Maurice McMullen, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., having been so requested by his mother, who lives in Meadville, Penn. I also met Harry Brown, formerly of Meadville, Mr. Cook (merchant) and Rev. E. C. Boaz, who officiated at the marriage of myself and Anna; and I am here reminded that last Saturday I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Sherman, and also Mr. C. C. Minton, cashier of the First National Bank of Ottawa.

Shortly after three o'clock we started for home, and as coincidences are sometimes interesting in the relating thereof, I will briefly mention one that occurred to-day: We drove to Ottawa and back with a span of horses, and at a particular spot on the road near home, where it was muddy, one of our single-trees broke, and on our return home, at the very same place, our double-tree came to grief in a similar manner! These accidents did not, however, detain us any great length of time.

On Wednesday the thermometer took a drop to 42°, but that "set-back" in the weather did not deter many of the farmers from prosecuting their spring ploughing, a duty essential to the existence of mankind, a sense of which duty no real farmer is devoid of. Man has five senses—seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting and feeling—but some writer speaks of a sixth sense, the "sense of *duty*." On the evening of Thursday (February 6,) Anna, Rouelle and I visited a near neighbor, Mr. Patterson, and during that night the snow fell two or three inches, but by Friday afternoon it had entirely disappeared.

On Saturday, February 8, accompanied by Rouelle and Hattie, I drove to Ottawa, and while there we visited the Free California Exhibit, which consisted of two railroad cars filled with specimens of the products of that

great State; and so delighted and interested was I in the display that I went to see it in all four times. Among the numerous things shown, as evidences of the wonderful fecundity of that favored portion of the Union, were two Irish potatoes weighing seven pounds and three and a half pounds, respectively; a pumpkin that tipped the scale at 150 pounds, and others even larger; there were also a sweet potato weighing twenty-four pounds, a grape-vine measuring in height thirty-six feet, eight inches, an ostrich's egg, and a young ostrich fourteen days old; also the section of an orange tree fifty-six years old, which attracted much attention; while the samples of grain on the stalk—wheat, oats (nine feet high), rye and barley—for size and quality were simply wonderful! There was a magnificent display of all kinds of Southern California fruit, and the pears shown were the largest I ever saw, some weighing five pounds each; silk, cotton, honey, native wines and other liquors were also exhibited.

On Sunday, February 9, I attended the Christian Church at Norwood with Anna, Hattie Ringer and Rouelle, and heard an excellent discourse from the lips of Rev. Johnson, with whom I again had a brief conversation at the conclusion of the services. He spoke of the Huidekoper family, of Meadville, also of Mrs. Shippen,* with whom I am acquainted, particularly the latter, as I used to furnish her with many farm products in the "days of long ago" when I marketed in Meadville. I was in time to enjoy a portion of the Sunday-school exercises, and I found everything profitable and interesting to the very close. The day was beautiful, and as I was in comparatively better health and spirits, I enjoyed this Sabbath day and its privileges all the more. Anna, as I have said, was enabled to accompany me, although her health is

*I ever think of Mrs. Shippen as a dear friend and Christian woman whose influence lives. The nobility of the soul exists for ever in kind hearts.

still far from satisfactory; and I was glad to have her with me, for this is the first (and only) time, so far, we have had the pleasure of attending church together in Kansas, though while she was in Pennsylvania we attended church regularly, her health being then apparently better.

In the afternoon Ronelle completed the reading of that interesting little work I have already mentioned, "The Prince of the House of David, or, Three Years in the Holy City." Taking it altogether I believe we spent a very pleasant and profitable Sabbath, in a manner, too, that I trust has brought us "a day's march nearer home" in safety.

On the following day, the weather continuing fine, Anna, Ronelle and I proceeded to Ottawa, where Anna consulted Dr. S. B. Black in regard to her health, and he spoke favorably as to her going to Clifton (Kas.), to visit her brother, Dr. DeWitt C. Tyler, and also as to her returning to Pennsylvania in April or May. After a final visit to the California Exhibit I bade Anna and the others good-bye, and took the train for Admire, Lyon County, same State, as I was longing to make a call on my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Putnam. I got off the train at Admire about 4 P. M., and walked back on the track about a mile to 142-Mile Creek, where Sidney Putnam, Fred's father, lives, only a short distance from Fred's place, which I reached about 5 P. M. About the first thing I said to Mrs. Lydia Putnam was, "Is the strawberry ripe?" in allusion to an incident that occurred May 16, 1889. On that day I was here on a visit, and a single strawberry which had turned red was brought in, attracting our attention. They then wished me to stay till they would have strawberries to put on the table, but I had to leave before they were sufficiently ripe.

(This is my third visit to Mr. and Mrs. Putnam's). Mrs. Phillips, a half-sister to Fred D. Putnam's mother, and whose mother died twenty years ago, sat down to supper with us. Her husband, who is a farmer living between Mr. Putnam's place and Emporia, drove over to Mr. Putnam's this morning, and leaving his wife here went to a horse sale near Admire.

In the afternoon of the 11th I went with Mr. Putnam to 142-Mile Creek, a little beyond which his farm extends, and here he showed me his bit of timber land. We fed the herd of cattle and cut and took home a load of poles, with which Mr. Putnam intended to build a fence. Soon after getting back, home, Mr. Phillips called for his wife, and in the course of conversation with him I found he had come from Pennsylvania some thirty-four years ago. On the 12th I returned to Norwood, where I found, to my great sorrow, my dear wife very unwell, having been taken suddenly ill during my absence. I am pleased to be able to say, however, that she recovered sufficiently to accompany me to Clifton, a pretty town distant from Norwood 143 miles, whither we set out by rail on the morning of the 15th, our route being via Media, Baldwin, Vinland, Sibley, Lawrence (change cars), Williamstown, North Topeka (junction), Topeka, Silver Lake, Rossville, St. Marys, Wamego, Manhattan, Ogdensburg, Fort Riley, Junction City (change cars), Alida, Milford, Wakefield, Broughton and Clay Centre.

CLIFTON, KANSAS.

We arrived at Clifton at 6 P. M., where we found Dr. Tyler * awaiting us at the depot. His home is a short distance from the station, and here we were most cordially welcomed by the Doctor's wife, Mary, and her sister Florence, as well as by Frank, the Doctor's bright little five-year-old boy. On the 16th (Sunday), Dr. Tyler having a consultation engagement at Grant (a place about seventeen miles from Clifton) with Dr. Hovey, of Haddam (a town six miles from Grant), in the case of John Lindsey, who had a serious attack of the "grippe," I accompanied him, and on the way we saw corn lying in large heaps on the ground, some of it being shelled; indeed, we learned that nearly all the farmers thereabouts keep their corn in that way.

On our drive we passed the farm of Frank Seibert, an agriculturist of considerable note, and we observed that a good deal of limestone is used in the building of the farm and other houses about Grant; years ago, so I was informed, there used to be a limekiln in operation. In the evening I went with some of the Doctor's family to the Presbyterian Church in Clifton, where we participated, as auditors, in two services, one by the "Christian Endeavor," the other being the regular service, with sermon by Rev. Wilson.

February 17.—I learned that 230 loads of corn were taken in on Saturday, and that three cars were loaded this morning, it taking thirty minutes to load a car, each load holding from fifty to sixty bushels. After dinner little Frank and I walked to a place called Vining, in

*When some time ago I saw Dr. Tyler's photograph, I intuitively knew that I would like him, and when I became personally acquainted with him during this visit I was in no way disappointed. On our meeting, as above mentioned, Anna asked me whom he looked like, and I replied after a second look, that I thought he looked like Dr. D. C. Tyler; yet afterward I said that I thought he more resembled her brother Albert.

Clay County, about one mile from Clifton, while Anna and Mrs. Tyler went to see Dr. Frank Tyler, a cousin and partner of Dr. D. C. Tyler, and who lives close by. Little Frank and I strolled about Vining, visiting the grain elevator, etc. Three railroad lines touch at or pass near Vining, viz.: The Union Pacific, the Missouri Pacific and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific.* The town has a smaller population than Clifton, and has but one church and one elevator, whilst the latter has two churches and three elevators. On our return we found Mrs. Scovell visiting Mrs. Tyler; afterward, Anna and I, in company with Mrs. D. C. Tyler, called on Dr. Frank Tyler, and while we were there Mrs. Wilson, wife of the Presbyterian pastor, called to see Mrs. D. C. Tyler.

GRAND ISLAND. NEBRASKA.

On February 18, leaving Anna at her brother's, on account of her poor health, I proceeded alone (with her consent, as she was desirous I should go to see my friends) to Grand Island, Neb., 253 miles distant by the route I took, and which I had visited in November, 1880, with my brother, G. N., and brother-in-law, G. W. Cutshall, on which occasion we called on Judge Fleming at St. Paul, the county seat of Howard County, Neb. The scenery on the journey I found very picturesque and varied—hills, valleys, bluffs, woods, rocks and prairie land, with occasional deposits of snow where it had drifted—then there were to be seen, here and there, some “dugouts,” relics of the homes of early settlers. At Marysville I arrive at 6 p. m., and am informed that there will be no train for Grand Island till 11:40 that night, so have fully five hours wherein to chew the cud of patience.

“How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?”

*These same lines come into Clifton.

The time I utilized in part in strolling about the town, which has a population of some 2,800; the Union Pacific Railroad runs through it both from east to west and from north to south. In the waiting-room at the station there were a lady and her dog (her sole traveling companion) philosophically passing away the time, like myself, till the arrival of the same train I was waiting for. I thought of the line in Shakespeare: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." She told me her name was Mrs. Truax, that she was of French descent, that the name of her canine friend was "Prince," and that she was on her way to St. Paul, Neb. She also informed me that she was acquainted with Mrs. Fleming, widow of Judge Fleming, who had died since my visit to St. Paul in 1880. Great was our relief and pleasure when our train pulled into the station and we found ourselves once more steaming along the iron road, although we had another "lay over" of over three hours at Fairfield. At last I arrived at Grand Island, and at 10 A. M. on the 19th found myself in the office of Dr. G. W. Weter, my arrival being quite unexpected though most welcome. Dr. Weter, a Christian friend and brother, now more than ever fully realized and appreciated—separation for a time makes a glad reunion!

I had really been looked for as a visitor ever since their coming to Grand Island, November 29, 1888. The Doctor had been our family physician in Blooming Valley, Penn., and he attended my wife, Eliza, in her last illness, so he seems to me almost like a member of the family. Miss Sadie Braymer, who lived with the Weters in Blooming Valley, came into the room along with Mrs. Weter, and in the evening, though very cold, we attended the Methodist Church, where revival meetings were being held under the direction of Rev. H. L. Powers, the pastor,

who reported over one hundred having come into the fold of Christ up to that time.

Grand Island (the city) is situated on the Platte River, which here opens out into channels, forming a large island called "Grand Island," from which the city takes its name, and on this island, so I am informed, the first buildings were put up. Afterward, however, they commenced building on the north side of the river, which is higher ground and more eligible for a town site, and now the entire city is on the north side. Grand Island is a thriving, busy place, having a population numbering some 14,000 souls.

February 20.—To-day I visited the Nebraska Soldiers and Sailors' Home, which covers a quarter section of land. This is a State institution provided for not only soldiers and sailors, but also for their wives and children; hence suitable and convenient cottages have been built for the use of families. The Home, which is situated about two miles from Grand Island, is reached by street cars, and I was shown over the place in company with some eight or ten others, among them being Mr. Bates and Gen. Bates, of Pennsylvania, and Capt. Henry, of Nebraska. From the main building a fine view is to be had of Grand Island and the surrounding country. Among the 103 inmates I saw some aged veterans, whose march through life had about reached its close.

In the evening Dr. Weter and I visited the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., and took a stroll through the business part of the city, the Doctor pointing out places of interest, and occasionally introducing me to friends of his as we met them. He also made me acquainted with his business partner, Dr. Sumner Davis, also with Mr. and Mrs. Hatch and her mother, the former of whom has the care of the Doctor's rooms.

Among the many things the Doctor showed me in his office, in connection with his profession—things that a farmer knows little or nothing about—was the electromagnetic machine, which he operated for my edification. It reminded me much of the electric apparatus my son and I once saw at Niagara Falls, where at night-time the electric light, which was produced in a building in Prospect Park, was thrown alternately on the American Falls and the Horse-shoe or Canadian Falls, illuminating in its range the museum, Goat Island, &c. I was in all sincerity pleased to hear from the Doctor's own lips that he has prospered in both temporal and spiritual things, and that as a member of the most beneficent of all professions he was making many friends, good and true.

February 22.—To-day Dr. Weter drove me in his buggy about the town, showing me some more points of interest new to me, and then we paid a visit to the beet-sugar factory, which is in course of erection some three miles from the town, and which can be reached by street cars. The concern covers ten acres of ground, and the building is to be two and one-half stories high. I believe it has been started with a capital of \$500,000, and I think there is only another of the kind in the United States, in California. The open prairie lying between Grand Island and this factory will soon be dotted with dwelling-houses, and already several building lots have been sold at good prices. On our return to the Doctor's office from our drive, I was introduced to a few more of his friends, among them being the principal of the school which the Doctor's children attend, and who had come from New York.

On Sunday I had the pleasure of hearing Rev. H. L. Powers deliver a stirring sermon from the text, as he announced it, "From Genesis to Revelation," and at that

meeting over one hundred individuals testified for Christ in less than ten minutes! On returning from church in the evening we found waiting at Dr. Weter's Mr. A. G. Greenlee, attorney at law, of Lincoln, Neb., so my desire to meet this gentleman was unexpectedly gratified. Mr. Greenlee at one time taught school in Blooming Valley, Penn.,* where he was favorably known, and he and Dr. Weter are very old friends; they are within two days of being exactly the same age.

Among other places of prominence Dr. Weter drove me to was the Fair ground, which covers 160 acres, and has a very level half-mile track, round which we drove. The sugar factory, Fair ground and the Soldiers and Sailors' Home are all west of the city, nearly in a line and not very far apart. Afterward we made a call on Rev. W. H. H. Pillsbury, pastor of the Methodist Church on the "South Side," which the doctor and his family attend; Trinity Methodist Church, where they are holding the revivals, is on the "North Side." We were disappointed in finding Mr. Pillsbury from home, he having gone to attend a quarterly meeting in the country; Mrs. Pillsbury, however, entertained us most hospitably. They have seven children, the youngest of whom, Margaret, is a bright little girl of about five or six years of age, whose picture Mrs. Pillsbury handed me to give, on my return to Pennsylvania, to Dr. C. C. Hall (a college class-mate of Dr. Pillsbury), pastor of the First M. E. Church at Meadville, Penn., and with whom I am acquainted. She also spoke of Rev. T. L. Flood and others whom I knew. This visit, though brief and shorn of much of its enjoyment by the absence of Mr. Pillsbury,

*My daughter-in-law Anna M. (née Slocum), Guinnip's wife, attended school in Blooming Valley when Mr. Greenlee was teaching there, and she boarded with my mother in the very house of which she is now mistress.

was a very pleasant one to me, and shed some more sunshine on the pathway of my life.

Dr. Weter next drove me to the City Hall and the Security National Bank, then to the old M. E. Church, a small building, "like a sheep pen," as Mr. Savage, the pastor, remarked, one that would not hold half his audience. Thence we drove to the railroad shops where we had a fine view of the high railroad embankment, where it crosses the streets and extends on down toward the Platte River. We next proceeded down the main road, which is an embankment similar to the railroad one I have just mentioned, but which is provided with deep ditches or channels like canals. We did not drive as far as Wood Creek,* probably half-way, and on our return homeward we passed the ice-houses and Harris' Park, a pleasant place shaded with abundance of trees. Thus ended what to me was a most enjoyable and profitable drive, rendered doubly so by the company and conversation of my friend and guide, Dr. Weter.

Sunday, February 23.—A beautiful day! The sun is shining resplendent in all its glory, and under its influence the garb of winter is fast being removed from the bosom of Mother Earth. How I wish my dear wife were here to enjoy the day with me!

In the morning Dr. Weter and I attended the Presbyterian Church, and were refreshed by listening to a remarkably interesting and earnest discourse by the pastor, Rev. Samuel Wykoff,† his subject being, "Excuses," and his text Luke xiv: 20: *And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.* Mr.

*Wood Creek assists Platte River in forming the island the city is named after.

†Mr. Wykoff was at one time a resident of Crawford County, Penn., where I met him; in fact, my opinion is that he was born and raised in our township, and I think he told me of his boyhood days having been spent on his uncle's. Samuel Wykoff's, farm, where he grew up, as I understand.

Wykoff introduced his subject to his hearers in a practical manner by speaking of a certain thorn bush which grew by the line fence on his uncle Samuel Wykoff's farm in Pennsylvania; of how the cattle on each side of the fence would come to get the fruit of the bush, or to enjoy its shade, in consequence of which the fence was frequently thrown down. Thus "it was troublesome." Uncle Wykoff would many a time cut off the limbs of the bush, to apparently little purpose, so one day, in order to make sure work, he took an axe and cut down the thorn bush close by the root, thus effectively putting an end to the trouble. Rev. Caldwell, who had come to assist Mr. Wykoff during the revivals, was present. Five individuals were received into the church—two young women and three young men—four of whom were baptized; and I was forcibly reminded of my own conversion and admittance into the M. E. Church, at State Road, Crawford County, Penn., in 1851, then a young man of seventeen. As I was drawn toward Mr. Wykoff in his discourse, his eyes seemed to be attracted toward Dr. Weter and myself, and at the conclusion of the sermon he came down the aisle and shook hands with us.

In the afternoon Dr. Weter and I went to the Y. M. C. A. meeting, the subject for the day being "Building," and in the evening we attended the revival meeting in Trinity Church. This church has now a membership, I believe, of 300, showing an increase of 140 members since the commencement of the revival meeting, a period of about five weeks. For this lovely and profitable Sabbath day I am devoutly thankful to the Giver of all good. I have had shown to me, in His infinite goodness, so much favor and mercy that I ought to rejoice alway, pray without ceasing, and so continue in His love, that each Sabbath may prove another Lord's-Day journey

nearer to my Heavenly Home. To this end there is one cardinal duty for everybody:

“Do some good every day,
Be industrious, obedient
And honest.”

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

One hundred miles east of Grand Island, and in the very center of Lancaster County, Neb., stands the town of Lincoln, where reside my old friends Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bowman, whom I wish to see before leaving this part of the West. Accordingly on Monday, February 24, I set out thither, as it is on my way back to Clifton, Kas., (for I have bidden adieu to my kind, hospitable friends at Grand Island). Mr. and Mrs. Bowman and I have not met for thirty-eight years, and the reader may well imagine that our reunion was a cordially happy one. I was sorry, however, to find Mrs. Bowman invalided and confined to her couch, yet we had a mutually interesting conversation about old times and old friends. Among many other things I learned in the course of our confabulation, was something about the late Matthew Smith's family, and Mr. Bowman jotted down as an aid to my memory some facts, in part as follows: Matthew Smith died March 31, 1884, Nancy, his wife, having preceded him to the grave, March 11, 1878; Jane (Cowen) died in October, 1881 (A. J. Cowen, her husband, lives on the old farm in Waterford, Erie County, Penn.); Elizabeth Smith died in June, 1884; Wilson Smith* lives at Rouseville, Venango County, Penn.; Hunter Smith is a resident of Sheridan, Wyoming; grandmother Smith died in March, 1854. I will here relate how I became acquainted with the Matthew Smith family: In the fall

*I visited Wilson Smith during September, 1890, but did not know where he lived till informed by Mr. Bowman.

of 1852 C. R. Slocum, E. T. Wheeler and myself boarded with Matthew Smith, at Waterford, Erie Co., Penn., as we were attending the academy in that town, and so I became well acquainted with the family—Elizabeth, Jane, Catherine (“Katie,” as she was called, now Mrs. Bowman), Wilson and Hunter—and their parents and grandmother I also knew very well.



In the evening I continued my journey to Clifton by way of Wymore, Odell, Washington, Greenleaf, &c., and from Wymore to Washington I was glad to avail myself of a freight train rather than wait for a regular passenger. By this I gained about two hours time, and had the jolting and bumping thrown in, which was something like the weather outside—*rather rough*; but as I sit in the caboose and try to write a little in my diary, I console myself with the reflection that “variety is the spice of life,” and that “sweet are the uses of adversity.” A violent storm of wind and rain prevailed as we crossed the State line between Nebraska and Kansas, which reminded me that I landed in Grand Island in the middle of a snow-storm, and was leaving Nebraska under a similar meteorological condition of things.

On the morning of the 25th I once more find myself in Clifton, and at the home of Dr. D. C. Tyler, my health improved by the journey, and my soul refreshed. I find all well, including Anna, I am happy to say, and all at home excepting the Doctor himself, who had been summoned to a distance on business; and as Anna and I are now about to return to Norwood I fear we will not be able to bid him adieu, and thank him in person for his generous kindness and hospitality.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

On the evening of the 26th we pay a farewell visit to Doctor and Mrs. Frank Tyler, and next day at noon, having wished Mrs. D. C. Tyler and little Frank an affectionate "good-bye," Anna and I set out, via the Rock Island & Pacific Railroad, for Topeka, Kas., arriving about 4 P. M., and we then immediately drove to the residence of Francis L. Sexton, where we met with a most cordial reception. Mr. Sexton, who is related to my wife, has been twice married, his first wife having died November 3, 1887, aged fifty-eight years, two months, nineteen days, leaving one son and two daughters, and Mr. Sexton married February 14, 1889, his present wife, a Pennsylvania lady. He is now sixty years of age, and bears his years remarkably well. Sylvester Sexton, his father, will be ninety-one years old on July 9, 1891, and his wife will be eighty-five in April, same year. Francis L. Sexton I love as a brother for his Christian walk in life, his social standing and his geniality of temperament.

February 28.—We visit the State Capitol, where there is on view Col. Goss' collection of specimens of the feathered tribe, 800 in number, which in itself is worth going a great distance to see. The Historical Department was also very interesting, being replete with many relics, such as cannon balls picked up at Harper's Ferry; one of the 500 axes carried to Virginia by John Brown*; a dinner plate that once belonged to George Washington; a copy of every newspaper published in the United States, etc. In the State Agricultural Department there were on exhibition various products, including raw silk, millet, several

*The relics and pictures and bust of John Brown very much interested me as I live only about six miles from his old home, the noted Tannery in Richmond Township, Crawford Co., Penn., built in 1826, now remodeled into a pleasant and attractive home, owned and occupied by Capt. Austin Cannon.

kinds of grain and clover, as well as stuffed animals, sugars manufactured in Kansas, and many other things. We also visited the House of Representatives and other places of interest in the city.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

On Saturday morning we bade our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sexton, farewell and took the train for Lawrence, Kas., only twenty miles from Norwood, where I stopped over to see some friends and spend the Sabbath, while Anna, on account of her health, proceeded homeward. At Lawrence I hunt up and find Emery F. Hobbs (partly at the request of his mother, Mrs. David Roberts, made before I left Meadville), a son of Abraham Hobbs, who died in 1876 (I think), and with whom I was well acquainted. I knew Emery as a boy, but had not seen him for twenty years, and was now pleased to find him a prosperous carriage painter and trimmer, with a comfortable home, a loving wife and a bright little three-year-old boy to cheer his hearth.

Sunday, March 2.—I attended, along with Mr. Hobbs, the M. E. Church, and heard my good old friend and brother in Christ, Rev. James Marvin (formerly of Meadville, Penn.), preach from Psalm cxxxvi: 1: *O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever.* His discourse entered into my soul and refreshed me much; the more so as his familiar voice brought home to me happy reminiscences of days gone by—some fifteen or sixteen years, I think, since I last heard him preach. In the evening I again attended the M. E. Church, and as I entered the audience-room I was met by Mr. Marvin, who, in shaking hands with me remarked: “Mr. Waid, you are a good listener; I am

glad you have come again." His text was from Matthew v: 14: *Ye are the light of the world.* The subject "light" is almost inexhaustible, and there are true and also false lights; some that lure to destruction, others that direct to harbors of safety. "*Which light do you shed?*" Mr. Marvin parabled his subject by speaking of the various kinds of light that are and have been from time immemorial in domestic use—of the old tallow candle, for instance, that required frequent snuffing to keep it from dying out. "Some Christians need 'snuffing' badly," continued the preacher, "for their light, through sheer neglect, has become very dim and feeble." The only way to keep one's light ever burning bright is to be *always* DOING GOOD. So thought I, Francis C. Waid, as I "trimmed my candle" a little, so to speak, by subscribing ten dollars toward the children's Sunday-school window in the new M. E. Church. *Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in Heaven.*

Before leaving Lawrence I visited the Indian school, known as the Harkwell Institute. The farm in connection covers 480 acres, on which have been erected some five or six large stone buildings arranged in horse-shoe form, as well as several smaller ones, and they are all placed on a rising piece of ground; in fact it is just like a little town "set on a hill, which cannot be hid," and in the center of all stands a beautiful little park. Being shown through the Institute by one of the inmates, an Indian boy of about fourteen summers, I was not a little instructed by what I saw and heard. There is at present an attendance of about 440, both sexes, and nineteen different occupations are taught. The boys and men are for the most part put to learning trades, for which there are separate workshops. Everything is conducted in

the best of order, and the whole is under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Andrew Atchison, to whom I am indebted for much information regarding this benevolent institution.



On the evening of March 3, I arrived home at Mr. Tyler's, having completed one of the most interesting, instructive and enjoyable trips I have yet made. I now found much to keep me busy indoors, considerable mail matter having accumulated during my absence, so I find that for some days there is nothing of any special moment to record in my diary.

On Sunday, March 9, I attended the M. E. Church at Chapel Valley, including Sunday-school, the lesson for the day at the latter being "The Great Physician." In the afternoon John Slaven (who is at present working at Mr. Tyler's) accompanied me to church at Oak Grove School-house, where we listened to a good sermon from the lips of Mr. Alfred Hamilton, a young student from Baldwin University, the subject of his discourse being Exodus xiv: 15: *Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.*

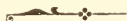
In the *Pennsylvania Farmer* I read of the death (on February 27th last) of E. B. R. Sacket, of Mead Township, Crawford County, Penn., in his seventy-fourth year. Among the last words he uttered were, so it is recorded: "My friends are exceedingly kind, and God is good." How simple, and yet how beautiful! *God is good*, the essence of all the teachings in the sacred book, from Genesis to Revelation, and, when uttered by a dying man, a sermon requiring no commentary. *For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth to all generations.*

March 12.—This is the eighty-eighth birthday of my uncle Robert Morehead, the only surviving member of Grandfather Morehead's family, so I wrote him a congratulatory letter. Spring work has now fairly opened up, and everything is awakening into new life, and everybody is busy.

OTTAWA, KANSAS.

On Saturday evening, March 15, I went to the Christian Church at Ottawa, where I heard a good sermon from Rev. Reeves, the subject being: *Can you be baptized with the baptism I am prepared with?* On the following forenoon, there being no preaching at the M. E. Church in Ottawa, as the pastor, Rev. E. C. Boaz, had gone to Conference, I attended the Baptist Church, where I listened profitably to a good sermon delivered by a stranger whose name I did not learn. His text was selected from the gospel of St. Matthew, Chapter iii, Verse 15: *Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness.* At noon I stepped over to the M. E. Church for Sunday-school, and as I was crossing Main Street I heard an aged gentleman, a Mr. Devenport, say to a friend, "I am going to Sunday-school," which attracted my attention; so I waited for him to catch up with me, and then we two *children*—the one aged eight-one years and the other nearly fifty-seven—went together to Sunday-school. The lesson for the day was the miraculous draft of fishes, and the subject of discourse was the text: *Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men* [Luke v: 10]. Afterward I took a ramble through Forest Park amid scenes not unfamiliar to me; the sun was shining brightly, and all nature seemed to rejoice at the advent of spring.

"I come! I come! ye have called me long!
 I come o'er the mountain with light and song!
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass."



In the afternoon I attended the Y. M. C. A. meeting, where I found some new friends, and met some old ones. Mr. Maurice McMullen, the secretary, on shaking hands with me at the close of the meeting, asked me how I enjoyed it, to which I replied, "Very much." The subject was "Investment," and several who were present spoke, giving their experiences, etc., and I fully intended to stand up and say something; but I allowed opportunities to pass, one by one, till the meeting terminated without my having opened my lips. *It was a trick of Satan*, and I had not made the right INVESTMENT. How prone man is to seek some excuse for neglecting duty!

Now, of this "Investment" I would here say something: When, on January 10, 1851, at the old State Road Church near Blooming Valley, Penn., I called on the name of the Lord in sincerity and truth, I made my "Investment," which has been paying me liberal interest ever since—the best investment I have made in my whole life, satisfaction in full, the security being *where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal*. There is nothing for mortal man that is not included in this investment—our wants are all supplied. *They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing*. There is another grand thing about this "Investment"—it is always "on the market," and can be made at any time during life; and the best time to invest is early in life, in the morn• of youth; the sooner you invest, the sooner will you get good returns. Do

you ask what they are? The Bible tells us in language that can not be misunderstood: *Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.* Thus by investing you have the promise of the life which now is, and that which is to come. Can we in any way make a better investment than to do right, to obey God when He says: *Son, daughter, give me thy heart?*

In the evening I heard another remarkably good sermon at the "Stone Church" on the west side of Main Street, the subject of the discourse being the Prodigal Son. From this interesting lecture, the best on that particular topic I think I ever heard, I learned new ideas; our faith harmonized, which makes heaven and brings peace to us. Before leaving Ottawa for home I visited the college (where I had been on a former occasion), and along with another visitor went to the top of the building whence we had, with the aid of a telescope, an excellent view of the surrounding country.

March 18.—The thermometer to-day stands at 76°, —summer heat, and every farm is a hive of industry. Prairie fires were seen last night in almost every direction, at first appearing in the distance, but later in the evening our neighbors started fires where they wished the ground burned over, and the aggregation of fires lit up the sky grandly. The prairie-grass, weeds and rubbish are usually burned out here once a year, either in the fall or spring. To-day Albert Tyler had thirteen cattle dehorned. They were driven to Mr. Eeley's place, in the neighborhood, whither several other droves were taken for the same purpose. Freeman and Rouelle Tyler and myself were present to witness the operations. Three men, provided with necessary equipments and tools do the work, their charge being ten cents per head. They

cut or sawed the horns off, either way to suit customers, though cutting is quicker and was preferred. This de-horning of cattle seems cruel, yet vicious or cross animals by the operation may be prevented from injuring other animals, and perhaps even taking human life.

GIRARD AND FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.

March 22.—I set out for Girard, Crawford County, Kas., where I wished to see an old Meadville friend, by name John Ramsey. On changing cars at Chanute I asked the brakeman if he was acquainted with one John C. Ramsey, "Yes," said he, "he is conductor on this train." So we soon met and had a pleasant chat about old times, and when we arrived at Girard I went direct to his home. Girard is a pretty town pleasantly situated on a rise of ground, having in its center a new brick courthouse* surrounding which is a fresh-looking park.

On Sunday, March 23, Mrs. Ramsey and I attended the Presbyterian Church and heard an excellent sermon from the lips of Rev. John Curren, his text for the occasion being Psalm xxiii: 3: *He restoreth my soul*. The discourse was very comforting, and came home to me with much force; the words, *He restoreth my soul*, are so full of truth, and I felt just as David did. I thought of how the Lord had helped me over hewn places, and when sorely tried how graciously He had delivered me in the hour of affliction and deepest sorrow. His grace has been sufficient for me; I want to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. This Sabbath in Girard is another day's journey Heavenward, and I love to sit in the sanctuary where I can hear the Gospel. My desire is to praise the name of the Lord, for it is good and excellent in

* It was in course of construction, while I was there.

all the earth. In the afternoon I went to the Y. M. C. A. meeting, where I was invited to speak, which I did, and in the evening again heard Rev. Currer at the Presbyterian Church. His text was the third commandment, and the sermon was truly a remarkable one.

March 26.—Left Girard for Fort Scott, Bourbon County, Kas., and about the first person I saw at the station on arriving there was “Andy” Pitcher, who drives a transfer wagon, and whose nephew George, Samuel Pitcher’s son, was killed on the railroad near Springfield, Kas., January 3, 1890. I knew George when in life, and in deference to his memory as well as to show my respect for the living, I visited Evergreen Cemetery, some two and a half miles from Fort Scott. This is one of the most beautiful, largest and best located cemeteries in the West; it was laid out in 1869 on the gentle slope of an eminence, and covers eighty acres of ground; the interments up to date number 2,163. To the superintendent, Mr. R. Garber, and his wife I am indebted for their kindness in pointing out to me the last resting place of poor George Pitcher. On my way back to Fort Scott I saw the National Cemetery, which also rests on a sloping piece of ground. It is ten acres in extent, and is enclosed within a stone fence, the grounds being kept in the neatest of order by Frank Barrow, a good, practical man, whom I knew when he lived in Meadville, Penn., and with whom I had a good visit while in the cemetery.

Among other points of interest visited by me at Fort Scott were the water-works, and from the top of the stand-pipe belonging to it (about 100 feet high) I had a fine view of the town and surrounding country. The old fort also attracted my attention. There are four Government buildings, one of which is used as a hotel; and as I

write these lines in my diary the landlady is preparing for me a lunch or supper, to be eaten where many a hungry soldier had eaten his meal.

PAOLA, KANSAS.

March 26.—Returning to-day to Ottawa, I spend a few hours at Paola, Miami County, and visit the high school, which is built on a hill, from the roof of which I could see the Insane Asylum at Osawatomie, seven miles distant, and the hills and bluffs in Missouri; I am told that on a clear day, one might see twenty-five miles off. On descending from the summit of the school building, I was invited to look through the school, and was introduced to the superintendent, a very genial gentleman. In one department I found a class of five ladies reciting astronomy, and here I soon discovered what I much admired—the plain, practical method of teaching carried out in this institution. I much wished to remain longer and see and learn more, but my time was limited, so I had to hastily thank and bid adieu to the Professor, and take my train to Ottawa, whence I soon found my way home.

Sunday, March 30.—Attended the M. E. Church at Ottawa, and heard Rev. E. C. Boaz preach a kindly sermon from John xv: 14,15: *Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends.* This discourse greatly helped me in my Christian life, and I would that space permitted me to say something about its teachings of command and obedience, and the wonderful blessings they bring, when complied with, in things either temporal

or spiritual. In the evening I heard Rev. Myers preach at the Christian Church from James i: 27: *Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.*

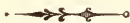
March 31.—To-day I start on my return trip to Meadville, via Kansas City, Chicago, etc., having wished all my friends and relatives “good-bye,” including Anna, who has decided to remain on account of the delicate condition of her health. At Kansas City I stop over for a short time, and again meet my old friend John Cavinee, and also A. A. Whipple, with whom I drove about the city. At Armington, Tazewell County, Ill., I expected to see my cousin Steven M. Morehead, but found he had moved to Minier, same county, which place I reached April 2, and there found him. With him I went to Tremont (also in Tazewell County), where we met Temperance Gibbs, who told me of Augustus Waid’s three children—two boys and one girl. Horace Waid is now thirty years old, is married and living on a farm; Aunt Roxey is married to John Tolle, and lives in Rushville, Schuyler County, Ill. Steven also accompanied me to Mackinaw and Hopedale (both in Tazewell County),* at which latter place we took supper at the home of his son-in-law, Peter Eichelberger. It is eighteen years since I last met Steven Morehead and his family, and I think nearly as long since I last saw Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs and his family. To all of us this visit was most interesting and I might say remarkable; to me it was one of the most sociable and delightful I had yet made, and it

*Minier is eight miles from Armington, Tremont sixteen miles from Minier, Mackinaw being about half way between them, where they change cars; Hopedale is five miles west of Minier on the Chicago & Alton Railroad.

proved to be my last one with Mr. George Gibbs, as he passed from earth May 13, 1891.

Mr. Morehead and I having parted company, I proceed on my way to Chicago, where I arrive April 4, and find myself the guest of a brother-in-law of Steven Morehead, Charles H. Gibbs, a resident of Chicago, who kindly showed me about the city. I first became acquainted with him several years ago in Meadville and Blooming Valley.

After a short business call at my publishers, J. H. Beers & Co., I again take train eastward, and on the 6th arrive at Marion, whence I proceed to Springfield to visit my cousin, R. B. Devenpeck, who had recently moved thither from Brocton, N. Y. On the evening of April 8 I arrive at my good old home, my fourth trip to Kansas and the West having come to a close. Physically, I am much improved in health; intellectually greatly refreshed; and why should it be otherwise? "To have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands."



TRIP TO JAMESTOWN, N. Y., LAKE CHAUTAUQUA AND OTHER PLACES.

JUNE 27 TO JULY 4, 1890.

"True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest:
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

POPE.

At the hour of 4 o'clock P. M. on Friday, June 27, 1890, I took train for Union City, Erie Co., Penn., where, after arrival, I called on Mr. and Mrs. Anderholt and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Housnick and their respective families, all of whom I found in good health. From there I walked into the country some two or three miles, in order to pay a visit to my much-loved old Sunday-school

teacher, Charles Breed,* whom I had not seen for forty-five years; but learning from his wife that he had gone to Union City, I returned thither, where I found him at the home of his son-in-law, William Hubble, and the reader may well imagine the delight, to me especially, of this our first meeting in nearly half a century of time.

I arrived in Jamestown, N. Y., on Saturday night, and was there well entertained by my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Colt. On the following forenoon, in company with my cousin, Angeline Colt, I attended the M. E. Church, where we heard Rev. A. C. Ellis preach an eloquent sermon from the text Deuteronomy xxxii: 11: *As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings.* Comment is unnecessary; but how wonderfully I was helped and blessed in my Christian life, by hearing this sermon! We may dine at home and forget it, but when abroad, how we cherish the friend who has given us good counsel! What a lesson I learned that day from his description of that noble bird and its care for the young eaglets, then *God's care for us!* In the afternoon Mr. Frank Simmons and I visited Lakeview Cemetery, where many of our relatives rest. Here also repose the remains of ex-Governor Fenton, the inscription on whose vault reads as follows:

IN MEMORIAM
REUBEN E. FENTON,
BORN JULY 4, 1819, DIED AUGUST 25, 1885.
REST IN PEACE.

From the first day I met Mr. Fenton, when introduced to him by Mr. Simmons years ago, I have loved him;

*The names of the members of the Sunday-school class taught by Mr. Breed at the time I speak of are George A. Goodwill, A. S. Goodrich, C. R. Sloeum, Franklin P. Waid, Francis C. Waid, and two others, one of whom was named, I think, Andrew Moore, all yet living, except my twin brother, Franklin P., and Andrew Moore. I believe my brother, G. N., was in our class part of the time.

and to-day when I looked into the vault I thought of a good man and a true friend gone to his reward. In the evening Mr. Simmons and I went to one of the Baptist Society meetings, which are being held in the Opera House till their new church building is completed. We heard an excellent discourse by Rev. Waffle, the words of his text being: *The path of the just . . . shineth more and more unto the perfect day.* On the following day I visited William and Martha Cobb, the latter of whom is my cousin; also called on Harvey Simmons, another cousin, who was out hoeing his potato patch. Harvey, who is somewhat older than myself, reminds me not a little of my father, both in looks and in his habits of industry. When I found him in the field I got me a hoe and helped him finish his job, which brought pleasure and satisfaction in full to me, for I wanted to help hoe those potatoes and have a chat about other days. Just as we got through, his brother, Adelbert, and his son, Frank, came in. Here I would say that on Henry Simmons' land I saw the largest field of corn that has come under my notice this season. From there I continued my journey, and on Tuesday morning, July 1, I was traveling by stage, first to Busti (where during the few minutes' wait to change mail, I had time to bid "good-day" to my cousin who keeps the store and post-office there) and then to Jamestown (where in the afternoon I take boat for a trip to Mayville and return). Just as I was going to the boat landing at that point I fell in with an old friend, King D. Fleek, who was raised in our neighborhood, and whom I have known from childhood. His father, David G. Fleek, who still lives near us, has a family of eleven children—five sons and six daughters. King D. Fleek is now owner and proprietor of the "Erwin Hotel," at Lakewood, whither he invited me to come

and see him and his youngest brother, Frank, who keeps store there, which I promised to do on my return from Chautauqua.* When I reached the latter place I put up as usual at "Matthews' Cottage," and here I learned, for the first time, of the death of my old friend William H. Matthews, who passed from earth September 30, 1889, after an illness of but one day. Such is life!

"Friend after friend departs!
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That hath not here an end."

The Chautauqua Assembly, of New York, is now in session, and I avail myself of the occasion to attend some of the lectures and exercises. Prof. Eccleston's lectures on some of the writings of Dante, one of the greatest poets the world has ever produced, and who lived 600 years ago, were good. The lecturer had selected Dante's "*La Divina Commedia*," the subject of the first lecture being "*Inferno*," the subject of the second "*Purgatorio*" and "*Paradiso*."† These two lectures were exceedingly interesting, the more so as they were illustrated with stereopticon views explanatory of the several subjects. I believe in the doctrine of future punishment, and of eternal bliss, as taught in the Bible, and if these two conditions can be made more impressive on the minds of people by illustrations in any intelligible form, I say all the better for mankind. I also went to see a sort of dioramic view

*I have often thought of Mr. Fleek, our neighbor. He is such an industrious man, I do not wonder at the enterprise of his children. Mr. Fleek, whose health has not been very good for several years, holds out remarkably well, though this spring and summer he has not enjoyed very good health.

†Dante was born at Florence, Italy, in May, 1265, and passed a peculiarly checkered life: he was a student of theology, a soldier, a politician, a chief magistrate, an exile, and the foremost among Italian poets. Dante's greatest work among his poetical writings is his "*La Divina Commedia*," a poem of world-wide fame, written while he was a poor wandering exile. It consists of three poems, or acts: *Inferno* (Hell), *Purgatorio* (Purgatory) and *Paradiso* (Heaven.) He died in Ravenna, Italy, September 14, 1321.—EDITOR.



FRANCIS C. AND ELIZA C. WAID AND THEIR FAMILY, IN 1884



of the Holy Land, well worthy of a visit and careful attention and study, and attended Mrs. Emily Wakefield's lecture on "The Literature of the East," the subject matter of which was good, but the delivery I thought not good.

In my more leisure moments I walked about the beautiful grove city of Chautauqua, which afforded me considerable diversion and not a little food for study. The streets presented a gay scene of activity, the pedestrians jostling one another as they hastened hither and thither—the studious man, the busy merchant, the industrious mechanic and the merry pleasure-seeker—each on his own special mission bent. On the 2nd I had the pleasure of meeting and having a long chat with William Glenn, who has lived here nine years, and who was formerly a resident of Meadville, Penn.

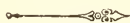
On the morning of the 3d I set out for Lakewood, arriving there before noon, and here I remained about seven hours, the guest of Mr. King D. Fleek, whose hotel, the "Erwin House," compares favorably with other inns at Lakewood. He showed his hospitality and kindness toward me by taking me to many points of interest in and about the town—such as the park, the cottages (including the double cottage known as "Gray Stone," the "Sterlingworth Inn," the "Kent House," etc., from the cupola of which last named hotel we had a grand view of the lake and its beautiful surroundings:

Ever charming, ever new,
Ne'er will the landscape tire the view.

After dinner Mr. Fleek and I called on his brother Frank, already mentioned, but who, unfortunately, was absent in Jamestown, whither business had called him;*

*Since then I visited him at Lakewood, and enjoyed a visit, at our home, from Mr. Frank Fleek.

but I had the pleasure of a visit and chat with his wife and father-in-law. Thence Mr. Fleek drove me to Ashville, some two and one-half miles distant, where I expected to see not only my cousin, Mrs. Leander Simmons, but also Mr. and Mrs. Fayette Fleek; on learning, however, that the latter had gone to Jamestown, I called on Mrs. Jane Simmons, but had to make my visit very short as time was limited. On our return to Lakewood we saw Frank Fleek at the dock, just as I was about to say "good bye" to my kind friends and set off by boat for Jamestown, where I again remained over night at the home of Mr. Colt. Next morning I proceeded by rail from Jamestown to Meadville, where I safely arrived after an absence from home of a little over a week.



MY FIFTH TRIP TO KANSAS AND THE WEST.

FALL OF 1890.

FRIENDS OLD AND NEW.

" Make new friends, but keep the old,
 Those are silver, these are gold;
 New-made friendships, like new wine,
 Age will mellow and refine.
 Friendships that have stood the test—
 Time and change—are surely best;
 Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
 Friendship never knows decay.
 For 'mid friends, tried and true,
 Once more we our youth renew,
 But old friends, alas! may die,
 New friends must their place supply.
 Cherish friendship in your breast,
 New is good, but old is best;
 Make new friends, but keep the old,
 Those are silver, these are gold."

Since we can pass along life's journey but once, why should we not make it as useful and pleasant as possible,

and by so doing share much of the enjoyment of this life with our friends? As the pleasures of the world are much like flowers, whose beauty and fragrance are free to all, so what is ours to give, that might brighten the pathway of others, is not ours to withhold; and it is with these reflections, and the intent of doing good, I launch upon its voyage among my friends, in company with my previous writings, the record of my fifth trip to Kansas and the West.

At 4 P. M. on Tuesday, September 30, 1890, I left Meadville, Guinnip's wife, Anna, and her sister, Bessie, seeing me off at the station. At about 9 A. M., following day, I arrived at Chicago, and at once paid my publishers a business and social visit, and at 2:30 P. M. I was on my way, via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad to Monroe, Ogle County, Ill., arriving at 3:30 same afternoon. Here were waiting for me my father-in-law, Freeman Tyler, and his son, F. A. Tyler, to whose home, four miles north of Monroe, I was immediately driven, and there I found my wife and her mother as well as some other friends. There was joy unalloyed in this meeting. It was one I had been anticipating many weeks before leaving home, as my wife had written to me from Norwood, Kas. (where she had been living for some considerable time on account of her health), that her parents had decided to pay a visit to northern Illinois, where they formerly lived, and that she was to accompany them.

Mr. Freeman Tyler came to Illinois in 1845, and lived at different times at Belvidere, Roscoe, Beloit (Wis.), Monroe and Sycamore, so that he not only became well acquainted with this section of country, but also knows a large number of people. True, many of his earlier friends and acquaintances have passed from earth, or removed to other parts; but some are yet left to greet each

other when they meet. We have to catch the golden opportunity while we may, and such opportunities after years of separation are rare; yet occasionally we find them, as on the occasion of this propitious visit I am now speaking of.

Ten years ago Mr. Freeman Tyler and his family moved from Sycamore to Franklin County, Kas., during which decade many changes had taken place; and it was while they were on the cars on that occasion that I first met them as I was traveling west to Columbus, Neb., in company with my brother, George N., and brother-in-law, G. W. Cutshall. And now here, in Illinois, I find myself, nearly ten years thereafter, enjoying the pleasure of a visit, with Mr. and Mrs. Tyler and Anna, to many spots familiar to them and endeared by old associations.

BELOIT, WISCONSIN.

On the following Thursday F. A. Tyler drove us (Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Tyler, Anna and myself) to Monroe, and there we took train for Beloit, Wis., thirty-five miles distant, where we paid a visit to Freeman Tyler's sister, Mrs. Almira Jackson,* and her husband, Mr. A. D. Jackson, at whose home we stopped during our four days' visit at Beloit. Anna and I walked out together, and among many, to her, interesting spots, paid a visit to the house where her sister Hattie was born, and we met from time to time, while here, many of Anna's old friends. While we were at dinner Mrs. Frank Jackson and her mother, Mrs. Coombs,† called.

On Sunday, October 5, I went to church with Mrs.

*Mrs. Jackson is from Titusville, Penn., where I met her son's, Frank's, wife, who, with her mother, Mrs. Coombs, was visiting in Beloit while I was there, as above related.

†Mrs. Coombs has died since my return home. I think in January or February.

Almira Jackson, and heard an excellent sermon delivered by Rev. William Alexander, a Presbyterian minister, the subject of his discourse being taken from Genesis vii: 16: *And the Lord shut him in.* Before leaving Beloit we paid several visits, among those with whom we spent a pleasant hour or so being Mr. Jackson's son-in-law, L. J. Rogers,* and his wife, who have a beautiful home; another visit was to the old home of Freeman Tyler on Wheat Street, where incidents of interest to me were related.

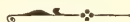
SYCAMORE, ILLINOIS.

On Monday we went to Sycamore, Ill., where we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Warren F. Peters, the former of whom kindly drove me over the town, and whose friendship I shall ever remember. Our five days' visit at Sycamore were full of enjoyment, and among the many places we went to was (accompanied by Mr. John Sphon, a friend whose kindness is still remembered with pleasure) the old farm home where Mr. Freeman Tyler had lived thirteen years. We also drove to Elmwood Cemetery, where sleep their last sleep that good couple, Deacon David West and his wife, of whom I had heard so much; I also stood by the graves of the Waterman and Ellwood families, and jotted down in my memorandum book some of the tombstone inscriptions. Deacon West died February 4, 1890, aged eighty-four years. While visiting his son Elias C. West, who lives on the old homestead, he showed me over the farm, *a good one*, and made a call with us on his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Loves; we also drove to De Kalb to see other relatives, and I will not forget the kindness shown us by all whom

* Anna and I met Mr. and Mrs. Rogers at F. A. Tyler's, in Monroe, in July, 1889, when we were coming home.

we visited. Family prayer at the old home of Mr. West and other places, and many other pleasant experiences, all left good impressions on my mind.

Mr. Peters and I paid a visit to the water-works, pumping station and the stock sheds. Among the latter is one for sheep, a very large building, having accommodation for many thousand animals, there being at the time of our visit no less than 7,000 enclosed therein. We saw the "good" sheep separated from the "poor" ones, and the process was very simple. The sheep were driven along a narrow passage way, the best grade animals being let into a yard by themselves, while the inferior ones, by a turn of the gate, were passed into a separate pen. While in Sycamore I got a very fair insight into their method of farming in this part of the country, and availed myself of much useful information which I shall take home with me to Pennsylvania.



We returned to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Tyler's farm, near Monroe, October 11, and time passed away in a pleasant manner during the remainder of our sojourn with our kind friends. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Tyler stayed at the home of Uncle Silas Tyler, Anna and myself at that of his son-in-law, Mr. E. Raupp. I may here mention that Asa L. Tyler, who had been a soldier in the War of 1812, died October 2, 1882, at the age of ninety-one years, eighteen days, and his wife, Fanny, on November 14, 1871, when aged eighty-seven years, eight months. We spent a day with Aunt Abbie, who gave us much interesting information about her six children, all of whom were at that time at home. On the 14th I went out with Mr. Freeman Tyler to the field, where his son Frank was ploughing with three horses and sulky-riding plow. I

rode one round by myself, and then went several rounds along with Frank. From this field, which lies in the northwest corner of Ogle County, we could see several towns, among them being Belvidere, eighteen miles distant; and we also had a view of three other counties besides Ogle, viz.: Winnebago, Boone and De Kalb.

Friday, October 17, being the twenty-ninth anniversary of the wedding of Uncle Silas D. and Aunt Frank Tyler, there was held a surprise celebration, during the evening, at their home. Forty people were present at this happy gathering, but among them there was only one, Mrs. Tyler's mother, who had attended the wedding twenty-nine years ago. On the following morning yet another friend came in, Mr. George Blackman, from South Dakota, a little late though none the less welcome.

Among many others whom we visited in the vicinity of Monroe was Mr. L. Summers, who lives south of the town.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

Our trip to Rockford on October 22 I must not omit. Mr. Frank Tyler, whose kindness is worthy of remembrance, and whose hospitality I will not forget, drove us (his father, his wife and son, Berna, Anna and myself) to that lively town, fourteen miles across a beautiful piece of country, by way of New Milford. Anna and I remained at Rockford a day or two with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Leander Blackman, Frank and his wife and father having returned home. This is a busy city of nearly 25,000 inhabitants, and is noted for its factories of various kinds, its schools, seminaries, churches, railroads and its fourteen miles of electric street-railway. There is a fine square here whereon stand the courthouse

(built in 1836) and jail. Anna and I paid several visits in this town, where she had spent many happy days in her girlhood, among her old friends whom we called on being Mrs. Kelsey, with whom she learned the millinery trade; also Mrs. Kelsey's daughter, Mrs. Rowe, and Dr. E. J. Johnson, dentist. The Doctor's mother, I understand, was still living, a wonderfully well-preserved old lady, considering her patriarchal age of ninety-three years. Mrs. Johnson had recently returned from a visit to relatives in Athens, Penn., and Elmira, N. Y.



On October 24 we returned to Monroe, and at once began making preparations for our departure for Chicago. Our several visits while in Ogle County have been the occasion of not a few large gatherings of relatives and friends—old and new—whom I shall ever remember with feelings of cordial fraternity. *Heaven bless you and prosper your affairs, and send you peace.*

On the evening of the 27th Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Tyler, Anna and myself find ourselves in Chicago, and for the night we put up at the home of Mrs. Gibson, in Evanston, Ill., some twelve miles from the Union Depot. Mrs. Gibson is a daughter of Horace and "Aunt Abbie" Tyler (the former of whom is deceased), and her husband is at present residing in Denver, Colo. She and her nine-year-old son, Harry, came to Monroe on the 11th of this month on a visit to her mother, and while there invited us to call and see her when we should come to Chicago. While at Evanston we made a pleasant call, along with Mrs. Gibson, on Mrs. Eleanor Skelton, widow of Rev. Skelton, who was pastor at Sycamore for over three years; also called on Mr. Milton George, editor of the *Western Rural*, No. 158 Clark Street, Chicago, whose

excellent paper my father-in-law has taken twenty-eight years, and which I now take, having commenced as a subscriber since my return home to Pennsylvania, for I learned its value by reading it at Freeman Tyler's.

Next day we proceeded to Galesburg, Knox County, Ill., where we were the guests of Mr. Chris. Tyler, a relative of my wife's people, a good-natured, pleasant man, whose family circle consists of himself, his wife and his mother, the latter now eighty years old. A Mr. Bennedick, who was visiting at Mr. Tyler's, drove us about the city, which has a population of some 20,000, and out to the cemetery. We enjoyed a very fine view of the place and neighborhood, including the two colleges, Sunbury and Knox. I had often heard Anna speak of Mr. Chris. Tyler, and I was now glad in having made his acquaintance and in spending a day in his company.

BROOKFIELD, MISSOURI.

From Galesburg we journeyed on westward to Brookfield, Mo., where we arrived early in the morning of October 30. Mrs. C. H. Jones and her daughter met us at the station and escorted us to their comfortable home, half a mile distant, Mrs. Jones carrying a lantern, although the moon was brightly shining and the diamond-like stars were twinkling high in the heavens. Mrs. Jones is a widow, her husband having died three years ago, leaving her with one son, Charles (now twenty-two years old, unmarried, cashier of a bank at Mendon, twenty-four miles from Brookfield), and two daughters, Nellie and Ada, both at home. Mrs. Jones owns a farm some twenty miles from Brookfield. I had been suffering for some days with a sore foot, which pained me much in walking, and as a consequence I was quite used

up by the time we reached Brookfield, but a good rest fully recuperated me. This is a live, growing town of 5,000 inhabitants, famed among other attractions for its excellent college. We were present at a well-attended entertainment given in the Y. M. C. A. rooms by the Ladies of Temperance in aid of the cause, and here Mr. Carter and family, with whom we went, introduced me to many prominent people. Dr. Brown, president of Brookfield College, Prof. F. M. Bradshaw and several others assisted in carrying out the program. Before our leaving Brookfield, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Benson, of Laclede, Mo., and Mrs. Jones' son came to add to the enjoyment of our visit, which I will always remember with a great degree of pleasure.



Early in the morning of November 1, we bade farewell to our kind friends at Brookfield, and took train for Ottawa, Kas. On our journey we had a "stop over" of a few minutes at Kansas City, long enough to again shake hands with John Cavinee, of whom I have already made mention, and about noon of the same day we arrived at Ottawa, where we were met by Ronelle and A. W. Tyler with a team, and Anna and her parents went direct home with them, leaving me to follow later in the day, as I had some business to transact at my banker's. I found a large mail awaiting me, a budget in all of thirty letters, chiefly from friends acknowledging receipt of SECOND SOUVENIR sent them; and I was glad I did not have these letters to read and answer while visiting, as it might have proven "too much of a good thing" all at one time. I can enjoy life better when its "sweets and bitters" are, so to speak, spread over equally or evenly, not coming in a lump. Mundane pleasures much re-

semble the uncertain glory of an April day, and they are the sweeter to us when they arrive in small parcels, for "small showers last long, but sudden storms are short."

On Sunday, November 2, I attended, in the morning, the M. E. Church at Valley Chapel, and felt myself much benefited spiritually by the discourse delivered by the worthy pastor, whose text was from Matthew xxvii: 22: *What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?* I was thankful to have the privilege of hearing this excellent sermon, for it brought rejoicing to my heart in reflecting that I had sought and accepted Christ in my youth. I thought, as I listened, of His preciousness to me, and I thanked, and continue to thank, His holy name for His great mercies vouchsafed day by day to me. In the evening I took part in the meeting of the Young People's Endeavor Society, held in Christian Church, Norwood. I love the good developed in all Christian societies, and I am thankful, I again repeat, for this day's privileges, as during the past month I had not opportunities of enjoying them as often as I wished.

The day for State elections being close at hand, and political meetings being the "order of the day," on the evening of November 3, Rouelle P. Tyler, Mr. Patterson, John Slaven and myself drove to Ottawa, in order to attend a Democratic meeting. Charles E. Robinson,* ex-governor of the State of Kansas, a man of about seventy years of age, spoke with much force, his arguments on all the points at issue being very clear and instructive. His remarks on temperance especially pleased me, for they were sensible, impressive and to the point, plainly indicating that he was something more than a politician; in fact he did not leave the impression that he was not a

*When I was at Lawrence, Kas., I was in sight of Mr. Robinson's home, looking at it wistfully and wishing to visit him, but for want of time was unable.

Christian. I was led to love the man for his human sympathies, and felt toward him as I do toward all good men, whose aim in life is to better the condition of the rest of mankind. There were some other addresses made, and the large audience did not disperse till a late hour, it being midnight when my friends and I reached home.

On the following day the elections took place, and my brother-in-law, A. W. Tyler, drove me to Centropolis, a town about six miles west of Norwood, whither he was going to cast his ballot. Freeman Tyler and Rouelle P. voted in Norwood; I myself had no vote here in Kansas, but I could look on and wish myself just long enough in Woodcock Township, Crawford County, Penn., to cast my vote for the man of my choice as governor of Pennsylvania, and otherwise support the Republican ticket; but being, as I am, many hundred miles away I can only console myself with the thought (and here "the wish is father to the thought") that when I hear from home I will learn that all for whom I would have voted were elected, and that my ballot would simply have added a unit to the Republican majority.

I had never been in Centropolis before, so in this little trip I enjoyed a double advantage. There are three churches in the place, which is a fair index to its population, and it stands in the midst of fine farm land. As we drove along the road between there and Norwood we had a good view of the surrounding country, and were able to see as far as Baldwin City, in Douglas County. Minneola school-house, near Centropolis, was at one time, so I am informed, the State Capitol.

On our return home I received a letter from Mrs. A. Bryant, of Amberst, Lorain Co., Ohio (formerly Miss Adelaide Wykoff), at one time one of my scholars at the old Cowen school-house, near Blooming Valley, Penn.

The reading of this letter caused me much pleasure, recalling as it did thoughts of those I love so dearly—father, mother, and my dead wife, whose memory I ever cherish. We are all now busy husking corn, and expect to be finished by the early part of next week. Mr. Tyler has this year about fifty acres of corn and twenty-five haystacks—twelve in one group—besides which he raised oats, flax, potatoes and other farm products. It would open the eyes of any eastern farmer who has never been in this western country to see the vast fields of corn and the immense cribs filled to overflowing, besides great quantities piled up on the ground. Mr. Tyler's potato ground having been grown over with a thick mantle of grass and weeds, it was thought advisable to set fire to it in order to facilitate the gathering in of the potatoes: so toward evening, there having been a light sprinkle of rain, sufficient to considerably reduce the risk of adjoining crops catching fire, we set ablaze the grass and weeds which soon disappeared from the field. A few days afterward, we set to work to gather in the potato crop, which was done by plowing them out first; then, after picking all the potatoes that may have been turned up, the harrow was brought into use three or four times, the crop being gathered up after each course of harrowing; and I believe that is the speediest way. Four of us (Freeman and Rouelle Tyler, John Slaven and myself), with one team, gathered in during nearly a whole day only thirty bushels, hard work at that, as the crop was light; but the market price was high—\$1.00 @ \$1.25 per bushel.

Well, this labor in the potato field and husking corn have helped to harden our hands, and it is said "there is no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand." I enjoy work and sunshine, for they bring with them cheer into our lives. Within the issues of *labor* is the fountain

of *good*, which ever bubbles up a clear current of contentment as refreshing to the wearied son of toil as the cooling stream is to the panting hart when heated in the chase. One day I timed myself in husking corn, and found I could husk one hundred ears in eight minutes, a little better than twelve ears in one minute; but this was a variety of corn easier to work than another kind we had been husking, and of it Rouelle Tyler, John Slaven and myself husked about three wagon-loads, or nearly a third more than we usually got through with in the same length of time with the other variety.

On November 15, I received a copy of the *Meadville Republican*, which contained the sad notice of the death of two of my aged friends, at one time neighbors of ours; I allude to Mrs. Catharine Boyles, who died at Blooming Valley November 9, 1890, aged eighty-six years, and Rev. E. P. Pengra, who died in Mead Township, near Meadville, November 11, 1890, aged eighty years. I had known Mrs. Boyles from my boyhood, as Charles Boyles' farm was only a mile south of our home, and the last time I saw her was shortly before leaving home on my present trip. Mr. Pengra I had known for over thirty years, and his kindness and Christian advice I always appreciated; his memory with me is blessed, as I knew him, not only as a minister of the Gospel but also as a friend and neighbor, for he lived many years on his farm just west of us, and near the State Road M. E. Church. It is no wonder I loved him, for it was during a revival meeting in 1859, under his care, that my first wife experienced religion. When at home last summer, I paid Mr. and Mrs. Pengra a visit, and while there Dr. E. C. Hall, pastor of the First M. E. Church of Meadville, called in. Mr. Pengra was at the time in very poor health, and at the close of our visit Brother Hall led us in prayer, followed by our

dear Brother Pengra, whom I had so often heard pray. That was the last prayer I ever heard Brother Pengra offer.

November 18 was a beautiful fall day, a fine one for husking corn, which we are now nearly through with. To me the 18th of November is a "red-letter day" in my life, for it was on that date, in 1880, I first met Miss Anna E. Tyler, who is now my wife.

On November 19 we had still sixty-four rows of corn to husk, and at about 1 o'clock I had the honor of husking the last ear of this year's crop on the Freeman Tyler Farm. The two large corn-cribs standing on the hill are heaped with corn so high that they present a grand appearance to the passer-by, containing as they do, between 3,000 and 4,000 bushels. So our labor on Freeman Tyler's farm is about ended, and our work, on reviewing it, has been satisfactory and profitable. We are thankful to the Giver of all good for His abundant mercies, for the honest labor He sends us that brings to us the calm rest of which the poet sings: "How sweet the rest of laboring man."

My next husking was in assisting my brother-in-law, Albert Tyler, to get in his crop of corn, which also brought me much pleasure, for I went to the work with a cheerful will. Quail and rabbits are numerous in the fields, and one day I saw John Slaven (who had also come along to assist Albert Tyler), kill a quail with an ear of corn which he threw at it, and at another time I observed him knock over a rabbit with a similar missile.

On Saturday, November 22, I went to Ottawa on business, and remaining there over Sunday I attended some of the religious exercises held at the M. E. Church. I was in hopes to hear Rev. E. C. Boaz preach, but was disappointed as he was absent in the country; his place,

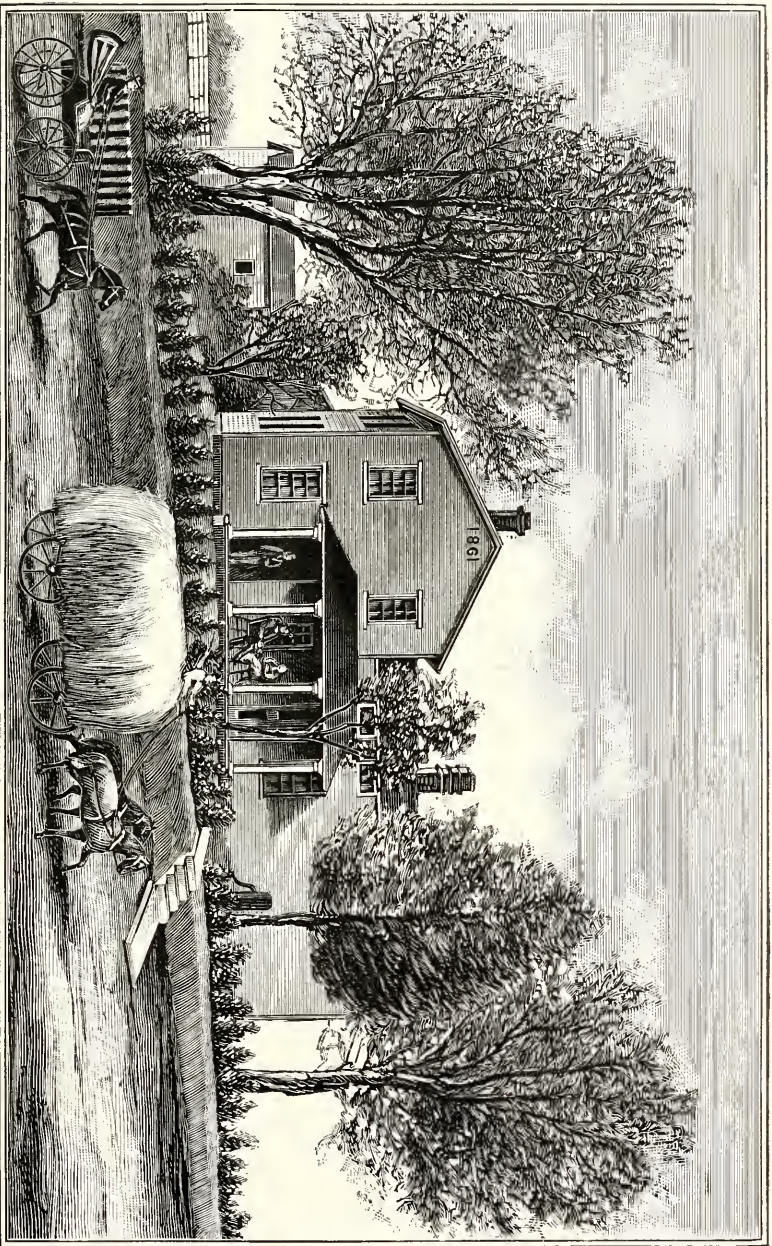
however, was ably and eloquently filled by Prof. Charles Quail, president of Baldwin University. His text was in three parts or divisions, with a view to collation, the subject of the first part being "John;" the subject of the second, "Christ;" the subject of the third, "Satan." The words were: *In those days came John preaching in the wilderness;* then (2) *Christ came to be baptized of him, suffer it to be so now, for it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness;* and (3) in our Lord's temptation, Satan's words: *If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down.* Here were three individuals, of whom Christ and John, both good, met, and Christ and Satan, one good, the other evil, this last meeting illustrating the incontrovertible fact that wherever *good* is, not far off will *evil* be found.

"O what may man within him hide.

Though angel on the outward side!"

I wish space would permit of my speaking more fully of what is known as *individuality*, as portrayed by Prof. Quail—that is, the character of any one individual as compared with that of another; as, for instance, the contrast between such men as Martin Luther and Napoleon Buonaparte; the professor leading up his argument until touching on the distinctive characters of the three individuals spoken of in the text—John, Christ, Satan: How nobly grand that of John; how magnificently sublime that of Christ; how contemptibly mean and diabolically malevolent that of Satan, with his sneering, cynical "if!"

In the afternoon I attended the Y. M. C. A. meeting, the subject of the day being "Putting away sin," as set forth in Proverbs xxviii: 13: *He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy,* and "Man's part, God's part," [Isaiah xliii: 8 to 13.] In the early part of the evening I attended the young people's meeting, which was also



THE FARM HOME OF FRANCIS C. WAID; BUILT 1861—OCCUPIED BY HIM TILL 1889.

addressed by Prof. Quail, the subject for the day being "Cross," and afterward I went to the Baptist Church, where I met at the door one of the ushers in the person of my old friend Harry Brown, the first time I had seen him during my present visit to the West. He kindly showed me a seat "well in front," where I was able to hear, without any effort, a most interesting discourse from the lips of Elder Wood, his subject being chosen from the first Psalm, wherein David sings of the happiness of the godly and the unhappiness of the ungodly. The subject is so full of instruction and interest, and I so love this beautiful Psalm that I may plead no excuse for giving it a place in my Souvenir.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the council of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2. But his delight is in the law of the Lord: and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither: and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4. The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

I could not wish this remarkably good day to close better than it did, filled as it was with privileges and religious instruction: and I am glad I came to Ottawa to spend this Lord's-Day, for it has been to me a feast of good things, and I leave for home refreshed and better fitted for life's duties and cares. How true it is that labor in the Lord's vineyard not only raises the feeble up, but supports him afterward!

Thursday, November 27, is "Thanksgiving Day," and it is as fair a day as one could desire. All nature seems

to be shouting pæans of thankfulness to the all-wise and benevolent Creator, and hymns of praise ascend to Heaven from every plain, every mountain and every valley: *Let them praise the name of the Lord; for He commanded, and they were created; let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.* I am thankful for all the favors of life, and I ponder over the many blessings our Heavenly Father has poured on me. Hearing that Thanksgiving services were to be held in the M. E. Church, Ottawa, I proceeded thither, and had the pleasure of listening to an eloquent discourse delivered by Rev. Morrell, an Episcopal clergyman, who chose for his text Psalm xix: 1: *The Heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.* Mr. Morrell spoke of God's goodness, and as to how we should pray and render thanks, *For His mercy endureth forever.* In the evening I attended another meeting held in the same church, and on the following day called on Rev. E. C. Boaz, whom I had not yet met during this my fifth trip to Kansas. Afterward I paid a short visit to W. H. Sherman, who formerly lived at Shermansville, Crawford Co., Penn., and who, till recently, held some county office here, with residence in Ottawa. Last summer he and his wife had been East on a trip, going as far as Boston, Mass. On their return they stopped over at Meadville, Penn., revisiting, after an absence of seventeen years, their old home in Shermansville.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

On Saturday, November 29, I took a trip to the town of Lawrence, which I had visited last spring, and again saw my friends Mr. and Mrs. Emery Hobbs, whom I found still well and doing well, as was also their little

son Wilber. On Sunday I went to the M. E. Church, Sunday-school and class-meeting. Dr. James Marvin, the incumbent, preached an excellent sermon from Matthew xi: 5: *And the poor have the Gospel preached to them.* These words are Christ's own, uttered just before giving testimony concerning John the Baptist; and to properly understand the whole subject the chapter should be read from its commencement. In the afternoon, in company with Mr. Gibson, I attended the Y. M. C. A. meeting, the subject for the day being "The problem of life, and how to solve it." Then in the evening Mr. Hobbs and I went to the Congregational Church, where we were much edified by listening to a dissertation on the text John xx: 27: *And be not faithless, but believing.* Before leaving Lawrence I called at Dr. Marvin's home to pay my respects to him and his family, and say "good-bye;" and with the same parting salute to my excellent host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Emery Hobbs, I started for my Norwood home.



"Tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are
From home."

SHAKESPEARE.

I am now come to the commencement of my fifth return journey from Kansas to my Meadville home. On December 2, having bade farewell to friends and relatives, including my wife, who, it was deemed prudent, should, on account of her health, remain for the time at her Norwood home, I took my departure from Mr. Freeman Tyler's happy home. On the following morning I took train at Ottawa for the East, by way of the several cities and towns of which I will, as I proceed in my narrative, make some brief mention. On arriving at Kansas

City I stopped over in order to visit Wyandotte, where I saw the bridge the train recently broke through, the engine and five cars plunging into the river below. I also visited the cemetery, stand-pipe, &c. While in the old Indian burying-ground I noted down the following, which I found inscribed on one of the tombstones:

H. L. Long.

THROUGH SUNSHINE AND SHADOW
HE WAS ALWAYS THE SAME:
OF THE TRIALS OF THIS LIFE
HE NE'ER WOULD COMPLAIN.

ON EARTH HE WAS HUMBLE,
HE SOUGHT NOT RENOWN,
HE BORE HIS CROSS NOBLY,
HIS REWARD IS A CROWN.

I find in these two verses something *so good*, something that satisfies me and fills a vacant place in my longing soul for good. I know there is much *dross* in our lives, but here is *gold*, nobility of a true manhood; may it shine forth in our lives as described on the tombstone of H. L. Long.

DAVENPORT (IOWA), ETC.

At Davenport, Iowa, I had a chat with my old friend, Michael Pitcher,* a farmer, who has lived here many years, and whom I had not seen since his coming West, in 1857, from Crawford County, Penn. His farm lies five miles west of Davenport, and he appears to be in very comfortable circumstances. Mr. Pitcher and I came to Davenport in the morning, and during the day I visited Rock Island, just across the river, then returned to Dav-

*My visit with Mr. Pitcher was a very desirable one, for I had long been wanting to see him, and enjoy a look over his well-cultivated farm, on which he has some magnificent cotton-wood (I think) trees which he planted twenty-six years ago.

enport, where I again saw Mr. Pitcher, and, wishing him good bye, revisited Rock Island, which place I left in the afternoon for Lansing, Iowa. I enjoyed this ride very much, as part of it, from Rock Island to Savanna (Ill.), I had never been over. The broad Mississippi Valley and the bluffs were nicely covered with a thin coat of snow, and in its purity the scenery was simply beautiful. I noticed that the hills or bluffs are much lower here than I have seen them elsewhere, and that they gradually rise in height as we go north; at Lansing, and perhaps a little farther north, they seem to be highest—said to be from 400 to 500 feet in height.

At Savanna I was agreeably surprised to find on the train a conductor, W. A. Wolcott, whom I at once recognized as having met first in 1880, when my brother, George N., and brother-in-law, G. W. Cutshall, and myself were coming West; and afterward in the fall of 1881, when I traveled over this road in company with my wife, Eliza, and Mr. and Mrs Cutshall, both going and returning. I intend to send him, at Christmas, a copy of my *SECOND SOUVENIR*, for he is one of the kindest of conductors I ever met, and I wish him to have something to remind him at times of his wayworn, traveling friend, Francis C. Waid. At Lansing I had a cordial meeting with my brother-in-law, Willis Masiker, and family. On the Sunday I spent there we went to the M. E. Church, and heard Rev. Wyath preach from Luke x: 40, 41, 42. Then followed the Sunday-school, and here I found myself so interested in the lesson that I omitted to contribute toward the collection; but I afterward said to the good brother who sat next to me: "I wish to double your Sunday-school collection, which your secretary reported as sixty-five cents," and handed him a dollar. Soon afterward this brother rose to his feet and said: "A friend and brother from Meadville, Penn., has just doubled our

collection." I was then hastily thanked, and, requested by the superintendent to address a few words to the meeting, which I did.

At Lansing there is a very steep bluff, almost perpendicular, from 400 to 500 feet high, to the top of which we ascended and had a fine view of the town, river and surrounding country. Now, in the Sunday-school I had seen a young lady, Miss Nellie Van Amberg, teaching a class, and I was told that not long since her fifteen-year-old brother Charlie, while trying along with some playmates to reach a cave in this bluff, known as the "Indian cave," expecting to find some relics there, fell to the bottom of the bluff and was instantly killed. In the evening we first went to the young people's meeting at the M. E. Church, when by invitation I again addressed a few remarks to the audience, and then we proceeded to the Presbyterian Church, where we heard an excellent sermon by Rev. Hotchkiss, his text being from the 23d and 24th verses of the first chapter of St. Mark.

The weather had lately been getting very wintry, the thermometer coquetting with the figures below zero, and as a consequence the Mississippi was frozen over, which enabled us (Mr. Masiker and myself) to cross it on foot into Wisconsin.* From Lansing my brother-in-law and I went to New Albin, about twelve miles distant, in order to pay our regards to Mr. W. H. Botsford† and family.

Then Mr. Masiker returned home to Lansing, while I continued my journey to Winona and St. Charles, Minn. While waiting for my train at Winona (for I had to change cars there as well as at La Crosse, Wis.),

*This was the first and only time I ever crossed the Mississippi River on ice, and in our walk over I was possessed with both fear and pleasure; but my friend assured me of our safety, for he was used to it.

†Mrs. Botsford, who died in the fall of 1881, shortly after my visit there with Jane, Eliza and George, was my niece.

I went to see the celebrated water-works tower, 210 feet high, the courthouse and many other places of interest. At St. Charles I visited my old schoolmate, Simeon B. Dickson, and his wife.* They have five children—two sons and three daughters—Vernon L., the elder son, being in California, Elgin R., the younger son, at home, and one daughter married. In the afternoon we all dined with Mr. G. H. Miller, Mr. Dickson's son-in-law, and after dinner Mr. Dickson and I drove out to his farm of 120 acres, situated about five miles from St. Charles.

The next place I journeyed to was Chester, in the adjoining county, and here I visited Thomas W. Phelps and some of his family. Much change had taken place among them since I saw them last in September, 1881. However I was more than pleased to find still at home the son T. L. Phelps (a school teacher), who is of the same age as my youngest boy, lacking one day. From Chester I went to Rochester, a lively town about six miles from Chester, and from there I went to Pine Island, sixteen miles distant, where I found my friend Mr. Warren Cutshall at work in his mill. He showed me over his property consisting of a snug little farm of seven acres well tilled, and his mill where he does various kinds of work—grinding, sawing, planing etc. He and his wife are now alone, their children, a son, L. A., being in Sioux Falls, Dak., and a daughter, Mrs. F. A. Howard, being married and living in Sibley, Iowa. Mrs. Warren Cutshall was, while I was there, getting ready to set out on a visit to them.† This is my third visit here,

*Mr. and Mrs. Dickson seem to be well situated, having a good home in St. Charles and a fine farm five miles out, besides some property in St. Paul, Minn.

†A thought comes to me which the aged will appreciate, if the young do not. In my later years I have visited many homes where the parents, if living, have been left alone—children gone off (like young birds from their nests) to fight the battle of life for themselves, located, perhaps, near the old home or, mayhap, far away from it; yet the parents continue to toil on just about as they first commenced. Such is life!

and although I am unaccompanied by any one I enjoy it very well; yet I cannot help thinking of my last more happy visit in 1881, when my first wife, Eliza, was with me to share the enjoyments of the trip. Much of the pleasure I have now, at my time of life, is indulging in the prospect of some day again meeting those I love who have gone before to the "better land." This is a *hope* that springs eternal in every human breast, and, in the words of Coleridge,

"Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live."

O Lord give me pure thoughts, a clean heart and a contented mind, and let me pursue my journey onward like a true Christian till I finally arrive at my long home, in the "house not made with hands, eternal and secure." O Lord, who lends me life lend me a heart replete with thankfulness for all mercies vouchsafed me. I have often spoken of a "contented mind," and for all the mental troubles that poor humanity is heir to I know of no better panacea than to BE HUMBLE AND GOOD:

"Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perched up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."

On December 13, I find myself at Kasson, Dodge Co., Minn., whither I had come to visit Mr. Robert Taylor,* and his wife Amelia, the former of whom I do not think I ever met before, but the latter I have known from her childhood, as she was one of my scholars when I taught school in the Cowen district, near Blooming Valley, Penn., in 1853-54. They have three sons, George, Robert and William—the youngest being eighteen years of age; one of

*My acquaintance with Robert Taylor, the Christian influence of his pious example, and the kindness of his family to me, will continue in cherished memory while I live. True friendship never dies. The Scripture teaches us that *a friend loveth at all times.*

the boys is at home, and the other two at school, I think in Erie, Penn. There is also living with them Samuel Lord, Jr., a young man, whose father I knew well; he is in partnership with Mr. Taylor in the law business at Mantorville, the county seat of Dodge County, two miles from Kasson, whither Mr. Lord drove me to see the town and surrounding country. Among other points of interest we visited was the cemetery, where sleep many who had come to this part of the West from Crawford County, Penn., among whom I may name the Bancrofts, Russells and Lords; but I was most interested in the grave of Samuel Lord, Sr., his wife and child, and that of James Russell and his wife. Samuel Lord, Sr., died in the spring of 1880, James Russell following him within three weeks: Mrs. Russell died in 1868. I alighted from the conveyance, and for a few moments stood silently looking on the dear spot of earth where rest the mortal remains of those whom I once knew and loved so well, and whose memory I yet cherish. The following couplet covers all I could add:

"All that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity."

On Sunday, December 14, I attended the M. E. Church at Marion, whither I was driven by brother T. W. Phelps and his wife, and I must say I found blessings and favors specially poured out to me this day. I had met Thomas and Eleazer Phelps since their going West, and Thomas had visited me in Pennsylvania, but their brother Nathan I had not seen since the spring of 1854 (before I was first married), as he left for the West with his father's family on April 12, that year. And now here, on this Sabbath morning, after a separation of nearly thirty-seven years, as we were driving to the church, who should overtake us in their conveyance but Nathan

Phelps and his family! Without waiting to get out of the carriage I grasped and heartily shook the hand of my good old friend, and, on alighting, together we entered the Sabbath-school. Thirty-six years and nine months had passed since I last saw him, but he was still Nathan Phelps, with some sprinkling of the salt of time on his honest head. He has a family of three daughters, one being in Florida. I understand he is living on the same farm his father settled on in 1854, but has added to it. Nathan is a helper, and I remember how he helped me in my start on my Christian life.

The subject of the sermon in the forenoon was: *Behold I stand at the door and knock*, and the afternoon subject was: *Whosoever will be my disciple, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me*. While in the Marion cemetery I copied from the Phelps monument the following inscription:

Father, Levi Phelps,

DIED MARCH 31, 1857,

AGED 53 YEARS, 7 MONTHS, 28 DAYS.

Mother, Phebe M. Phelps,

DIED JULY 30, 1875,

AGED 67 YEARS, 2 DAYS.

On the following day (Monday) Nathan Phelps took me over to his brother's, where I bade him good-bye, this time perhaps *forever* on earth; who can tell? Then what will our meeting be in eternity?

“Lord, our times are in Thy hand;
All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
To Thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to Thine.”

From Chester I traveled to St. Charles, Minn., my second visit this trip, and from there Mr. S. B. Dickson

accompanied me to Lake City, in the same State, where we visited friends and relatives, among them being Mrs. T. Brown (whose husband died November 12, 1880), Mrs. H. M. Reed (whose husband died March 29, 1873), Mr. Dickson's brother, Zachariah, and sister, Cena, old schoolmates of mine, the former of whom is yet single, but the latter is married to a Mr. Wm. B. Rodgers.

From Lake City Mr. Dickson and I proceeded to the "rival cities of the West"—St. Paul and Minneapolis—and at the latter place made a short stay over night with Mr. Eleazer Phelps and family. We visited Minnehaha Falls, St. Anthony's Falls and numerous other places of interest in and about both cities, which space here forbids me particularizing. We then returned to Lake City, and thence journeyed to Winona, where I was pleased to meet, on this my second visit to the town, my old schoolmate Mr. William Franklin, now proprietor of the American Hotel at Winona. On Sunday, December 21, Mr. Dickson and I attended, in the forenoon, the Congregational Church (I think); in the afternoon we went to the Y. M. C. A. meeting, and in the evening to the Baptist Church, where we heard an excellent sermon, of which the subject was: *Little children, love not in word and trying, but in deed and truth*. Here, at the American Hotel in Winona, are met we three old schoolmates—William Franklin, Simeon B. Dickson and Francis C. Waid (myself the youngest by two or more years)—a never-to-be-forgotten reunion; and as I shake hands with and bid adieu to these my kind old friends, I can think of no better words than those of the hymn: "God be with you till we meet again." On December 22, I find myself once more at Lansing, Iowa, under the hospitable roof of my brother-in-law, Willis Masiker, for a few hours. Thence he and I proceed to Chickasaw (Ionia

postoffice), Iowa, in order to visit our cousin, Mr. J. F. Cunningham, who is postmaster and proprietor of a general store. Twenty-one years ago, last fall, Mrs. Cunningham (at that time Miss Lottie Walker) visited at our home, and she and I have never met since till this occasion. After dinner came in Uncle A. G. Walker, who lives on a farm near town. On Christmas Eve we went to an entertainment given at the Congregational Church in connection with the Sunday-school, where a large audience was assembled. There a beautiful Christmas tree was set up, and an excellent program presented, all the numbers being admirably rendered. Mr. Cunningham, as the Sunday-school superintendent, managed the proceedings, which were opened by the chanting of the Lord's prayer, after which came recitations, declamations, singing, etc., followed by the distribution of the many presents that bedecked the tree. On the evening of Christmas Day Mr. Cunningham enquired of me if I would like to accompany him to the prayer meeting at the church. "Yes," I replied, "I would like to go, and I am glad you asked me to accompany you to church." I felt that there could be no better or more Christian-like way of closing Christmas, 1890, than by giving my humble services to the good God who gave us that day.

Willis Masiker and I, after having for several days traveled and visited together, with mutual pleasure and profit, reluctantly parted company at Prairie du Chien, Wis., my train being about starting for Milwaukee, and my last words to him, as I grasped his hand, were: "Willis, God bless you."

December 27th finds me at the home of my relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Ally Washburn, in Milwaukee, whom I have not met for several years. He is night assistant trainmaster at the Northwestern depot. I first became

acquainted with them in 1869, before the death of my father. On the following day (Sunday) I went to the Grand Avenue M. E. Church, and heard an excellent sermon delivered by Rev. S. Halsey, D. D., his text being Luke ii: 11: *For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.* In the afternoon I visited Forest Home Cemetery, then, on my return, the Sunday-school at the M. E. Church, after which the Y. M. C. A. meeting. In the evening I took a quiet, meditative stroll under the moonlit canopy of Heaven, and enjoyed, with my friend, a grand view of Lake Michigan, whose waves dashing against a sea-wall, and the splashing of sparkling spray, presented a beautiful sight.

On Tuesday, December 30, I arrive in Chicago, and am the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Cromwell, of No. 7000 Sherman Street, in that part of the city known as Englewood, some seven or eight miles south of Chicago postoffice. Mrs. Cromwell (who was Miss Mary Williams before marriage) was once my pupil when I taught school in the Cowen district, near Blooming Valley, Penn.; she has two sisters, Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. DeShon (also old pupils of mine), living on Evanston Avenue, near to Lincoln Park, and I believe it is twenty years since I last saw them. Their mother, Mrs. Christina Williams, is living with Mrs. Cromwell. Mr. Cromwell was kind enough to present me with a complimentary ticket of admission to the Board of Trade, which enabled me to see through all the different departments intelligibly, such as the buying and selling of the various descriptions of produce, the market quotations, etc. Afterward I went to No. 162 Evanston Avenue, where I found Mrs. Cromwell and her two sisters, already mentioned, and their husbands, at their home, and we passed a very pleasant visit.

Having been taken suddenly unwell while in Chicago, I did not spend much more time in that "Enchanted City," but concluded to hurry on homeward; accordingly at 11:30 on New Year's Eve, within half an hour of the demise of 1890 and the birth of 1891, I resumed my eastern journey. By the time I reached Crestline, Ohio, where I got a cup of coffee and a sandwich, I was feeling better. On the cars I bought a couple of books, "Sermons by Rev. Sam Jones," and a work containing selections or "gems" from the sermons and addresses delivered by Talmage, Beecher, Moody, Spurgeon, Guthrie, Parker, etc.—which proved the best of companions to me during the remainder of my trip, and the reading of them gave me great comfort and consolation.

At 8:10 P. M. January 1, 1891, I arrived at Meadville, Crawford Co., Penn., where I put up for the night (which by the way was a very rainy one) at S. C. Derby's. On my return to Meadville I looked for the first time on the Soldiers' Monument, not then dedicated. Next day I proceeded to the home of my son, Franklin, where I remained till Saturday; then made a call at my son Fred's after which I came to my son Guinnip's home, and wishing to rest and recruit my health I here remained in peace and quietude.



It is a little over three months since I left Meadville on this my fifth trip to Kansas and the West; and to me it has been a remarkable one, including, as it did, labor, business and pleasure, and many good visits to old friends and new. I think now as I sit in my old home, surrounded by its many sweet associations, of the dear ones whom I met; of the pleasant incidents that oftentimes lent to my journey the spice of adventure; of the various

places I visited, and, above all, what I hold in undying remembrance, of the favors and blessings our all-wise Heavenly Father has at all times bounteously poured out to me—favors and blessings that seem to me to have been multiplied since I gave Him my heart forty years ago.

Time flies and our days soon pass away. Some one may look in after years on the spot where our remains are then reposing, and think of us as we do of those dear ones “not lost but gone before.” May we have treasure in Heaven, and be ready, when called, to join the angelic throng in that land of pure delight where God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes; where there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor pain, for all former things shall have passed away.

“Two worlds are ours; ’tis only sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within
 Plain as the sea and sky!

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out Thee
 And read Thee everywhere.”

GOD IS GOOD.



DIARY.

“Stand like an anvil! when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oak
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

“Stand like an anvil! when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks
Where malice proves its want of power.

“Stand like an anvil! when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast;
Duty shall be life’s leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

“Stand like an anvil! Noise and heat
Are born of Earth and die with Time;
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.”

DOANE.

1890.

Wednesday, January 1, 1890.—Another year has glided into the realms of the Past! Another drop of time has fallen into the infinite ocean of Eternity! Another year has been born, in its turn to ceaselessly throb out its life, moment by moment, to the end of its appointed course, till it, too, shall have irrevocably vanished. Yesterday was the to-morrow of Monday, to-day is the to-morrow of yesterday; and so will run the record till time shall be no more.

“To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time.”

As I review the several events of the past year in which I was called to play an humble part, I feel myself deeply grateful to my merciful Creator for the many

blessings He has vouchsafed me, and for having brought me safely to the shore of a new year, endued with renewed health and strength. And as I think of the changeable condition of health I experienced, I am forcibly reminded of this saying of Emerson, the sage: "What a searching preacher of self-command is the varying phenomenon of health!"



My diary for the year 1890 commences in Jamestown, N. Y., for yesterday, the last day of the old year, I betook myself by rail to that beautiful town, arriving at half past seven in the evening. My object was to visit my aunt Mary Ann Simmons, who is living with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Colt. My aunt is in her eighty-seventh year and in fast-failing health.* I enjoyed my New Year's dinner at the home of Frank Simmons, in company with the Williams Family, twelve people sitting down to the first table, and fourteen children, besides a few adults, to the second. All was bright and cheerful within the house, a pleasant contrast to the gloomy, wet and uninviting condition of things in the outer world.

"Kindness by secret sympathy is tied :
For noble souls in nature are allied."

On the following day, after making several calls among my friends, and transacting some business with Mr. F. Bush, I took the stage for Frewsburg, in order to call on Mr. E. T. Burns and family, whom I found in good health, although Mrs. Burns had been ill during the fall. On my return to Jamestown Mr. Burns accompanied me, having some business to transact there. I called on Mr.

* Since above was written, my aunt Mary Ann Simmons departed this life April 4, 1890, in her eighty-eighth year, and I regret that I did not get home from the West at least a day sooner, so I could have attended her funeral.

Bowen, and bade my aunt "good-bye," which meeting proved to be our last on earth, as I have already intimated.

From Jamestown I came to Union City, Erie Co., Penn., to see my niece, Mrs. Blanche Underholt, and family, but I found her rather unwell; her two children, Eva and Fred, however, had a grand romp with their "Uncle Francis." On Saturday morning I took train to Saegertown, specially, I may say, to call on my old friend, Lorenzo Wheeler, whom I had not met for a long time, and who was living with his son in Saegertown. He lost his wife last March, I think, and had been very ill himself, at which time he was living at Little Cooley, Crawford Co., Penn. After a brief visit at the new residence of Hon. Salvador Slocum, and a business call at the bank in Saegertown, I returned to Meadville.

Sunday, January 5.—This is the birthday of my eldest son, Franklin, who is now thirty-five years old. At church I enjoyed listening to an excellent sermon by Presiding Elder J. A. Kummer, from the text Isaiah lii: 1: *Awake, awake: put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city.* I contributed toward the dues for the presiding elder, not forgetting that money is useful, and that to it the Lord has a prior claim, in our recognition of which He blesses us. On Tuesday I proceeded to Meadville on business, and while there attended the Teachers' Institute meetings being held there during the week in the courthouse, and also the lectures delivered in the Academy of Music, all of which I found of much interest and profit. On Saturday I was present at the quarterly meeting held at the M. E. Church, and heard another interesting sermon from the lips of Elder J. A. Kummer. For some days after this I was not in very good health, but through God's blessing recovered.

Thursday, January 15.—Mr. G. W. Cutshall was here with his daughter, Mrs. Sadie Russell, and her children, Leon and Lynn,* they having stayed at our house over night; and thinking it might improve my health, I accompanied him to his home, where I remained till Saturday, when I returned to my own home.

January 21 to April 8, 1890.—[Here comes my fourth trip to Kansas and the West, an account of which commences at page 9.]



During my absence in the West, certain resolutions of thanks to me were adopted by Advent Church, of which I here give a copy:

WHEREAS, We do fully appreciate the benevolence of our kind friend, Mr. F. C. Waid, who has so generously aided us, therefore,

Resolved, That we, as a church, do extend to him our hearty thanks for his generosity in contributing fifty dollars to aid in erecting sheds for the benefit of the public attending our church.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Waid, also furnished the *Pennsylvania Farmer* for publication.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) W. G. OXLEY, *Secretary*.

On my arrival home from the West, on the evening of April 8, I was informed at Meadville, by my cousin, S. Phillips, of the death of Aunt Mary Ann Simmons, her funeral having taken place on the day before my arrival. This is the first news I receive after setting my foot once again "on my native heath"—tidings of death; and but for the grace of God, instead of my aunt in her tottering years of fourscore and eight, it might have been Francis C. Waid in the prime of life! I feel that I cannot too often proclaim my thankfulness to the Lord, even in my disappointments and discouragements. I

* They were on their way to Cleveland, Ohio, to their new home, where Mr. Russell was waiting their arrival, and I have since visited them there, at the time of the dedication of the Garfield Monument, May 30, 1890.

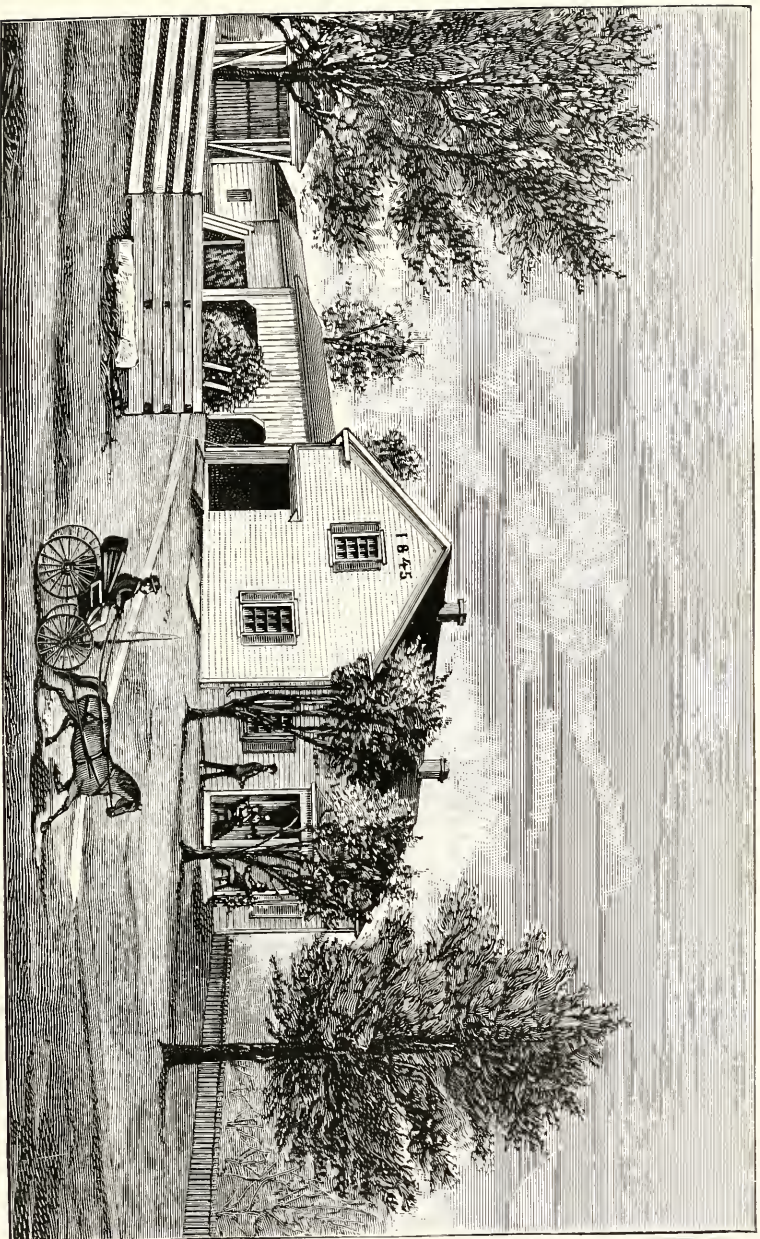
think it is well for us to remember Him and praise His name for what we have, and for our hope in Heaven. He who is thankful for a little is in a fair way to get more; he who in adversity remembers the Lord, will in prosperity praise him—thus we should always be faithful. I am thankful this morning, as I sit by the window in one of the rooms of my old home, the home of my birth, writing on the same desk I bought, when a young man, of David Finney; I say I am thankful for the Lord's unbounded goodness to me. I believe He heareth our prayers, and I *know* He does bless us when we call on Him. I am glad my mind and heart rest in His promises, and I delight to trust in Him, and, as far as possible do His will. How can I refrain from being sympathetic in my feelings and reflective in my thoughts in this, to me, precious home, by this chamber window, through which I can see, in one direction, the same old pear trees in the door yard that stood there when I was a child; and, in another direction, fields wherein I had played in infancy, and worked in boyhood, youth and manhood!

“How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view;
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
 And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew.”

Amid these old-time associations I cannot but think of my parents; of their family; of my dead wife and our children; of my children's children, and last, not least, of my dear wife Anna, absent from me, in Kansas, because of her poor health, myself being also far from well; but

“What fates impose, that man must needs abide
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide.”

I know I should not burden my remembrance with a



FARM HOME OF IRA C. WAID, BUILT IN 1845. PRESENT RESIDENCE OF GUINNIP P. WAID.

heaviness that's gone, but rather bear in mind that *sufficient for the day is the evil thereof*, and consider the many thousands who in this transitory life are in sorrow, need, sickness and other adversity, and rest thankful that fate has not been more unfriendly toward me.

In writing the record of my fourth trip to Kansas, which will be found in the earlier part of this work, I endeavored to portray in my own way the different phases of life—particularly its joys and sorrows. The real test of these comes through the experience of them, and I will here confess that in my latter writings I have not spoken as much of the sorrowful or dark side as I have of the brighter or more hopeful. It is better for each individual to bear his own burden than to ask his brother to bear it for him. Do thoughts live? *Yes*. Are our prayers heard? *Yes, when offered in faith*—but it may be a long time before they are answered. Parents have prayed for their children, and not till long after their death have their sons and daughters given their hearts to the Lord.

I desire here to place on record some of the sincere wants of my soul, my earnest prayer, and I humbly trust it may be in keeping with the will of my Heavenly Father who hears when we pray. I wish to be a living witness for Christ as long as I live; and, while I desire the salvation of all men, I devoutly pray more especially for my own family, and every one endeared to me by the ties of nature, that they may be all brought into the fold of Christ under the divine Shepherd's care. And in order that this greatest desire of my life may be accomplished, I know that I must consecrate all to the Lord—life, friends, property, and everything I have from this day forth and for ever. It is good for us if we can keep all these on the altar. An every-day consecration is better than

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only one in a life time. We are liable to forget our obligations, and either remove something from off the altar of the Lord, or neglect to place thereon something we may have obtained since the consecration. That the reader may understand more clearly what I mean, I add: let every dollar, as well as everything else we may possess, honor the Lord in doing good—if it is worth anything at all it should speak something for the Lord. Each individual has his own conscience in that respect, and happy is the man who seeketh no witness from without, for it shows that he has wholly committed himself unto God. But I must now continue my diary.

April 11.—To-day I visited Lewis M. Slocum, and at his house met Mrs. David Roberts and Mrs. Armitage Roberts, so I was enabled to hand the former the portrait of her grandson, Wilber A. Hobbs, which had been entrusted to me by Emery F. Hobbs at Lawrence, Kas., when I was there. On the following day I rode to Meadville with my brother-in-law, Moses Masiker, and was pleasantly surprised to meet there Mr. Maurice McMullen, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Ottawa, Kas., who had been called to his old home through the serious illness of his mother. I also had the pleasure of handing to Dr. E. C. Hall, of the First M. E. Church of Meadville, the "photo" of the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury, of Grand Island, Neb., with which commission I had been entrusted by Mrs. Pillsbury while I was visiting them.

April 12.—Again at Sagertown, where I called on Mr. and Mrs. George Floyd, but regret to say found Mrs. Floyd quite unwell, as she was when I and my wife visited her last summer. On the following day, Sunday, Mr. Floyd and I attended the M. E. Church, where we heard an excellent sermon preached by their pastor, Rev.

A. J. Parsons, from the text Matthew xvi: 19: *And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.* For the missionary cause in distant lands the sum of nearly one hundred dollars was collected, and I increased the pleasure I enjoyed in listening to the discourse by adding my mite of five dollars toward the spread of the Gospel among the heathen. In the afternoon I rode to Blooming Valley, from Sager-town in company with their pastor, and in the evening again heard him proclaim the good news of salvation, his text being Matthew xxviii: 6: *He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.* It seems to me that none but a *true* Christian can fully appreciate all the blessed benefits the resurrection our Lord assures. O how good it is for us to trust in the Saviour of mankind, and to know that He has robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory! What great consolation it brings to our hearts to have a true knowledge and just conception of and faith in Jesus Christ! What comfort it brings to the soul of man!

After the services I paid a visit to my cousin, Ralph Roudebush, and together we walked over to the cemetery where in peaceful rest my departed wife, Eliza, awaits the resurrection; and as I stood by her grave I thought of Jesus, the Light of the world who gives to us the hope of a reunion beyond. *I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever believeth in me shall never die.*

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
 Fair spirit rest thee now!
 E'en while ours thy footsteps trod,
 His seal was on thy brow.

"Dust to its narrow house beneath,
 Soul to its place on high!
 They who saw thy look in death
 No more may fear to die."

Wednesday, April 16.—My nephew, Grant Waid, and I left quite early in the morning in order to pay a visit to his brother-in-law, Walter Josling, who lives in Richmond Township, some five miles distant, and on our way I called on a sick neighbor, George Dewey, who has been ill a long time, owing to a stroke of paralysis he received several years ago. Eliza and I visited him at that time, and I have called on him frequently since, as opportunity presented. We were glad to meet, and he appeared to be much better than when I last saw him. Mr. Josling we did not find at home, as he had gone to my nephew's (Nick P. Waid), but Mrs. Josling and family we saw, and found in good health. On our return my nephew and I called on my uncle, Horace Waid, where we heard from my aunt news of my uncle, Gilbert Waid,* in Michigan. She had also heard by letter from my three cousins—daughters of Samuel Waid.

*I have before me an old letter written in 1847 to his friends in Crawford County, Penn., by Gilbert Waid, after his arrival in Washtenaw County, Mich. It is in substance as follows:

WEBSTER, WASHTENAW CO., MICH., May 10, 1847.

MR. GEORGE ROUDEBUSH AND FRIENDS:

We are all well, and hope you are the same. We took the boat Saturday morning at 2 o'clock at Erie; stopped at Cleveland, Sandusky and Detroit, and arrived all safe, none of us seasick. Traveled from Detroit across the county to Webster; sold their wooden bowls; traded horse and wagon for 25 acres of land. It is good land, I like it very well, and I have got three acres to put in with corn and a piece for potatoes. I have a job to do for eighteen dollars, and am going to do it as soon as I get my corn and potatoes planted. Tell my brother, Samuel, I like the country very well, what little I have seen; there are good crops of wheat, and it looks well. Tell father we are all well and hearty. I am satisfied this is a good country, and we are not discouraged.

ANDREW G. WAID.

Friday, April 18.—Proceeded to-day to Randolph Township, where I visited Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Cutshall; afterward Mrs. Cutshall and I called on Mrs. Mary Jane Seaman, who has been sick since last fall; then on my return home I paid Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, of Blooming Valley, the visit I had last February promised their son-in-law, Dr. Weter, of Grand Island, Neb.

Saturday, April 19.—To-day I find myself in Vernon (also in Crawford County), visiting relatives living there—my uncle and aunt, Robert and Polly Morehead, and their youngest son and only daughter (who live with them), my cousin, R. A. Fergerson and wife (who have no children) and John C. Morehead (who has one son and three daughters). Mrs. Polly Morehead has been unwell for a long time, but while I was there she was able to sit up to table with the rest of the family; uncle Robert Morehead is now a venerable patriarch enjoying his eighty-ninth year. On the following day, Sunday, I attended with some of the family the M. E. Church at Vernon, known as the “Trace Appointment,” as well as the Sunday-school.

Wednesday, April 23.—My fifty-seventh birthday! I do not know that I could do better here than repeat, in part, what I had written in this connection for the *Pennsylvania Farmer* of May 1, 1890, as follows:

LEAVES FROM A DIARY.

I am this morning at home in my father's, Ira C. Waid's, old home, my second son's, Guinnip P. Waid's, home, and my own dear home, where all the fifty-seven years of my life on the farm have so pleasantly flown. I am looking at the figures on the milestone and wondering how and where all these years have gone. Nearly all have been spent on this farm in actual labor—indeed memory stamps them so; and yet I do not complain, for often with my brothers, in early days, and later on with my family, kindred and friends have I been permitted to enjoy the blessings and share the pleasures of my father's home. I am glad it remains in the family. I think of my parents.

who were more to me than all the world besides: and I think to-day that faith in God's promises and obedience to my parents have been worth more, and brought a greater amount of good to me, than any other investment I ever made. I love the Bible. I can also say that my parents loved me, and I loved them in return, and tried as best I could to manifest it to them. There is a good thought in thus coupling obedience to parents with obedience to our Heavenly Father, to whom we owe all we possess. I would like to say to all, and especially to the young, it brings pleasure to-day, as we, my children, my grandchildren and myself, celebrate this day at the homestead. I only wish my wife were here to complete the enjoyment, but her impaired health detains her at her parents' home in Kansas.

This birthday brings reflections of the past, of opportunities that have come to me, some improved, some not. The thought arises: Why try to provide a home for children? What have my parents done for me? Provided twenty-one years' board and clothing, my schooling, and the best care in sickness and health they could afford. What do I owe my children? I leave the Bible to answer the question, and I turn to ii Corinthians, xii, 14: "For the children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children." Then again, "A good man leaveth an inheritance to children's children."

I wish in heart to honor the Lord as well as pay a tribute of respect to my parents for the blessings already received; and I want to do and acknowledge it on my fifty-seventh birthday, and every day to the close of life. Over forty years ago I sat in this home, as I do now, improving my spare moments writing in my diary.

My loneliness on account of the absence of wife, and my not feeling very well did not prevent the coming of my fifty-seventh birthday, and, like hurrying to catch a train, we made use of the day. I said to Anna, my son's wife, "I would like to have Fred and Minnie come to dinner, and have a family gathering to celebrate my birthday." My desire is granted. My children and grandchildren have gladdened my heart, and I am better in body. There is an advantage in a family gathering, and it is so convenient where children live near each other.

It has been said: "The man that makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, benefits his race." I am reminded that on my thirty-fifth birthday Henry Smith and myself planted some maples along State Street in Meadville, nine on his lot where he then lived, which shed their beauty on the landscape and their blessing on the traveler. I read when quite young, "Young Man go West," and I have often studied the subject since. My first trip in response to this advice was in 1860. Since then I have made several trips, and during the last two years four, traveling in several States and seeing

a little of the great West. It is my honest opinion that, although I have always lived in Pennsylvania, yet, should my life be spared, my future home may be in the West. Men have been going West ever since the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and the geographical center of population has shifted from one place to another until many places have claimed the distinction.

When I was at Fort Riley, Kas., I was told that was the center. Many States, indeed may I not say every State and Territory, claim some advantage in preference to others; but that best location for farming or any other occupation is, in my opinion, like the Garden of Eden—difficult to locate, though the entire race of mankind has been ever searching for it. The majority have, like myself, had enough to do to secure a living and provide for their families. I think it right for every one to learn what he can in reference to the occupation he wishes to follow, and then seek the location that suits him. I did this, and on this, my fifty-seventh birthday can say I am contented. After my first visit to the West the question was often asked me, "Did you see any locality or farming country you liked?" I did, many such places; and would be as contented and happy as now, had I chosen to have lived there. But after my first trip West I weighed the matter, and came to the conclusion that I was better suited with my own little home in Pennsylvania, and every trip I have made since, whether west, east, north or south, I have returned with greater love for home. But the knowledge gained by these trips has done me good, and I am glad of the knowledge so gained.

While I believe a man can get a living and perhaps do well in any State or Territory in the Union, I also believe more depends upon the man than the place where he makes his home. I think the all-wise Creator has distributed His blessings more evenly in the country than we give Him credit for. Men once tried to build a tower to Heaven, but failed. There is a surer and better way to get there. "Trust in the Lord, do good, and verily thou shalt be fed"—here and hereafter. I believe it is the experience of my fortieth year of Christian life that, though I became a Christian in youth, my only regret is that I have not been more faithful, and started earlier in life.

What adds most to the comforts of my earthly home is the assurance of and title to the Heavenly home. One incident of this day has been a visit to Aunt Polly Kiser,* our nearest neighbor, whom I have known from boyhood. She is in her eighty-ninth year, and standing close to the banks of the great river which separates the Heavenly land from ours. By the way, I am reminded of the death of my aged Aunt Mary Ann Simmons, of Jamestown, N. Y., who had passed away shortly before my arrival from Kansas, on April 4th, in her eighty-eighth year.

*I visited her again July 7, 1891, and found her fast failing.

Let me sum up my fifty-seventh birthday: Family celebration with children and grandchildren; trip to Meadville; wrote a letter to a friend; put up 200 bushels of oats for market; wrote check for the sum of one hundred dollars as my contribution to Soldiers' Monument.

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before;
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

"Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!
But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

"O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home,
Even to-day, than I think,—
Father, perfect my trust!
Let my spirit feel, in death,
That its feet are firmly set
On a rock of a living faith."



Sunday, April 27.—How thankful I am to find myself in better health and able to attend church, Sunday-school and other religious exercises at the old State Road, and to enjoy the privileges of the sanctuary with my brethren, after an absence of three months. The Lord, through our pastor, Rev. James Clyde, had graciously revived the good work in the vineyard during the winter, and new converts had united with old ones in praising the Lord for what He had done for them. And

this day we older members undertook to say that we, too, had great reason to be thankful to the Lord for His goodness and mercy to us. *O that men would praise the name of the Lord for His goodness, and His wonderful works toward the children of men.* If joy on earth be so great, what must it be in Heaven? Like Rev. Sam P. Jones, *I want to get there!* YES, GET THERE! From church I went to the house of Lewis M. Slocum, my son's father-in-law, who is in poor health, and here I remained over night. In the morning I drove the daughter, Lucy Slocum, to the school she teaches in the Kiser district, Mead Township, about five miles distant, and on our way saw three cemeteries or burial grounds, viz.: one at Wayland, the Ewing Graveyard and the Kiser Cemetery, just opposite the school-house where Lucy is teaching. This is her first school, her scholars being already thirty-two in number, and I could not help thinking about my own first school with a class of more than double the number they average nowadays, and of how my good friends used to help me along the rocky road to learning.

May 2.—To-day I attended the Farmers' Convention held in the Library Hall, Meadville. We were met together in a good cause—to become more united in our political effort to be represented in our legislature and general government, and to have farmers nominated to represent us and look after our interests. Were I a politician I would perhaps say more here, but I hope to be able some time to express my views on this subject as a *practical farmer*, one who has worked long enough and studied sufficiently as he went along to have gained something by experience. On May 3d I called on my aged friend, Rev. E. C. Pengra, who lives less than a mile southeast of Meadville. I have known him for many years, and was truly glad to see him. Brother

Pengra had owned a farm just south of and near the State Road M. E. Church for several years prior to his moving to his present home. While I was enjoying my visit with Mr. Pengra, Dr. C. E. Hall and his wife came in to pay the aged and respected couple a visit, but of this event I have already made mention.

My visit to Mr Pengra reminds me of a certain event that occurred December 22, 1870, the day he left his farm and had his public sale. I had gone with G. W. and P. M. Cutshall to Meadville, where I saw them leave by train (they were going West to buy some cattle), and on my way home I went to the sale at Mr. Pengra's. While there my son Guinnip arrived in haste on horseback to inform me of my father having been stricken with paralysis, and also went posthaste to tell my brother G. N. of the sad event. My friend, David Roberts, who was present at the sale, accompanied me as I hastened to my father's side,* so alarmed was he, as well as myself, at the unexpected news. In that hour of distress, and up to the day of my father's death, January 27, 1871, Mr. Roberts proved himself a *true friend* to him and to the entire family.

"He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need."



"O spring, thou fairest season of the year,
How lovely soft, how sweet dost thou appear!
What pleasing landships meet the gazing eye!
How beauteous nature does with nature vie."

WEBB.

Sunday, May 4.—This is a lovely day, and it is and has been what every farmer most delights in—"fine growing

*I shall never forget the expression on my father's face when I first saw him after the stroke: the one half of it was very much changed, but it afterward was partially restored to its normal condition.

weather." *The Christian's growth*, wherein should it be found? IN THE PATHWAY OF DUTY, especially on the Sabbath day, in seeking the means of grace at the Lord's house. While approaching, on this bright Sunday forenoon, Blooming Valley Advent Church, I thankfully thought of the privilege I was about to enjoy, as I had not been within the portals of that house of worship for several months. I was blessed in this, and still further blessed as I listened to a beautiful sermon from Hebrews xii: 1: *Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.*

May 7.—Went to Meadville on business, and while so engaged met several friends including Judge Henderson, whom I had not met since my return from Kansas. On my way home I called on Henry Smith, with whom I had a most enjoyable visit, and with the rest of the family met his father-in-law, William Chase, now eighty-two years of age, with whom I have been acquainted many years. At one time he owned a farm about a mile south of us,* and when I taught school in the Moore School District, in Mead Township, in 1856-57, his children—two sons and two daughters—were attending that school. Mrs. Henry Smith was the eldest in the family, and now she has two children of her own—Jennie and Hettie—both grown to womanhood.

May 9.—The poet Gray has sung of "The breezy call of incense breathing morn," and I think when he wrote that beautiful line he must have been luxuriating in a simple early morning ramble in the country, any time in the merry month of May. "God made the country, man made the city," and midst the charms of rural scenes

*Now owned by Smith Galey.

how refreshing it is to look from nature up to nature's God! These May mornings are incomparable in their beauty and sweetness, and as I look around me, viewing the fine fields of grass and grain, I do not feel that I can fully endorse the opinion that we are having a "backward spring"—indeed, as I passed down the fertile Woodcock valley this afternoon on my way on foot to Saegertown, I became impressed with the idea that if the early blossoming of wild strawberries, which I saw by the wayside, is any indication at all, we were having rather a "forward spring" than otherwise.

Spring.

"The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
 Played the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze;
 The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
 On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the Queen of the Spring, as she passed down the vale,
 Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
 And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
 And fresh in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers."

Remaining over night in Saegertown with my friend, Mr. George Floyd, I was pleased to find Mrs. Floyd looking and feeling better than when I called on them in April. In the evening I attended, with Brother Floyd, the prayer meeting in the M. E. Church, which I the more enjoyed as it brought to me pleasant memories of the past, when in former years I experienced so many similar blessed privileges in company with Mr. Floyd's father at other places. There is great help in true prayer, and sweet music in Christian song.

"Music," wrote Martin Luther, "is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us." Yes, dear reader, the ele-

ments of music are in everything around us; they are found in every part of creation; in the chirping of the feathered choristers of nature; in the calls and cries of the various animals; in the melancholy murmur of the waterfall; in the wild roar of the waves—"The voice of the great Creator dwells in that mighty tone;" in the hum of the distant multitude and in the varying winds—alike when the dying cadence falls lightly on the ear as when the hurricane sweeps past, dealing destruction as it goes.

"There's music in the sighing of the reed,
There's music in the gushing of the rill,
There's music in all things if men had ears,
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres!"

Next morning on my way to the train, I dropped in to see and shake the friendly hand of Hon. S. Slocum at his home, where I was pleased to form the acquaintance of Mrs. Slocum's mother, Mrs. Manville, who was there on a visit, and whose husband I had often met.

Sunday, May 11.—This day I passed in Meadville, in the forenoon attending church and Sunday-school at State Street, where I heard our own pastor, Rev. James Clyde, preach from the text: *Thy will be done*. At the close of the Sunday-school exercises the superintendent, Brother St. John, remarked to the meeting: "We have still five minutes, and I see Brother Waid is here from State Road. You all remember how our library was increased by his offer which we accepted, and we will now be glad to hear from our friend." Well, if I had been asked for a *dollar* or so, that would have been quite another matter; but to expect from me a *speech*! I was reminded of the school-boy's lesson—the most difficult question or problem often comes first, and demands our strongest efforts; so I did the best I could, knowing that we get credit for what we do, not what we think we will do and then leave undone. Men

may be unmindful of the little duties of life, like children forgetting to obey their parents; but our Heavenly Father is not thus unmindful of us, as even for a cup of cold water He gives a reward. *No duty cheerfully performed goes unrewarded.* Now, I could not say much to the Sunday-school class, but what I had to say I did willingly for the Master, because I owed it to Him for the thousands of blessings He has bestowed upon me. When Brother St. John asked me to speak, I hesitated, as I thought time could be better improved than by my trying to say anything; but he quietly said to me, "Mr. Waid, you can at any rate say 'How do you do?'" So, as I do not believe in "giving away" friends, but rather in profiting by what they may say, I addressed the school in substance as follows: "*How do you do?* This is a lovely Sunday morning. I am very glad to be with you in this Sabbath-school, and share with you the benefits from our lesson. To-day I am contented and happy in the thought that I have enjoyed this privilege so long. It is probably fifty years since my parents took my twin brother and myself to the Sunday-school at the old State Road appointment, and I have been enjoying it ever since. I was there last Sunday, and it is no wonder I am here to-day; I love the Sunday-school and church. I became a member of the M. E. Church at State Road in 1851, and my scholarship as a member of the Sunday-school is about ten years older than my membership in the church. I look upon the Sunday-school as the nursery of the church. Children, it is an excellent conservatory for the producing of good men and women and true Christians. Some writer has said that we answer our own prayers. It is true we are co-workers with the Master for good, and what we can do ourselves He does not do for us. We are to work for ourselves and for the

good of others, not only in the Sunday-school, but everywhere else as opportunities present themselves. Opportunities are God's *offers* to us; we do the work, and He pays us for doing it. We ought often to ask the Lord, 'What wilt Thou have me to do?' And in all things our duty is to obey. You will find that obedience and submission to His will bring their own blessing. The child, in health, asks for a drink of water; the parent says, 'There it is, wait on yourself.' But when the child is sick, and unable to help itself, how willingly the parent will come to its assistance! In that manner our kind Father in Heaven helps us. I had intended to go home yesterday evening, but on account of the rain and some business engagements did not get away; but I am cheered to-day with the thought that I am on my journey to my Heavenly home where I expect to meet you when our work on earth is done." After hearing by the Sunday-school report that the collection was not large, I doubled it by handing the superintendent \$1.50, which he said he would see duly credited. In the afternoon I attended, along with my friend Mr. Derby, the Y. M. C. A. meeting held in the Richmond Block, where we listened to an excellent discourse on "Temperance" by Rev. Hays, of Meadville, a Presbyterian minister.

May 12.—To-day my son Fred, who has for some time back been very ill, was, I am glad to say, sufficiently recovered to visit his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Haines, in Brookville, Penn. Frank and Guinnip, my other two sons, have been baling hay for several days, with the aid of a hay-press which they had bought, rightly thinking that they could dispose of pressed hay to better advantage than in bulk, as they could sell it either at home or abroad, with a choice of markets; moreover baled-hay is most economical as regards storage in the barn, as com-

pared with hay in bulk, and they could do a good deal of baling for neighbors and others, which in the course of time would in itself pay for the press.

May 15.—While sitting alone in the house to-day writing in my diary, my brother called in. He had just returned from Enterprise, Warren Co., Penn., whither he had gone with his two sons, Grant and Plumer, who are filling a contract for bark-peeling. After some little conversation, chiefly on some business in which we wished to consult each others' interest, we set out to look at some property known as the old mill property of Daniel Cowen, situated on Woodcock Creek, one mile north of Blooming Valley, and built in 1832. We went on foot, and on our way entered the cemetery grounds and viewed the spot where our kindred sleep. The old mill property, which includes five acres with grist-mill, house, barn and other buildings, looks to us very desolate and dilapidated, it having been tenantless and empty for some time back. It did not need anyone to tell me that change and decay are written on everything that pertains to earth, when I fix my eyes on this old mill that was built a year before I was born. I have not said it looked inviting, but my brother owns it and wishes to rent or sell it, notwithstanding its weather-beaten condition.

Sunday, May 18.—Again I had the privilege of attending our own church at State Road, and was profited much by the services. Our regular pastor, Mr. Clyde, was assisted by Rev. Chamberlin, of Meadville, an aged gentleman who had been forty-four years in the ministry. Mr. Clyde spoke from the text, *He that was rich for our sakes became poor that we might be made rich.* After the services he announced in substance the following: "Our basket meeting, or gathering of the people far and near at this place for one week, will begin May 31. This

meeting, which takes the place of camp-meeting which used to be held, is expected to produce good results. I am looking for a large number to be present, and we have to get things in readiness."

May 19, 20.—We have had a remarkably wet spring so far, and but few farmers in our vicinity have had their oats sowed or potatoes planted yet—in fact it is altogether too wet for either garden or farm work, and there is a good deal of ground and many a garden not plowed for spring crops. Some one remarked in my hearing the other day, "We have had so much rain, what will farmers do?" The answer is: "Have faith and wait patiently, for all will be well," remembering that seed-time and harvest are promised to the end of the world: *While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.* [Genesis viii: 22.] God's promises are sure: Go forth to the duties of to-day trusting in Him. He will guide thee and it shall be well with thee, and the earth will bring forth fruit for man and beast. He openeth his hand and the wants of all living are satisfied.

Being in Meadville I called on an old acquaintance, Benjamin McNeil, who is in his eighty-second year. He is in poor health, and has been unable to be out since the death of his son James, which occurred, I understand, four weeks ago, aged thirty-two years.

May 21.—On my way home I was informed by Homer Ellsworth, a near neighbor, of the death, on the 18th instant, of his father, aged about four-score years; and later in the day I learned through P. M. Cutshall of the death, on the 20th, of his sister, Mrs. Mary Jane Seaman, in her fifty-ninth year. I attended her funeral to the Rudle Cemetery,* and heard the sermon preached on the occa-

*This cemetery has been enlarged and improved during the past year, and now presents an attractive appearance.

sion, by Rev. H. McClintock, the subject being: *The righteous hath hope in his death.—A good name is better than precious ointment, and the day of death than the day of one's birth.* Her seven children were present—three sons and four daughters—all married except the youngest son and daughter.

On the 22d, in the morning, my cousin, Charles Morehead, and I took a look over his farm, and afterward made a call on Mrs. Israel Morehead and daughter, who live on a well-tilled farm near by, and whom my wife, Eliza, and I visited three years ago. Charles Morehead is the youngest in the family of my uncle, the late William Morehead, with whom I worked so many days on my father's farm in my youth and early manhood, and it brings to me very many pleasant memories as I walk and talk with Charles, who is so kindly caring for his aged mother, whose health is good and whose industry is great for her time of life. On my way to see Mr. D. H. McCrillis, Mr. H. Sutton, with whom I staid over night, accompanied me, and thence I proceeded to William Fleek's, near Tryonville, where I called to see his son, who two weeks ago had received a severe cut on the head by accident, but is now fast recovering. My next visit was with my cousin, George A. Goodwill, who accompanied me to Frank Sturgis' place, where I met my aunt Phebe at her daughter's, which was quite a pleasing surprise to me, as I had not heard of her being here.

May 24.—To-day Frank Sturgis drove me over to Titusville, about seven or eight miles from here. In the palmy days of oildom, from 1860 on, I used to find a good market in this town for my farm produce, and with no small degree of pleasure do I think of the good prices and ready sale I got. Then, as now, I had friends and relatives in Titusville, always pleased to see me. To-

day I am stopping with my brother-in-law, Avery W. Masiker, who has his twin sons, Emery and Emmett, with him at home, but his two daughters are married. Among many other calls in the town I went to see an old acquaintance of ours in the person of Wilson Smith,* also Mrs. Angeline Brown, who married, for her first husband, Oscar Allen, a second cousin of my own, by which union there are yet living four children. In the evening, after a stroll about the town, Avery and I attended the meeting of the Salvation Army, and were eyewitnesses to the ceremony of "commissioning officers," religious exercises quite new to me; so I learned something profitable in that line also. Before the day closed I met Asa Davis, whom I had not seen for several years. Next day, Sunday, we went to the M. E. Church, where we heard my old friend, Rev. John Lusher,† preach from the text, *We know thou art a teacher come from God*; also attended class-meeting and Sunday-school, all of which deeply interested us.

In the evening we went to vespers at the Episcopal Church, and afterward called on my old scholar and friend Walter W. Thompson, who drew the record for the Blooming Valley school in 1852, and this was a mutually very pleasant reunion; then we attended the memorial services at the M. E. Church, which was crowded to the doors, and found the exercises very interesting and impressive. Mr. Lusher chose for his text Judges v: 8: *Then was war in the gates*, which he formed as the groundwork for his argument in speaking of wars and rumors of wars from time immemorial, both by Bible chain of evidence and by secular history, down to our

*His mother is still living and is our nearest neighbor. Wilson was a particular friend of my twin brother, Franklin, and I shall never forget how sad he felt when I informed him of my brother's death.

†Rev. John Lusher was the officiating minister at the marriage of my son Fred, at Brookville, Jefferson Co., Penn., March 7, 1889.

own Civil War. Avery, in the course of my visit, gave me some information about my relatives living in the West, especially making mention of J. Cunningham, who he said lived 104 miles from Lansing, Iowa, and seventy-seven miles from McGregor.

May 26.—Called on Dr. W. H. Coombs, a dentist in Titusville, in order to see Mrs. Frank Jackson who, I was told by her husband when he visited us (myself and Anna) some time since, was living with her mother in Titusville; the Doctor, however, informed me that Mrs. Jackson had just gone to Buffalo, N. Y., on a visit. I then proceeded to Grand Valley, about twelve miles distant, to see my cousins Cyrus and Martha Brown, who lived a short distance from the town; and as I walked to their place on this bright sunny morning, I thoroughly enjoyed the balmy air and the view of the green-clad hills, feeling as did Milton when he perpetuated on paper these beautiful lines: "In the vernal seasons of the year, when the air is soft and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go and see her riches, and partake of her rejoicings with Heaven and earth."

I found the Brown family busy—Mrs. Brown house cleaning, and Mr. Brown and their son working out road-tax near their home. After dinner I went to the farm of Mr. R. Hutchinson, and took a look over his place, which is chiefly timber; there is one shingle mill on it, and another in the vicinity, both of which we saw in running order; also viewed the old oil well. I next dropped in on my cousin Horace Goodwill, who has a good farm of about sixty acres, quite well improved, with excellent grass lands and luxuriant meadows of timothy and clover. The night I spent at Mr. Brown's, and following day I called on Mrs. Hannah Lord, but found her not at home; thence went to see her son Adolphus Smith,

a blacksmith by trade, with whom I dined; after which we called on Isaac Teasdale,* and had a social chat with Andrew Smith, Oliver Heelyer and other friends' formerly from Blooming Valley. Adolphus Smith had just bought a lot, which George Bush surveyed for him, I carrying the chain.

MAY 28.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

LONGFELLOW.

This is another never-to-be-forgotten day on the calendar of my life, being the anniversary of the death of my twin brother, Franklin P., which occurred May 28, 1854—thirty-six years ago. As the "whirligig of time" brings around each anniversary I think of my departed brother on that day as much as I do on the anniversary of our birthday. To me it is a day for thought, a day for what I might call a sentimental journey, in which I have time to reflect that "the furnace of affliction refines us from earthly drowsiness, and softens us for the impression of God's own stamp." It was also a day of practical journey for me, as well as sentimental, for I returned home to Blooming Valley from my trip to East Branch, Warren County, Penn., a distance of probably over thirty miles.

May 30, Memorial Day, finds me in Cleveland, Ohio, whither I had come yesterday to be present at the dedication of the Garfield Monument. I am making my home during my stay with my niece, Mrs. Eugene Russell, and her husband was kind enough to show me around the city, which was handsomely and appropriately

*I have since learned of Mr. Teasdale's death, which occurred some time this spring.

decorated, and thronged with visitors. The monument stands in the beautiful Lake View Cemetery, and there were congregated many thousands of loyal people to witness the imposing and impressive ceremony. There were present the President, the Vice-President, members of the cabinet and other government officials. There were for sale among the people copies of the last letter written by President James A. Garfield to his mother, and I bought several for distribution among friends. The letter reads as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 11, 1881.

DEAR MOTHER:

Don't be disturbed by conflicting reports about my condition. It is true I am still weak and on my back, but I am gaining every day, and need only time and patience to bring me through. Give my love to all my relatives and friends, and especially to sisters Hetty and Mary.

Your loving son,

(Signed.)

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

On my return home I stopped at our church to attend meeting, and after the sermon I remained to the quarterly conference, as I knew not how much our society had to pay our pastor, nor had I heard how we were to raise the money. It was referred to by our pastor, Mr. Clyde, and in the report he said in that conference he would take me or his chances for \$25, his claim being \$125 for the year. This responsibility he took without my knowledge. I was pleased to hear of his confidence in me in regard to my supporting our pastor, so when the opportunity came I arose, having in my hand a hymn book which belonged to the church, and said: "I thank Brother Clyde for his confidence in me in this financial matter. If I owned this book I hold in my hand, I would want it to praise the Lord, as I need nothing in this world but what will do good and praise the name of the Lord. Everything I have belongs to Him; I myself am His

property; it was in this house we made the contract, when I, a *miserable sinner*, gave myself to Him. He gave me life and salvation, *set me free*, and in the joy of my heart I began to praise His name and work for Him, because He has made me a free man, and I love to do His will. I subscribe \$50, this day, for the support of the Gospel among us." Our pastor's \$25 investment was thus doubled in a very short time. There is real pleasure in doing good and serving the Lord; *God loveth a cheerful giver!*

Sunday, June 1.—This is "Basket Meeting" day at our church, and services will be held three times a day for a week. This morning there is Love Feast, and preaching by Elder Kummer, which I attended, as well as the evening service. In the afternoon I went to the funeral of Mrs. Cook (mother of John Cook, of Richmond Township, Crawford County), who died at the age of eighty-six years. The funeral services were held at Advent Church, Blooming Valley. While in the cemetery I visited Eliza's grave, and was cheered in my heart by finding it had been decorated on Memorial Day with flowers, indicating that her blessed memory lives in other hearts besides my own. Verily, from the peaceful bosom of her grave spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections.

June 2.—I can truthfully say I love traveling, and I can with equal truth confess I love home, that rallying place of all the affections. Yesterday, in church, when speaking, I said, "If I could sing just now my words would be, 'My heavenly home is bright and fair.'" I thank the Lord at all times for the hope He has given me of a future life; and is it not true that those who place their hopes in another world have, in a great measure, conquered dread of death and unreasonable love of

life? But this morning I am thankful to Him for the home *here*. If we would be truly happy—happy every day, every hour of our lives—we must be thankful for everything we receive, spiritual or temporal, God to be paramount in all things—in thought, word or deed. Thompson, the poet, in his ode to Spring, says that happiness consists in

“An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving heaven.”

I would like to say something of my dear old home. After breakfast this morning I took a scythe and mowed the yards, both back and front; and while at work I thought of how my father was wont to do the very same thing, and of how he taught us boys, his sons, the method. In those days the lawn mower was little known in our part of the State, and to be able to mow well with a scythe was considered quite an accomplishment. In my school days I was often encouraged and sometimes flattered by my school teacher saying to me: “Francis, you love your book;” yes, and I can say now that I love my occupation, farming. Mowing by hand in my early-day experience was no small item in our harvest work, as we usually had a large hay crop to take in; and perhaps I loved it because father loved it, and I learned it of him. Last year, at this time I was in Kansas, and my father-in-law’s people gave me credit for mowing their door-yard so well that they declared they “had never seen it done better;” and this morning I was encouraged in my work by my neighbors who in passing commented on the lawn looking “natural, old style,” etc., “you can mow as well as any of your boys, or better,” said some, and so forth; and as I heard them I confess I felt a proper pride glowing within me.

June 5.—To-day I went on foot to the primary election which was held in the town-house about five miles from here, and at the same time made several calls—on D. H. Miller, then to the Alms House to see my cousin Julia Ann Morehead, who is older than I, and whom I have known for years. After this visit I went to Saegertown, thence to the mineral springs, where I drank of the waters; then to the home of George Floyd, whom I found very busy; also saw John Barr, a relative of Mr. Floyd, and whose wife attended school at Cowen's school-house, where I did many years ago. At the Republican primary Mr. Floyd was nominated judge of election. I voted soon after the polls opened, and then left for Meadville.

I had what I call a special privilege to-day, the pleasure of calling on my aged school teacher, Mr. John R. Donnelly, who lives near Meadville, not very far north from Allegheny College, on the old pike road. He was as glad to see me as I was to meet him, especially when I told him that I had called to thank him for the good he had done me in my boyhood. I am not mistaken when I say that this visit was both interesting and profitable to me; I had but little to impart, but I received much. Mr. Donnelly I have always esteemed and loved for his general benevolence and humanity, regarding him as a man such as Epicurus had in his thoughts when he said that "a beneficent person is like a fountain watering the earth and spreading fertility."

Sunday, June 8—This is "Children's Day" at the State Road M. E. Church, and I will here give in part what I wrote at the time for the *Pennsylvania Farmer*, as I believe it expresses about all I could say were I to sit down and attempt to rewrite an account of the interesting event:

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Children's Day comes but once a year, and on this occasion some came from a distance. I was truly glad my friends, C. R. Slocum and wife, had remained to spend the Sabbath at State Road. It was a rare opportunity. He and I took our first lessons in Sunday-school here, he nearly fifty years ago, while I, with my brothers, was brought here by my parents over fifty years ago, and my heart swells with thankfulness when I reflect that I have been permitted to attend church and Sabbath-school here ever since. It is written, *Delight thyself in the Lord*, but I am unable to express all the joy and peace I have found in His service since first my young heart was turned toward Him and my feet toward His courts. Boyhood days are not easily forgotten, and how eagerly my anxious soul waited to enjoy this happy event. I was so glad that my friend had come on a visit at this time, so that we could enjoy Children's Day together at State Road. I only regretted that my absent wife was not here, otherwise my cup of joy would have run over.

I called early at Lewis Slocum's in order to accompany him and Charles to Sunday-school and church, as in the olden time, and we took sweet counsel together as we walked by the way. Then our country church was so pleasingly decorated with ferns and flowers and cages of singing birds, indicating that peace and happiness dwelt here. The mottoes on the wall were precious reminders, "You are welcome" made us feel so, and "Jesus loves the children" found a responsive "amen" in our hearts.

Much credit is due the school for the manner in which the program was carried out. The address by C. R. Slocum, in which he related some of his early experiences at State Road, was most interesting. Among those present who attended with him forty-seven years ago, he named Francis Waid, G. N. Waid and Orlando Reed, who were present; all the rest were gone. Brother Slocum was listened to with marked attention during his entire address. So also was Brother G. H. St. John, superintendent of the Meadville State Street Sunday-school, who spoke words of encouragement from his experience in the Sabbath-school as a scholar in youth and as a worker in the good work.

I was full of the spirit when my turn came to face the large gathering of familiar faces, and speak my piece with the rest. I was happy in the thought that the Lord is good to all; who would not praise His name? And yet how much am I personally indebted to Him for the blessings I enjoy?

"I see here G. N. Waid, my only brother now living. Here are my children and grandchildren with neighbors' children," I said, and I felt especially blest in making a few remarks to them and casting in my

mite to swell their contribution to the Lord's work by doubling it, making my love and attachment to the church and Sunday-school stronger than ever. Brother Slocum, my brother G. N., and myself attended Sunday-school in the old church which stood on the corner in 1847, soon after Mr. Slocum's family moved on the George Smith farm on State Road, near Ira C. Waid's, in 1840. About this date, or a little later, Cyrus Goodwill, my uncle, was superintendent, and at one time, Charles Breed was our teacher. The children of that time that are now living are among the older persons in the community, while most of them have passed away. I am so glad to have lived to see the advantages of the present day. My school privileges were the common school, two terms in Allegheny College, one term in the Waterford Academy in Erie County, and one term in Meadville Academy. These were all enjoyed in company with my friend, C. R. Slocum. No wonder I have enjoyed this Children's Day in his company. I recently had the pleasure of meeting Charles Breed, our Sunday-school teacher of near fifty years ago, and he remembered each boy of his class, comprising George Goodwill, A. S. Goodrich, C. R. Slocum, Franklin Waid, myself and one other whose name neither of us could recall.

I also have here the pleasure of adding what I contributed about that time to the same paper, the *Pennsylvania Farmer*, under the heading.

NOTES FROM A VISITOR AT OUR SABBATH-SCHOOL ON CHILDREN'S DAY.

Having the opportunity of attending morning services at the Second M. E. Church, in Meadville, with my friend, I improved it with pleasure. The program and decorations pleased me much, and though the latter were plain yet they were appropriate and beautiful, and the eye was satisfied with seeing, the ear was pleased with hearing, and my heart was instructed in the good way of life, and made glad by the sweet songs and recitations of the children. The dialogue by the infant class—in which many little ones took part by repeating a passage of scripture, and then contributing a bouquet to decorate a cross till it was hid from view with the beautiful gifts—touched my heart with the sacred thought which it inspired.

Then the quotations from the Bible were so appropriate to the occasion that I wanted to join them in this exercise, which I did in heart, and longed to join them in the work of decorating that cross; and I thought of two roses a friend had given me, which were in my pocket, and which, though faded, were all I had to give. Had I offered them I should have said: "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Again: "The Lord knoweth them that are His." I

was prevented for the moment from intruding out of respect for the occasion, but my desire was granted through the superintendent, Brother St. John. In shaking hands with him I informed him of my desires, and the two faded roses were placed with the children's gifts on the cross. I said to my friend, "Put them on as a token of my love for the Sunday-school. I am glad my parents taught me to attend when a boy, and I have loved the Sabbath-school ever since; both it and church are very dear to me. I am glad to enjoy this favor and means of grace, where one can do good and receive blessing from the hand of the Lord. Now permit me to double the children's collection to-day, and let the faded roses teach us to do good as we have opportunity."

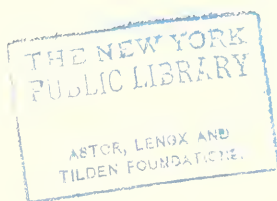
My Children's Day opportunities in Meadville were improved and appreciated. They included the evening services at the First M. E. Church, where I listened to a most helpful sermon from Dr. C. E. Hall. I, also with a friend, had a view of the fine decorations at the Baptist Church in the afternoon, where banks of flowers and appropriate mottoes, with a sparkling fountain, made the scene most beautiful. What I saw in Meadville on Children's Day suggested Psalm cxlviii: 12, 13: *Both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord, for His name alone is excellent, His glory is above the earth and Heaven.*

The tiny blade of grass and flower speak His praise, how good is His name. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord, and all nature join in the song!

June 17.—This is the anniversary of the death of my brother, R. L. Waid, who passed from earth just ten years ago. I regard each date of a death in the family as a day of note, to be remembered and revered; hence there are four days in the year by which I am reminded of the departure from earth of members of my father's family, viz.: January 7 (my mother died in 1882), January 27 (my father died in 1871), June 17 (my brother, Robert L., died in 1880) and May 28 (my twin brother, Franklin P., died in 1854). But of all days in the year the one that claims my deepest reverence as dearest to me among such anniversaries is "Independence Day," July 4, the day on which, in 1888, my beloved wife Eliza C., was called from earth to spirit-land—called by death into life, for is it not true that *death is the parent of life?*



Robert L. Weir



“Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now withering in the ground;
 Another race the following spring supplies;
 They fall successive, and successive rise.”

In the afternoon I paid a visit to my brother-in-law, Moses Masiker, calling on my way to see Miss S. Braymer, who had recently returned from her visit to the West. I met her at Dr. Weter's last February while I was spending a few days at Grand Island, Neb., as already treated in full in the account of my fourth trip to Kansas and the West [see page 17]; also drove and walked to G. W. Cutshall's; thence walked to Hickory Corners, and from the hill near there I had a grand view of the country around me. Descending this long hill, and musing as I trudged along, my eyes reveling in the beautiful landscape, I presently found myself in Woodcock Valley, by the banks of the creek that bears the same name. Here are to be found, not only pleasant homes and good farms, but also kind-hearted, industrious people. At any season of the year Crawford County is noted for her beauty, but in the month of June, when in velvety verdure clad, with myriads of sweet-smelling flowers adorned, and arrayed in all the glory fair Nature can supply, there is no other county in the State that can excel her in comeliness, fertility and grandeur. Here reign health, peace and quiet, and as I look about me I find it is a very hive of industry. Mr. Cutshall's new house is fast growing with the assistance of masons and carpenters, while he himself, son and hired man are busy in the fields cultivating corn and plowing a piece of ground for buckwheat; and last, not least, among the busy ones I find Aunt Jane (Mrs. Cutshall), my wife Eliza's only sister, whose faithful work in the house can never be too highly commended.

On my return I called on Orlando Sutton, postmaster at Hickory Corners, and still nearer to my home I stopped

and took supper with my cousin, Mrs. George Sutton, daughter of William C. Morehead, whose husband and their daughter had gone visiting a sick relative at Enterprise. From there to my home I had a beautiful walk amid umbrageous trees that lined both sides of the road;* all the surroundings being the more endeared to me by associations and pleasant memories of the past, of happy hours when Eliza and I oft drove along this same sequestered pathway in the days of long ago.

June 18.—Wrote to Anna enclosing draft for fifty dollars, with the request that if it should so please her she may for me remember her father and mother, Hattie and little Vera, by giving each of them five dollars. My desire is to treat them kindly in my own way, for I know that peace and harmony are worth more than money. In such respect I wish to be as my father when he prayed to the Lord for the evidence whereby he might know that whatever he did was right; that is, his desire was to avoid thinking, saying or doing anything he was not convinced the Lord would approve of. And I want to imitate my father also in acts of benevolence and kindness. Washington Irving says somewhere, in speaking of benevolence and kindred virtues: "How easy it is for one benevolent person to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles!"

June 19.—Being in Meadville, I walked from there to the house of my uncle and aunt, Robert and Polly Morehead, about four miles west on the State Road, in Vernon Township, and as we met they expressed themselves very glad to see me. From there I went to my cousin, Robert A. Ferguson, where I spent the evening

* Our wood lot of six acres lies just west of Mr. Sutton's farm, adjoining it, and fronts on the north side of the road.

and night. In the morning I made a call on my relative, John C. Morehead, living near by, and while there viewed his strawberry patch, rich with ripe fruit of many varieties, and also his apiary containing, I should think, about fifty hives. I would also here speak of Mr. Ferguson's two-acre farm which by industry he has brought to such a high state of productiveness; then his garden, profuse as it is with many kinds of flowers, invariably commands the admiration of the passer-by. After another brief stop at Uncle Robert Morehead's, I proceeded on my way homeward, dropping in as I passed to see a sick aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. Kycenceder, the former of whom was born in 1803. He knew my father and mother and also my grandfather, Pember Waid. He said my father "was an honest man," and that he loved him. The venerable couple thanked me for calling on them, and invited me to come again.

Sunday, June 22.—There was a large attendance to-day at church and Sunday-school, and while at the latter I had the pleasure of sitting beside Mrs. Handly, one of the three aged ladies who had "thanksgiving dinner" with Eliza and myself a few years ago; these three old ladies—Mrs. Handly, Mrs. Long and Mrs. Kiser—are yet living.

June 26.—This is "Commencement Day," class of 1890, Allegheny College, and I went to Meadville on purpose to attend the exercises which were held in the First M. E. Church building. It was a noted day for Meadville in other respects, for in the evening the Republicans and friends of Hon. Wallace W. Delamater, State Senator, who was nominated for governor of Pennsylvania, was given a grand general reception on his return home to Meadville. Irrespective of party politics, all united in giving our candidate a welcome reception,

worthy of so prominent a man, one of good record and noble character. Before leaving Meadville for Jamestown, N. Y., and other points (for I am now on my way thither), I called on Hon. W. W. Delamater, just to shake hands and congratulate him on his success, etc., and I need hardly add I was greeted with a most cordial and friendly reception by him.

June 27 to July 4.—[Here comes my short trip to Jamestown, N. Y., and other points, for an account of which the reader is referred to page 37.]



JULY 4.

“Long, long be my heart with such memories fill’d!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill’d:
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

The “Fourth of July” is a day to be ever remembered by me, and held in calm and peaceful reverence. Two years ago, to-day, Eliza passed from things temporal to things eternal. On her fell on that bright summer morn the mantle of immortality.

“Cold in the dust her perish’d heart may lie,
But that which warm’d it once shall never die.”

Should any one ask how it is I think and speak and write so much of my dear departed wife, my reply would be, “Can a *true* lover forget his first love? Am I different from other men, that I should forever banish from my thoughts the memory of her who was the wife of my early and later manhood, and became the mother of my children?” No! I cannot forget, nor do I wish to have obliterated from the tablet of my memory thoughts of my departed wife, the most devoted of mothers, a true

Christian woman, kind-hearted, noble and amiable, the leading star of my life!

In the afternoon of the day I went with an excursion party to Conneaut Lake, where a large gathering had assembled to celebrate the "Glorious Fourth." The three little ferry steamers—Queen, Nickel Plate and Keystone—were as busy as shuttles in a loom, as they ran to and fro between the different wharves on the lake. And I lacked only one thing to complete my comparative happiness—the presence of my dear wife Anna, who, alas! is still absent from me, many miles away, seeking in her quiet paternal Kansas home restoration to health. But who has not seen sunshine and storm on the same day; joy and sorrow within the same hour; the rose and the thorn on the same stem?

"Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

A heavy rainstorm in the early part of the day threatened to mar the prospective pleasures of the excursionists; but it soon cleared up, after cooling the air and laying the dust, whereat those who lamented on account of the rain were the first to rejoice when the sun shone again; verily, *every cloud has a silver lining*. At the lake, which I had not visited for several years, although quite near to my home, I met many of my friends, with whom I had pleasant greetings, and when I returned home in the evening I felt refreshed and well rewarded by my short "Fourth-of-July Trip" to the crystal waters of Conneaut Lake.

Sunday, July 6.—This Lord's day I spent in Meadville, in company with Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Derby, with whom I usually stop when in town. In the forenoon we

all three attended the M. E. (State Street) Church and class meeting, Rev. J. Clyde officiating, and in the afternoon Mr. Derby accompanied me a mile or two west in order to pay our last tribute of respect to the late Joseph Kycenceder,* who died, at his home in Vernon Township on the 4th, at the age of eighty-seven years, having been born in November, 1803. He was interred in the Denny Cemetery, in the presence of a large assemblage of mourners, among whom were Uncle Robert Morehead, Robert Ferguson, and other relatives of my own, but Mr. Derby and I did not go to the cemetery as it is distant several miles from Mr. Kycenceder's late home. At 4 P. M. Mr. Derby and I attended the Y. M. C. A. meeting, where we heard Brother H. McClintock and others address the members, and in the evening we listened to the exercises of the M. E. Society in their church at Meadville, of which Dr. Hall is pastor; but on this occasion Brother G. S. W. Phillips, a graduate of Allegheny College, class of 1890, filled the pulpit. The text he preached from was Romans iii: 23. *For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.*

Tuesday, July 8—Being in Meadville on business to-day, I availed myself of the opportunity to pay a visit to my relatives, Smith Leonard and family, who live near Meadville. Mrs. Leonard, who is my niece, I always thought resembled my wife Eliza in looks. I had the pleasure of dining in the company of Mr. David Compton, who was taking the census and happened to be in the neighborhood; he and I attended school together, one term years ago, and we have ever since been friends. I also called on William Magaw and Aunt Maria Lord, and, later, on my friend Hiram Blystone who also has a very pleasant home near Meadville. On Wednesday I

*Mr. Kycenceder's widow did not long survive him.

was present at the funeral of Rev. W. H. Marshall's child, which died in its second year a few days after Mr. Marshall had sailed for Europe, and on my return home, being caught in a severe storm I remained over night at James McKinney's house, where a relative of mine is living at present. For some days after this, not wishing to abandon active work, which I enjoy, and which I always find beneficial to my health, I helped my son Guinnip in the hay field—mowing *with a scythe* (the boys used a mower), hauling, loading and unloading—and also mowed and trimmed the front yard at both Guinnip's and Fred's place. The wheat and hay crop are both good this year in our neighborhood, but fruit generally, such as apples, pears and peaches, is a failure. To-day (July 12) in the afternoon, I went to Meadville, where I received a letter from Anna, who, I rejoice to be able to say, writes in good spirits as her health is much improved. While in the city I learned of the death of Capt. Leslie, and on my way home I dropped in on Henry Smith, where to my surprise and pleasure, I found my venerable friend Mr. Ebenezer Harmon, who had left his home in Michigan* on Tuesday, 8th instant. He reported our relatives there all well; and I might here mention that his son, James (who lives on the Harmon Farm in Michigan), is married to my niece Anna Waid, daughter of Samuel Waid. Mr. Harmon who, by the way, is now in his eighty-second year, visited us three years ago last June. It was quite a pleasure and diversion for me to listen to the chat and merry jokes between him and Mr. William Chase, Henry Smith's father-in-law, who is in his eighty-third year, as we sat on the verandah in the cool of the evening; they

*Mr. Harmon moved to Michigan in 1833, and still lives on his farm there at Lake Ridge, Lenawee County. During August of 1891, in company with my brother G. N., I paid a visit to our relatives in Michigan and called on my aged friend Mr. Harmon, an account of which visit will be given in my FOURTH SOUVENIR.

talked, among other things, of "rastlin" and such like gymnastic exploits, and, both being farmers, had a good deal to say about their agricultural experience, etc.

Sunday, July 13.—To-day my brother G. N. and I attended the funeral of Capt. Leslie, who died on his farm near Meadville at the age of eighty-three years, having been born May 25, 1807; the interment was in Greendale Cemetery, and the services were conducted by Rev. Craighead, of Meadville. While in the cemetery, G. N. and I visited several of the graves of our kindred, including those of Uncle Joseph and Aunt Sarah Finney and their family, and those of other relatives and descendants on my mother's side. On Monday Mr. Harmon came to spend a few days with us, and we were reminded of having been favored in November, 1888, with a call from his daughter-in-law, Anna, and her two sisters, Clarissa and Lovina. He is making a trip, alone, to his native place, Phelps, Ontario County, N. Y., visiting friends in Ohio and elsewhere *en route*. I drove Mr. Harmon round a good deal, making calls on relatives and friends, and the reader may be sure we did not forget the busy hay field, where I lost no opportunity of doing some share of the work, which becomes a second nature to me.

" 'Tis the first sanction Nature gave to man—
Each other to assist in what they can."

In looking over some old pictures and daguerreotypes, while visiting with Mr. Harmon at the home of my cousin, Lucinda Gillett, near Townville, Penn., my eye alighted on a clipping from an old newspaper, preserved in the case along with the pictures, and which read as follows :

Pember Waid* departed this life in full hope of endless life. He experienced religion in one of our revivals last year in the 77th year of his age, and left for the good world in his 78th year, giving to all

*Pember Waid was my paternal grandfather, of whom special mention is made in the biographical sketch of myself elsewhere in my *SOUVENIRS*.

who knew him a Christian example of one year and one month. He was noted for being an honest man, all his life. His class-leader told me that "Father" Waid attended every class meeting but one, after his profession of religion up to the day of his death.

S. R. PADEN.

Sunday, July 20.—Along with Mr. Derby and family, of Meadville, I attended State Street M. E. Church and class meeting, and heard a young man, by name McKinney, preach, and in the afternoon we went to the cottage prayer meeting held at the residence of Mr. McKinney, father of the gentleman we listened to in the morning. This was a good meeting, some eighteen being present, among them being Sister Wilson and her brother, Ephraim Williams, for many years members of the old State Road Church. In the evening Mr. Derby and I attended the Park Avenue Congregational Church, where an interesting discourse based on the day's Sunday-school lesson delighted and instructed us. On the following day, Monday, I called on Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Reynolds of Mead Township, to express my sympathy with them in their recent sudden bereavement, their son Earl having been killed at Bairdstown, Ill., while employed as brakeman on the C. B. & Q. R. R., Tuesday, July 15, 1890, at the age of twenty-nine years. On Wednesday I attended the funeral of the Rev. J. V. Reynolds' wife, and afterward went some four and one-half miles into the country to visit my friend, Jeremiah Cutshall, who owns a good farm pleasantly located on the west side of French Creek, well watered and sloping to the east.

July 25.—Two cases, being first shipments of my SECOND SOUVENIR, 184 copies of the 300 ordered bound, arrived this afternoon from my publishers in Chicago, so I now have plenty of work on my hands in addition to my regular labor. In the forenoon I visited my aged friend, Isaac Blystone, residing on College Hill, Mead-

ville, who is very sick and not expected to recover; also called on Hon. G. B. Delamater, in behalf of his son, Hon. W. W. Delamater, State Senator, who presented me with a copy of "Birds of Pennsylvania," an elegant work containing fifty illustrations.

Sunday, July 27.—I am very thankful to be at home again to spend the Sabbath amid my old familiar associations, and attend my customary places of worship. Our church, State Road and Blooming Valley, "Pilgrim's Home," is at present undergoing some repairs and remodeling, so meeting was held in the grove, in the churchyard, under the shade of those beautiful trees which some members present and myself had helped plant years ago. The day was pleasant, the sermon good, and the meeting profitable, I trust, to all.

I am very busy now on week-days preparing for delivery, and also delivering some of my SECOND SOUVENIRS, taking as many as thirty in one day to my neighbors, on foot. May the Lord bless them, and help me in the work, for I do not want to eat the bread of idleness. I wish to do something to help make the world better, and I think the most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures and happiness of others.

August 1.—I avail myself of the "Grangers' Excursion" to-day to Chautauqua, to take twenty copies of my SOUVENIR for distribution among friends in Jamestown, Chautauqua and other places. He who goes on a mission of good can not but be rewarded, for His promises, which never fail, are sure to be fulfilled. We are privileged to partake of as good fruit as the seed we sow can produce, and often better, for the seed literally is improved by cultivation. The personal effort of taking those twenty books seems so closely allied to me by nature that I can

not exempt myself from it, and I do not wish the good I desire accomplished to be done in some indirect way, but rather to prove beyond a doubt my willingness *personally* to DO GOOD *with my own hands, money, talent, and whatever else I may possess.*

My intention was to return home from Jamestown on Saturday, August 2d, but while on my way, with valise in hand, to Mr. Colt's in the evening, whom should I overtake but Mr. Devenpeck, also carrying a valise, and Clara! "Well!" exclaimed I, as we cordially shook hands, "I'll not go home to-night, as I intended; I am so glad to have overtaken you, it is worth all my trip!" Our joy at meeting here in Jamestown was pure and unalloyed, like our friendship which is love refined and purged of all its dross. So it was truly a feast of good things to me to spend the Sabbath day, August 3, with such an aggregation of friends in Jamestown. In the forenoon Frank Simmons and I attended the M. E. Church and Sunday-school, hearing a good sermon from the lips of Prof. J. T. Edwards, of Randolph, N. Y., his subject being Naaman, who washed in the river Jordan seven times and was cleansed of the leprosy. I heard Prof. Edwards preach in June, last year, at Ottawa, Kas., and I was very glad of another opportunity of listening to his eloquent exposition of the Gospel. The afternoon was passed in social chat among relatives and friends, some ten or twelve in number, in the grateful shady grove adjoining the residence of Mr. Colt. I did not feel very well myself, so joined but little in the conversation, which afforded me a better chance to listen and opportunity to think; and on that refreshingly bright, balmy afternoon there naturally came to me such thoughts as were suggested to Rev. George Herbert when he penned his elegant Sabbath-Day reflections:

"O day, most calm, most bright!
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
 Th' endorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
 The couch of time, care's balm and bay;
 The week were dark but for thy light,
 Thy torch doth show the way."

My time is still much occupied with my SECOND SOUVENIR distribution, and on Friday, August 8, George Cutshall drove me to Guy's Mills, where I left several books with friends and for the Sunday-schools; and on the home trip I stopped to see Hiram Baldwin, a very old acquaintance of mine, whom I had not met for years. His parents lived south of the State Road Church for many years before they moved away, and Hiram and I used to attend Sunday-school together; the parents both died in Erie County, Penn., the father, Aaron Baldwin, on April 19, 1881, aged 81 years, 2 months, 19 days, and the mother, Permelia Baldwin, on July 1, 1873, aged 63 years, 3 months, 18 days. On Saturday, August 9, I heard, incidentally, through a friend, in Meadville, of the death of Mrs. Morehead ("Aunt Polly"), but the date I could not find out; so I immediately set out for Kerrtown, where, on arrival, I learned that the funeral was to take place within an hour. I was thankful to have heard of it, even at the eleventh hour, but much regretted the absence of my brother, sons and other relatives. The interment took place in Denny's Cemetery, four miles northwest of Meadville, and the service was conducted by Rev. Hamilton McClintock, of Meadville, the text for his homily being Revelations xxi: 4: *And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.* Robert Morehead was born March 12, 1802, and was

twice married, first time March 19, 1835, to Sarah Dunn, by whom there was one son, James S., born August 28, 1836, died —; his second marriage was May 14, 1840, with Mary McKelvey, born October 6, 1807, died August 7, 1890 (fifty years married life with a second wife seldom occurs), and the record of the children is as follows: John C., born February 11, 1841; Robert W., born November 10, 1842; Lydia Ann, born November 17, 1844; Harriet E., born March 29, 1848, died —; of all these, Mrs. Sarah Morehead, James S. Morehead and Harriet E. Morehead were all interred in the old graveyard at Meadville, but years ago their remains were removed to the Denny Cemetery, where Mr. Morehead had purchased a lot. After the funeral I repaired to the home of my cousin, Robert A. Fergerson, where I remained till Monday, in the course of which time Uncle Robert Morehead came to dinner, and after the repast he and I walked a short distance about his place, talking and musing by the way; then we proceeded to his own house where we sat down to comfort each other. I was glad to find my aged uncle so well and cheerful under the circumstances, and had found grace in the Lord to help in this time of his great need. Later on, Mrs. Mary Fergerson, my cousin, came along, and we then went over to see her father, Mr. John Curry, who is unwell, and here I may mention that John Curry, a son of William Curry, died July 15, 1890, at the age of 16 years, 4 months. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Fergerson and I called on Mr. and Mrs. Davis, where we spent the evening in a pleasant, profitable manner.

On Monday, August 11, I returned to Meadville, and after attending to some correspondence I recommenced on my *SOUVENIR* distribution, in which connection I am pleased to say I received not only much encourage-

ment and profuse thanks, but also blessings which more than reward me in these, my efforts in seeking to benefit mankind. In delivering the books with my own hand I see and learn much of real life; and I love to visit homes of all sorts and conditions—homes of the high and low; homes of the rich and poor; homes of the learned and unlearned; in all of which I receive a warm and spontaneous welcome, for they know my sole object is to DO GOOD; and may the Lord and their prayers so keep me that I may be faithful in the work. A certain gentleman, a most worthy Christian, said to me to-day: "My son is so interested in your book that he is going to read it through from beginning to end," and another noble Christian, a lady, to whom I had presented a copy for her husband, and left one for her son with a message to that effect, replied: "Yes, I will hand it to him, many, many thanks." Others also say "God bless you," while some enquire "How can you afford it?" "Well," I reply, "the good Lord has been blessing me all my life; my friends have always been kind, and now I feel I ought to do something." I rejoice to think there is a book of remembrance, and that kind acts will outlive our natural lives. *May we never sow any bad seed.* [The several letters of acknowledgment and thanks, which I received, will be found in the Appendix to this SOUVENIR.]

August, 13.—To-day I set out across the fields in the direction of Saegertown, to deliver twenty copies of my SOUVENIR, carrying twelve in a valise and six in a hand-grip. I walked as far as the home of my nephew, Nick P. Waid, who drove me to Saegertown, by which time I had delivered ten copies. Here I received a hearty welcome from old friends; and I will confess I had another object in coming to Saegertown, and that was to attend the picnic held there by the State Road M. E. Church Sunday-

school, and present to the pastor, scholars and others copies of my SOUVENIR. The picnic was well patronized and all went as merry as wedding bells.

August 16.—On handing a copy of my SOUVENIR, to-day to a friend in Meadville, he said in simple words: "*I will never forget you.*" Days of my childhood and boyhood came at once into my thoughts; and I still have in my possession scraps of paper and some little memorandum books written on, one of which in particular is of good size and bears on the title page the following legend: "WRITE AND BE REMEMBERED," underneath which many of my schoolmates and others have written their names, date of birth etc., giving a specimen of their handwriting. Now, the outcome of this is—*They are remembered*, and as my friend said, *I will never forget them*.

August 19.—My brother and I, with horse and buggy, and taking fifty copies of the SOUVENIR, set out from home this afternoon on what I might term a "delivery trip" to Little Cooley, Centreville, Titusville, etc. We first drove to Blooming Valley, where we commenced the work of our mission, and the many kind friends who greeted us on our journey (a most pleasant one indeed to both of us), were too numerous to name. The towns or villages we stopped at after leaving home were Blooming Valley, New Richmond, Little Cooley (where we visited W. V. Wheeler,* who was very ill, and whom we saw for the last time; near Little Cooley we stopped over night, with my nephew, Orlando Waid), Townville, Tryonville, Centreville, Titusville, Grand Valley, Sanford, East Branch, Spartansburg and Riceville; then back to Little Cooley, and so home. At Titusville we saw our old friends, Asa and Elizabeth Davis, the latter of whom is a daughter of William Smith, once a near neighbor of ours, and to whose

* Mr. Wheeler is a brother-in-law of R. L. Waid.

place I was taken in infancy in order to be inducted into the art of eating bread and butter, in other words—weaned. Mrs. Davis reminded me of it to-day, by saying “I used to hold you in my arms, I could not do it now; I am sixty-six, but I did it once upon a time.” So ended my short Warren County trip, delightful in all respects, and very profitable.

On August 22, at the home of the bride’s parents, were married Rev. G. S. W. Phillips (a second cousin of mine) and Miss Clara Smith of Meadville, toward the former of whom I feel myself much attracted, as I think him an excellent, industrious young man. He studied with much diligence both at the Normal School, Edinboro, Erie Co., Penn., and at Allegheny College, Meadville, from which latter he graduated in the class of 1890. I would like here to add a word of comfort for his mother who has taken such a deep interest in his welfare and in his education. I think no little sacrifice has been made, and no pains have been spared in helping him along in his course of study for the ministry; and I pray that the Lord may continue His blessing on both families, and prosper the young man. To these two families—the “old” and the “new”—I presented a copy of my *SOUVENIR*, and also to several other specially respected and beloved friends, such as Alfred Huidekoper (of whose father, H. J. Huidekoper, my grandfather and father bought the homestead farm), Elizabeth Huidekoper, Hon. William Reynolds (whose father, John Reynolds, paid me the first dollar I ever owned, which was for wild strawberries I sold him) and others.

On August 30 I met in Meadville my aged Christian friend, Ross Lane, and passed our usual kindly greetings, heartily shaking hands. We spoke kindly and seemingly more tenderly to each other than we had ever done be-

fore, which might be interpreted into premonitions of some impending calamity; but, be that as it may, it was the last time we were destined to meet on earth, for next day, Sunday, at noon, Mr. Lane died in the M. E. Church in Meadville. The account that I received of this sudden and melancholy taking away was in substance as follows: Mr. Lane went to church as usual, listened to the sermon, went to his class, gave his testimony, sat down and (in the words of his pastor, Dr. Hall, when he gave out in the evening the announcement of the death) "fell asleep." Brother Ross Lane was a member of our church at State Road, and his brother Isaiah, a Methodist preacher, assisted in the protracted meetings during 1850-51, at the same church.

Sunday, August 31.—I was glad to learn that Rev. W. H. Marshall, Baptist minister, had returned from his trip to Europe, as I have always profited much by his sermons and had a desire to hear him once more. And my wish was gratified this forenoon, for, in company with Mr. Derby, I attended the Baptist Church in Meadville, where we listened to a most interesting discourse by Mr. Marshall, his subject being Matthew xxviii: 20: *And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.* How I would like to dwell on the good things spoken of in this sermon, and tell of the help I received from it! At the Sunday-school I was invited with my friend into Mrs. Wallace's Bible class, and while reciting we had the benefit of advice and instruction from Mr. Marshall on the lesson. I was pleased to see present Mr. Luce and other friends whom I met at church. In the afternoon I went to prayer meeting at State Street M. E. Church, and in the evening attended the First M. E. Church, where I had the pleasure of listening to an excellent sermon from the lips of Dr. C. E. Hall, his subject

being "Building," his text taken from the advice given by David to his son, Solomon, about the building of the temple. Dr. Hall is deserving of my heartfelt thanks for his interest manifested in my welfare. How is it that ever since I first saw and made the acquaintance of this good man at the funeral of my aunt, Eliza Phillips, July 25, 1887, at Townville, Penn., I have been continually attracted toward him? His sermons, his friendship, his presence and help have had a truly wonderful influence in building me up in the faith of the Gospel. I have a right to say I love him. When I grasped his hand in the vestibule of the church this evening I said to him: "Dr. Hall, I love to shake your hand, in it is the grasp of friendship; let me thank Christ and respect you for thus honoring me."

On the following Tuesday I attended the funeral of the late Ross Lane, the services being held in the church in which he expired, Dr. Hall and Dr. T. L. Flood officiating. Thus ended the days of a good Christian man, one ripe in years like a shock of corn that cometh in in its season. He passed suddenly away (and he often expressed a wish to so die) in the service of the Lord, from his church on earth to his eternal home in Heaven, honored of God and beloved by men for his Christian character. Not long since I met him on the street in Meadville, and after greetings he said to me. "Brother Waid, over fifty years ago I gave my heart to the Lord, at which time I was a wild, reckless young man. The good Lord tamed me, and I have been tamed ever since." What a sermon! How true in my own experience! The Meadville Daily *Tribune* of September 12, 1890, gives the following account of Mr. Lane's sudden decease, and pays to his memory an elegant tribute:

HE DIED HAPPY.

DEATH OF THE VENERABLE ROSS LANE AT THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH.

The community was startled Sunday afternoon when it was announced that Ross Lane, one of the oldest citizens of Meadville, was dead, he having passed peacefully away while attending class meeting after the regular service at the first M. E. Church. Mr. Lane was as well as usual, early in the morning, and had remarked that the day was a glorious one, just before the hour for church service arrived. He listened intently to the sermon, and appeared to be in a happy frame of mind. After church he found his way to the classroom and attended the meeting presided over by Mr. D. R. Coder. Mr. Lane arose and related his experience with much earnestness, saying that he was firm in the faith, and felt that the Lord was with him. As Mr. Lane sat down it was noticed that his body was swaying, and finally he rested his head on a chair, a groan escaping from his lips. His head was bowed longer than usual, and when those present went to his assistance it was found that life was gone. He had passed away without a struggle, and all efforts at resuscitation were unavailing. Later the body was removed to the residence of F. E. Wilson, No. 990 South Liberty Street, where Mr. Lane had made his home during the past four years.

The writer is without the necessary information for an obituary notice, except a few words concerning Mr. Lane's life, dropped during conversation at various times. He was born in the State of New York in the year 1806, and followed the business of lumbering in early life. More than a half century ago he came to Crawford County, and an ordinary lifetime was spent in Meadville. Several years ago he retired from active duty, but as his health was good for one of his years, he was able to appear on the streets daily, and always had a cheerful greeting and pleasant word for his friends. He was always a Methodist, and no man was ever more strict in his attendance on divine service. Even when his body became somewhat feeble, and his eye dim, he was always in his pew in church at the proper time. He lived a consistent Christian life, and his faith in the promises of his Maker never faltered. We have never known a man whose belief in the reality of religion was more intense or earnest. His was a life of never wavering faith, and he was a servant who was never untrue to his Master. He had often expressed the wish that the end of his life might come suddenly, and he dreaded the thought that he might become weak in mind and body, and linger on a bed of sickness long before the vital spark should finally go out. Had he been given the power to choose when and where he should die, he would undoubtedly have said: "Let

me be called to my rest on the Lord's day, in the church which I have always loved."

Those who have no faith in the theory that the Supreme Ruler is mindful of His creatures, and grants their wishes, might learn a valuable lesson from the death of the man who was known among the members of his church as Father Lane. On Sunday, August 24, he attended class meeting, and among other things said: "I can only hope to live to once more give my testimony for God." This wish was gratified, and after being once more permitted to declare his faith in Divine goodness, he was called hence. His death removes an old and highly respected citizen. Mr. Lane's wife died several years ago, and of his family but one is living—Mrs. George H. Hamilton, at present a resident of Jefferson, Ohio.

The Meadville *Tribune*, in speaking of the late Ross Lane, says, he "was a Methodist, and no man was ever more strict in his attendance on Divine service." This reminds me of my mother—of how she loved the house of the Lord, and of how faithfully she sought all the means of grace; yes, and found them too. She visited the sick, and soothed their sufferings; she was present at funerals, and wept over dear departed friends; she was constant in her attendance at church, and prayed devoutly, for all mankind; in all of which duties I, also, desire to be regular, for the Lord comforts my heart in being faithful in His service. How appropriate was that sheaf of wheat that lay on the plain coffin, wherein rested all that was mortal of Ross Lane! The good pastor said in his discourse that had he selected a text for the occasion it would have been Jobv: 26: *Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.* I went to the cemetery, where I lingered for a brief space to meditate and see the last respects paid to this aged pilgrim, whose cheerful voice we shall never hear again, and whose happy face we shall see no more on earth. Good-night till the blessed Resurrection Morn dawns on an Eternal Day! Peaceful is the repose of those who slumber in the Lord!

Before leaving Greendale Cemetery I visited other dear resting places, among them that of Dr. David Best, whose new monument brought to my recollection the occasion of his funeral which my wife, Eliza, and I attended. On a certain elegant monument I read this inscription:

THEY HAVE AWAKENED ME FROM THE
DREAM OF LIFE.

This was surmounted by an angelic figure beautiful to behold.

Thursday, September 4.—At family worship this morning I read some Scripture passages, one of which was *A friend loveth at all times*. I want to be that friend, so that I may be Christlike, and move on to perfection in this Heavenward journey, *always remembering that a friend should bear a friend's infirmities*. The greater the cross, the more grace is given. Family devotional exercises afford me great pleasure and comfort, and while engaged in them I always think of my childhood days, and the altar family worship we were wont to attend, in which my pious mother always took an essential part. How good a thing it is to have a portion of Scripture read! How beneficial and helpful is family prayer! My mother never neglected the sacred duty—Bible reading and prayer; a blessed memory to me, your son, dear mother! I have a desire to thank my Heavenly Father, and reverence the memory of my parents for the influence of home worship. While I live let me bless the Lord for the privilege of having worship in my own family, which was so nobly kept up by my good wife, Eliza, who has gone to enjoy her reward.*

* I thank the Lord that even now July 18, 1891, while my home is part of the time with my children, I am permitted to enjoy the blessed privilege of having family prayer. The reader will remember that life is a changing scene—tomorrow our lot may not be as to-day; certainly we will be one day older, and we may be fortunate or unfortunate. *Life is uncertain.*

I was very much pleased at receiving a present from my honored friend, Mr. Alfred Huidekoper, a book of much value, the title of which is "Meadowside Musings and Songs of the Affections." I also received by express from my publishers, J. H. Beers & Co., Chicago, two complimentary copies of my SECOND SOUVENIR, bound in full morocco, and gilt-edged, which I highly appreciate. How true is the Bible saying: *Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap!* A harvest is sure to follow, the outcome of which may never be known in this life.

September 8.—To-day I called on our pastor, Rev. James Clyde, and handed him my check for fifty dollars, as quarterage at State Road Church. On his thanking me I replied that I believed I was only doing my duty, but that I would like to have, as a favor, my pastor's picture, which was granted. This reminds me of a similar incident which occurred on September 12, 1888, when I gave my check for one hundred and thirty dollars to Pastor Brother M. Miller, which paid his entire claim for salary at State Road, and left a balance of ten dollars toward the support of worn-out preachers. I understand the Society raised an equal amount, same year, to buy an organ. I would not have it thought that in the relating of this I wish to boast, for I do not so intend it; *I owe the Lord, let me pay Him.*

Saturday, September 13.—To-day I set out for Oil City, Penn., in order to attend the Erie Conference and spend the Sabbath there. It is about thirty miles from Meadville to Oil City, and on my journey I found the creeks flooded, with much water lying in the ditches and on the low lands, owing to the heavy fall of rain we have just had. Erie Conference never had a better day than this bright Sabbath, and there was a great gathering of ministers and laymen. My testimony in that love feast

was: *Let all the people praise the name of the Lord, for it is excellent in all the earth*; and truly is this so now in my heart in Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Oil City, where the Conference is being held. Let Zion rejoice! What a good day it was for everybody, and how indulgently the Lord remembered me amid the multitude who worshiped there that day. I met one friend there whom, I believe, I would have journeyed almost anywhere to see—and that friend was Mrs. W. F. Oldham, the Christian lady missionary from Singapore, India, who, as I have already related elsewhere, once sang a beautiful hymn in our parlor, and whose husband was our pastor when he was attending Allegheny College. She told me she had heard that Brother Francis Waid, from State Road, was at Conference, so it came to pass that we were looking for each other when we casually met on the street on which she was then residing, and were formally introduced to each other by our former worthy pastor, Rev. J. F. Perry, who was at Conference along with his son, also a pastor. I met many other former pastors as well as acquaintances, old and new, and among the many “shining lights” to whom I was introduced were Bishop Thoburn, Chaplain Dr. McCabe, and Bishop J. M. Mallalieu, of New Orleans. I wish that space on these pages would admit of my speaking at length about the excellent sermons, the good songs of Zion sung by the choir and congregation, and the touching spiritual pieces played and sung by the White Brothers, occasionally assisted by Dr. McCabe. I do not know and am unable to say how much good the missionary work advocated at this Conference will do in the world, but of this I am sensible—I am like the blind man whom Christ healed, in that I can see better than I did before I went to Erie Conference. May the Lord help me to do more

good, not only in this but in every other way within the limits of my ability, for I wish to be fully His, now and forever, and to serve Him out of a pure heart. O, how wonderfully the endless story of Jesus and His glory leads me to exclaim with David: *O, that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth toward the children of men!*

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, angelic host;
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

On Monday I again met Mrs. Oldham, when I presented her, for herself and husband, with a copy of my *SECOND SOUVENIR*, desiring to be remembered to Mr. Oldham. She requested me in return to remember her and her husband to the State Road and Blooming Valley Societies, where they were at one time well known, and after our interview, a too brief one, we parted, perhaps for ever on this earth. I afterward went to Rouseville to see a beloved friend, Wilson Smith, whom I had not met since boyhood days when I attended school at the Waterford Academy, Erie County, Penn., in 1852. Fourteen years ago he was converted, and he is now living a Christian life. Our hearts were glad as we talked together in his house, about four miles from Oil City, up Oil Creek, and also as we *walked* together to the town, in the evening, in order to attend church. After the service, which included the closing of the Conference, I returned with Brother Wilson Smith to his home, and on the following morning I bade him and his wife adieu, and proceeded by train to Franklin.

September 16.—From Franklin I went into the country in order to visit my second cousin, Fayette Goodwill (son of George A. Goodwill, who lives at Tryonville,

Penn.), whom I had not met in sixteen years, and who is now living on the Miller & Sibley Stock Farm, Venango County, Penn., five miles from Franklin, in whose employ he has been, I think, over fourteen years. When I reached his place I found he had gone to Franklin, so it behooved me that I should introduce myself to the family, as I had never seen any of them before, which I did in this wise: "Is this Mrs. Goodwill?" "Yes." "Well, I suppose you do not know me." "Yes, I know you, *I have seen your likeness*; this is Mr. Francis Waid."*

Enough! Our good visit had a pleasant commencement, and increased in interest, especially to me, as my cousin, Fayette, presently came in from Franklin. He took me over the farm, 200 acres in extent, on which, so he informed me, there are at present thirteen producing oil wells; and I also viewed the live stock. The well-known valuable horse, "Bell," I saw on my return to Franklin, when I again visited the Miller & Sibley Stock Farm, and also had a look over the commodious buildings and the trotting course.

September 17.—I had the pleasure, to-day, of attending the second reunion of the Foster Family, held in the M. E. Church, on Bull's Hill, which is surrounded with beautiful groves where the company assembled in groups and sat down to a plentiful feast. Mr. James Foster, Sr., will be eighty-one on February 14, 1891, and his address at the banquet, coming as it did from so aged a man, was replete with interesting recollections and anecdotes of pioneer life. On this trip I distributed several copies of my *SOUVENIR*, some by mail, most of them personally, and I received at all hands nothing but thanks, blessings

* I have found on several occasions, when introducing myself to strangers, that I was identified through their having seen my picture somewhere; and this has even been the case with children, as instance, when calling on Mr. Cromwell, in Chicago, his children knew me at sight, although they had never seen me before, only my picture.

and kind words of encouragement. The evening of the seventeenth closed my visit to Franklin, and I returned to Meadville and to my home near Blooming Valley.

September 20.—Early this morning my relative, George Reeves,* of Azalia, Monroe Co., Mich., came to see us, and by mail I received an invitation to a wedding, a copy of which invitation I know will interest my young lady readers at any rate, so I here give it:

GRANT B. BABCOCK.
KATE M. SIMMONS.

The pleasure of your company is requested at the marriage of Kate M. Simmons to Mr. Grant B. Babcock on Thursday, September 25, 1890, at 8 o'clock P. M. Residence of Henry Simmons, Busti, N. Y.

While I was absent in Oil City, my uncle, Robert Morehead, and his daughter were at our place on a visit, and I much regret not having met them, as I had been wishing to have Uncle Robert's picture taken—"to secure the shadow ere the substance fades." He is now eighty-nine years old, and I am sure it would please his family and the rest of his relatives to have a photograph of him as he now appears.† To-day we were made more happy by a visit from Lewis M. Slocum's eldest son and his mother-in-law, from Mansfield, Ohio, Maudie, Charles C. Slocum's little girl being along with them. It is a happy thought to me, and therefore becomes natural to say that I was pleased to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Slocum had named their little boy, Francis, after me.

Sunday, September 21.—Yesterday I walked (as is my usual custom) to Meadville, and to-day attended Sun-

* In company with my brother G. N., I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Reeves at his own home, also his brother James, at Raisinville, same county, August 10, 1891.

† This desire was subsequently gratified, as will be shown farther on in my Diary.

day-school at the M. E. Chapel, Kerrtown, the services of which were very pleasant and profitable. At the close of the services I asked to be informed of the amount of collection, adding in effect the following: "I have loved Sunday-schools and been profited by them from my boyhood, and to-day I have spent a very helpful hour with you. There are different ways of manifesting our love for the Sabbath-school and the church. The little drops of rain water the whole earth; let me have the privilege of doubling your collection." This privilege, you may be sure, I was readily granted, and, rejoicing, I passed on my way to my uncle's, Robert Morehead's, place, whence I proceeded to the home of my cousin, R. A. Fergerson, where I remained over night; and this Sabbath-Day milestone, placed on the highway of life by God's own hand, was further sanctified by us in family worship and prayer. On the following day I succeeded in getting a dozen photographs (copies) of my venerable uncle, Robert Morehead, and I was glad, for I had for a long time, as already intimated, been desirous of having his likeness to distribute among a few friends as keepsakes. I have already mentioned that I had received a copy of a book, "Meadowside Musings," from the author, Hon. A. Huidekoper, of Meadville, and to-day I was the recipient of two more books from the pen of the same author, the titles being "Gathered Leaves" and "Glimpses of Europe," all of which I prize most highly. The latter came by hand, accompanied by the following letter:

MEADVILLE, September 19, 1890.

MR. FRANCIS C. WAID,

Dear Sir: As you seem to have been a person of correct views of life from your boyhood, bent on self-culture and the education of your family, and working your way up to a comfortable competency for yourself and those dependent upon you, while not neglecting the claims of society upon you as one of its members, may I, as a member of it, express my appreciation of such a record by asking your accept-

ance of two books, viz.: "Glimpses of Europe" and "Gathered Leaves," to keep, or to give to any of your family, at discretion.

Very truly, yours,

A. HUIDEKOPER.

P. S.—If you have any local library where you prefer to place the "Glimpses of Europe" for your neighbors to read, you can act as you prefer.*

In the evening (and, by the way, this is Guinnip's thirty-first birthday) I drove to Townville, on business, and back to George W. Cutshall's, where I tarried till next day.

September 24.—Going to-day to Union City, Penn., I there attended to some business, and made a number of calls on friends, including my niece, Blanche Underholt; thence, in the evening, I proceeded to Jamestown, where I remained with my cousin, Frank Colt. On the following day I attended the wedding of Henry Simmons' daughter, Kate M., and Grant B. Babcock, as already announced. Harvy Simmons accompanied me to and from the bride's home, and much did we enjoy the drive, about eight miles, it being a beautiful, placid, moonlit evening. After the marriage ceremony, performed by Rev. Lowell, a Baptist minister, and customary congratulations to the happy couple, the company, nearly one hundred in number, sat down to an excellent repast provided by the parents of the bride. The remainder of the evening was spent in a most happy manner, "and all went merry as a marriage-bell," and in peace and harmony; I should not forget to add that the bride's wedding gifts were numerous and appropriate, the best wishes of myself being accompanied by a Bible and a blue-covered copy of my *SECOND SOUVENIR*.

Sunday, September 28.—To-day at State Street Church, Meadville, I heard our new pastor, Rev. Laverty,

* I have read the book from beginning to end, and found it most interestingly descriptive. Scenes of travel so well portrayed I love well, and I intend to place the "Glimpses of Europe" in the Sunday-school Library, for the benefit of others. [July 20, 1891.]

preach his initiatory sermon. Our old pastor, Rev. James Clyde, was present, and he accompanied me out to State Road Church, where I listened to his farewell address, which was touching and full of sympathy and love. I was glad to be present, as I, too, was aware of having shortly to leave my home and brethren for weeks at least, perhaps months, maybe for ever—who can tell? * “Man proposes, God disposes.”

September 29.—My brother and I went to Saegertown on business, and I availed myself of the opportunity to distribute a few more copies of my *SOUVENIR*; then on my return home was very busy with many things in preparation for my setting out West. I hope to see all my three sons before starting, but at present Guinnip and Fred are from home threshing in the country; however, I may see them to-morrow. Life is not an empty dream—it is full of hope and good cheer; yet we often tread it with caution and between the hedge-rows of doubt and fear as to the future. We know not what may be near, what dangers, rocks and shoals, so we had best trust in Him as long as we are here, and Heavenward our frail bark He will assuredly steer in such safety and peace as to His children He imparts when

“The sun has gone down in a golden glow,
And the Heavenly city lies just below.”

[From September 30, 1890, to January 1, 1891, comes my fifth trip to Kansas and the West, an account of which commences at page 42.]



* I here refer to my projected trip to the West, to meet my wife, an account of which will be found elsewhere.

1891.

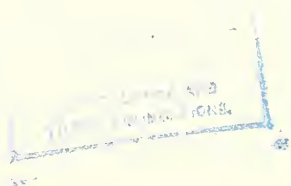
Sunday, January 4.—To-day I went to State Road Church Sunday-school, and to each of the scholars present under twenty years of age I offered a copy of my **SECOND SOUVENIR**, requesting the superintendent to send me the names of all those who would like to have one. I feel as if I want to do something for our Sunday-school where I have shared the blessings of the Lord in some manner or another for the past fifty years—since I first commenced to attend both it and the church with my parents.

January 5.—My eldest son, Franklin, is thirty-six years old to-day. In company with G. W. Cutshall I went to Meadville on business, and we then came to see my brother, G. N., my first call on him since my return from the West, and following this I made, at different dates, a good many visits among friends and relatives, all of whom cheered me with kindly greetings of welcome. On the 8th I learned of the death of Mrs. Maria Long (the oldest person in our community), at the patriarchal age of a few years under one hundred. “Aunt Maria,” as she was called, always lived near us, and was ever noted for her industry and honesty; she was a woman who I always thought did the best she could, and was universally beloved and respected. Her funeral, which took place on Sunday, 11th instant, was largely attended, although the day was very wet and uninviting; and so desirous was I to be present that, after listening to Dr. T. C. Beach’s sermon at the M. E. Church at Meadville, I walked from there to Blooming Valley, and thence proceeded to the cemetery.

January 10.—This I always regard as a most notable day in my life, for it dates the commencement of my Christian life; my return to God; my seeking after better things; my starting on the Heavenly journey; my con-



George N. Waid.



firmed hope of Heaven. Why, therefore, should I not thank and praise my Heavenly Father this day for having mercifully spared me to reach the end of the fortieth year of my Christian life? The Lord is so good to me that I will ever praise His name, thank Him for His manifold mercies, and worship Him in the beauty of holiness.

“Grander than ocean’s story,
Or songs of forest trees—
Purer than breath of morning
Or evening’s gentle breeze—
Clearer than mountain echoes
Ring out from peaks above—
Rolls on the glorious anthem
Of God’s eternal love.

“Dearer than any lovings
The truest friends bestow;
Stronger than all the yearnings
A mother’s heart can know;
Deeper than earth’s foundations,
And far above all thought;
Broader than Heaven’s high arches—
The love of Christ has brought.”

Sunday, January 11.—I have already stated that in the forenoon of to-day I attended the M. E. Church in Meadville and Mrs. Long’s funeral. The text was 2 Timothy iii: 16: *All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.* It was the first time I had heard Dr. Beach, and I was in no small degree edified and helped by his able discourse on the above subject. This was indeed a glorious day for me in all respects, and well worthy of being preserved on record as the “New Year’s Day” of the forty-first year of my Christian life. I want to begin the year aright; yet I know I must be careful, though not *too* careful in doing good. I take for my own use, and that of others

in my present home, five county newspapers besides the *Chautauquan*, all published in Meadville, and I have now ordered over twenty copies, that is a year's subscription for each of some friends from January 1, 1891, to January 1, 1892, many of which are renewals, others being new subscriptions.

January 16.—To-day I set out for Jamestown, N. Y., and on arrival there immediately proceeded to the home of Mr. F. Colt. On Sunday following, Gertie and Mertie Colt accompanied me to the Methodist Episcopal Church and Sabbath-school, where we listened to an eloquent sermon delivered by Rev. A. C. Ellis, from John iii: 4: *How can a man be born when he is old?* In the evening, along with Mr. Frank Simmons, I went to the Opera House, where the Baptists are at present holding their meetings while their new church is being built, and here I had the pleasure of listening to Miss Kate Bushnell's address on "Social Purity."* On Monday I made a call on Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davis, with whom is living Mrs. Davis' father, Mr. Washburn, now in his eighty-seventh year†; also called on Mr. S. Phillips to see blind Hattie Howard, who used to visit at our home with her sister years ago. Among other calls I made was one on Mr. and Mrs. Grant M. Babcock, at whose wedding I was present September 25, 1890. On the evening of the 19th I attended Russell Conwell's lecture, the subject of which was "The Jolly Earthquake in India in 1605—A Legend." From Jamestown I proceeded to Ashville, in

* This address was listened to by a large and evidently appreciative audience. I, myself, think it was simply grand, and would like to hear it again; it is worth repeating several times, even to the same audience; and I believe it would prove a universal blessing if the whole world could have an opportunity of listening to it, for then, I feel confident, truth and righteousness would prevail.

† Mr. Washburn had been in failing health for some time when I visited him last summer. I can not give the exact date of his death, but think, from what I have been informed, that he died in May, 1891.

order to visit other friends, especially Mr. Burns and family, but I found they had moved away, intending to go to Ohio; so thinking I might find Mr. Burns in Jamestown I returned thither, but was disappointed, as he had gone, so I learned, to Olean to see his daughter. On Tuesday I went to Lakewood, where I again saw my friend, Mr. Fleek, as also his brother Fayette, at Harmony, and enjoyed, taken all in all, a most pleasant visit. Then on Wednesday I journeyed to Corry, where I visited an old school acquaintance, Mrs. Henry Thurston (formerly Delia Dickson), whom at one time I used to see frequently, but of late years have seldom met. From there coming to Union City, I here called on my niece, Blanche Underholt, and family; also the Housenick boys, with whom I am well acquainted and glad to meet again. In the evening of the same day I came on to Saegertown, from which place a walk of a mile and a half brought me to the County Alms House and Farm, in Woodcock Township, of which my brother-in-law, G. W. Cutshall, is superintendent, and Mrs. Cutshall matron. As I tarried over night with them, I had an opportunity of visiting them in their recently appointed positions, and, for aught I could see, everything seemed to be going on harmoniously and satisfactorily. I registered as a visitor, and learned that the present number of inmates in this excellent charitable institute is 106. *Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble.* Thus ended my six days' trip to Jamestown.

January 23.—On my return home this morning I dropped in to see my sick neighbor, D. H. Miller, and while there learned of the death, yesterday afternoon, of George Dewey, in his sixty-fourth year, after an illness of several weeks, I might even say *years*, from a stroke of

paralysis. On the following day I attended his funeral; Rev. Barber conducted the services, and the interment took place in Blooming Valley Cemetery.

On this same day also died Lorenzo Williams, an old acquaintance of mine, who was born in Massachusetts in July, 1816, and came to Crawford County many years ago, and I regret that I had not heard in time to attend his funeral. In the evening I took train for Cochran, a few miles southeast of here, in company with a friend, William Adams, for the purpose of attending the dedication of the M. E. Church at that place. It being late when we arrived there, I stayed for the night at a hotel, but next morning, after breakfast, my friend, Mr. A. T. Brown, called for me, having heard I was in town. Accompanying him to his pleasant home, I there met his wife, whom I formerly knew as Miss Emma Hunter, and the rest of the family, and most happy indeed were our mutual salutations. I was also glad to meet Dr. T. C. Beach, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Meadville, who preached in the new church building at 10:30 A. M.; from the text, 1 Corinthians, iii: 11: *For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.* A very large audience, probably 800, listened attentively to the eloquent Doctor, and at the close of the discourse the sum of twenty-one hundred dollars was collected toward paying off the church debt, which was in reality less than that amount. St. James declares that *in doing we are blessed*, and my own experience bears witness to the truth of his doctrine. I was blessed in hearing the sermon, the more so as these beautiful words fell on my ear: *They shall prosper that love thee.* Who would not love Zion? Who would not wish to help on the Master's cause and kingdom? Here, then, on the occasion of which I am writing,

was an opportunity for all to do something, and, while the contributions were pouring in, Elder Kummer, who had the management of that portion of the exercises, announced that a little boy* had come forward and given a penny, and that the opportunity had now arrived for some one to contribute one hundred dollars. "How many," asked the elder, "will give one hundred dollars?" I realized, just then, that my time had come to subscribe, and so I expressed a desire to stand beside that little boy who had just given his mite; my request was granted, and they accordingly put my name down for one hundred dollars. Again was I made happy by simply *doing good*; and I was glad that I had followed the example set by that fine little boy, Floyd Fleming. In the evening the presiding elder preached a highly appropriate sermon to another very large gathering of people. The M. E. Society in Cochrannton have now to be congratulated on their having a fine brick church, for which they have labored faithfully. Success has crowned their efforts, and my earnest prayer is that the Lord may bless them more and more, both spiritually and temporally, for this new church building has cost them eight thousand dollars in money, besides much time, labor and patience. In the course of his remarks in the forenoon the presiding elder said: "Mr. Waid has written a book, I have read it; he is a self-made man." Hours of toil, days of thought, and years of opportunity to DO GOOD have been allotted to me, and yet I wish to do more, to open the book, so to speak, and write some kind word that might help a friend to a better life, and cheer him onward on the path of Christian rectitude.

*I afterward met, at the home of his parents, this bright little boy, Floyd Fleming, son of James G. Fleming, one of the Church Dedication Committee, and have recently learned, with regret, of the death of the boy's father.

In the evening of this same day I went down to my brother's, and on my way thither heard of the death, in her fifty-eighth year, of Martha Smith, wife of Ira Smith, who lives on Hatch Hill; I had known them both many years, even before they were married. On the following day, on returning from my brother's place, I called on my aged friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Breed, who were married in 1833, the year of my birth, and I was informed by Mr. Breed that he would be four score years old on February 5, this year. How good the Lord is to us! "Yes," says some one, "but He takes our friends away." "True, *but we are left*, with this comforting hope, that if we do right, and lead Christian lives, we can go to them." These thoughts come to me as I sit writing in my diary in the old home of my childhood, where the spirits of my twin brother, my father and my mother all took their flight to the better land, that Heavenly "Home eternal, beautiful and bright, where sweet joys, supernal, never are dimmed by night." I doubt not but some may think these reflections of mine are strange; to me, however, they do not appear so. It is just twenty years ago, to-day (January 27, 1891), since my father died in this old home. Why should I not ponder it, and try to be ready when I am called?

" Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.

" Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

I remember the prayer of my parents that we—they and their children—should also live that finally we might make an unbroken family above, and to-day I offer a

similar prayer: May the Lord grant to each of us the same spirit, that all the families on earth may be saved! In the evening I went a mile south of Blooming Valley to visit my aged friend Mrs. Dickson, according to my promise made to her son and daughter when I met them in Minnesota. I was glad to find Mrs. Dickson well, and still able in her advanced years to attend to her household duties; she was even able to be present last Saturday at the funeral of George Dewey! She had two lady visitors while I called—Mrs. George Bush and Mrs. Hellyer—who added to the mutual pleasantness of the visit. I left Mrs. Dickson's about 10 o'clock for my own home, a walk of about two miles, and as I plodded on my moonlit way I fell athinking about life's duties. What a startling array of responsibilities does even a single day carry! Probably no one studies his duty toward God and his fellowman better or more profitably than he who realizes the fact that a day, gone, never returns, and that we will be individually accountable for what we have done and what we have left undone—for our sins of commission and sins of omission.

On Wednesday, January 28, I attended the funeral of Mrs. Ira Smith, of whose death I have just made mention. She was interred in the Smith Cemetery, and the services at the church and at the grave were conducted by Rev. Hamilton McClintock.

Sunday, February 1.—Having, according to my usual custom, walked to Meadville yesterday on business, I decided to remain over Sunday, so went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hites, whom I can call "old friends," for I have known them both since long before their marriage. I met some of their relatives in Jamestown, N. Y., who requested me to call on them when I could, as I had photographs of some of their friends to show them.

Together we went this forenoon to the First Presbyterian Church, and there listened to an excellent sermon from the lips of Rev. Hays, the regular pastor, whom I had heard once before—text, Matthew xiv: 31: *Wherefore didst thou doubt?* After the service I bade my kind friends adieu, and betook myself to Mr. Derby's, my regular stopping place in Meadville. Then in the evening I attended the Baptist Church, where I heard a very able discourse and appeal to the unconverted, the text being Joel iii: 14: *Multitudes, multitudes, in the valley of decision; for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision.* I love to hear the Rev. W. H. Marshall preach the Gospel, and I am never tired of standing on the housetops, figuratively speaking, and proclaiming to the four quarters of the globe God's immeasurable love toward mankind, and that the more we partake of His love (and *God is love*) the more friendship and kindness will we exhibit in ours. I often think of this; and yet the charity of the world is cold. With the prophet Joel, I wish that multitudes, multitudes would come to Christ, and be sheltered from the storms of life in a haven of rest. Christ wants us all to preach His Gospel by leading lives of devotion to Him. *Come let us work in his vineyard now, to-day, ere we find it too late; when to-morrow has come we may not be here.*

“Work for the night is coming;
 Work, through the morning hours;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling;
 Work, mid springing flowers;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.”

February 2.—I thought it best to remain in Meadville till after the funeral of my old friend and acquaintance,

Joseph Taylor, who had died at the age of seventy-two years, and whom I have known for a long time. Rev. W. H. Marshall delivered the funeral sermon, the text he chose for the occasion being Ecclesiastes vii:1: *A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth.* The pastor demonstrated well and clearly that to the righteous the day of death is better than the day of his birth. I am thankful for having heard this discourse, as it did me good; building me up on a sure foundation. How I love them that love the Lord! I would always be Thine Lord, Thy word is so dear to me.

Besides doing some business to-day in the city, I purchased six Bibles to present as gifts to my friends, and I enjoyed the pleasure of a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Quick, whose relatives I called on when I was in Chicago. Mrs. Kate Quick was once a pupil of mine in her girlhood; it is a pleasure not only to remember but to be remembered. Surely there is something in every hour of life; we can either help or be helped as the moments pass by, bringing opportunities either to be seized or lost forever! On my way home I called on Henry Smith, with whom I tarried over night, and spent a most pleasant social evening with his family and aged father-in-law, William Chase, who, I believe, still enjoys good health for one of his age; he had been an active and industrious farmer, and retains his usefulness longer than most men. I will here chronicle the death of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, whom I knew well in my youth and early manhood, and at whose house I used to attend prayer meeting: "Permelia Baldwin died July, 1, 1873, aged 83 years, 3 months, 18 days; Aaron Baldwin died April 19, 1881, aged 87 years, 2 months, 19 days."

February 3.—This evening I had the pleasure of presenting to my friend and relative Mrs. Ralph Roudebush of Blooming Valley, a copy of the best of all books—a Bible—for which she thanked me kindly. No one need say to me it does not pay to do good; *I know the value of it.* Every effort in the right spirit and with proper motives on my part has brought reward to me. We should always bear in mind that even in this life the righteous are promised “Thirty, sixty and some an hundred fold,” and, in the next, life everlasting. How necessary, then, for us to sow the good seed if we would reap a golden harvest! The Lord will help us to do it, if we only try to help ourselves.

This cold, wintry day, requiring some letters and books to assist me in collecting matter for my THIRD SOUVENIR, I went over to my old home, only about eighty rods distant, where my youngest son, Fred F., lives, and I found everything about the house and farm in such good order, that I could not refrain from complimenting him and his wife. I was much pleased at the advancement they had made within less than two years, or since they were married; I mean in the way of housekeeping, farming and in the general conducting of things, both in doors and out of doors. Indeed, I may truthfully say, the same of my other sons, Frank and Guinnip, and their wives. It naturally affords me much pleasure to see for myself that my boys are trying the best they know how to get along in the world. May the Lord bless us, and help us all to do right.

But I must now speak of my old books and letters, from which to gather some of the best thoughts for my SOUVENIR, in the compilation of which I find that my old diaries and some of my school records and compositions do not come amiss. But as I pause for a moment and at a glance span the journey of life with many of the relics

before me—letters, books, pictures, mementos, keepsakes, etc.—I find nothing more dear to me than those reminding me of Eliza, my dead wife. Time will never efface her memory. Anna's letters are undoubtedly dear to me, but Eliza's recall to me visions of youth and their happy halcyon days. Then how dear to any one are old school books and their associations! To-day, from among others, I pick up my old "English Reader," on the fly-leaf of which appears, in the handwriting of either my father or the school-teacher, my name and the date when I commenced to dive into its mysteries: "Francis C. Waid, Dec. 2, 1846." I am glad I studied and made myself acquainted with the contents of that book. I remember, when my twin brother and I, along with others, were thought capable of being advanced a grade higher than "Cobb's Third Reader" (which we had just been studying), to the first class in the "English Reader," that we required new books; and we got them. Father bought each of us two a copy of the "English Reader," and that was a grand day for us. He told us to make good use of our books and keep them, which we did, and I have mine still, while that of my twin brother is, I think, either in possession of my brother, G. N., or some other relative. I love the "English Reader" and always did, for long after leaving school I used to take it off the book-shelf frequently, as did also Eliza, and read it to our children as well as for our own pleasure. And I do not even now wish to let this opportunity pass without selecting one piece of poetry from the second part of the "Reader." It is by Cowper, the English poet, and the verses are supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk during his solitary abode of four years and four months on the island of Juan Fernandez, in the Pacific Ocean:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the center all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms
 Than reign in this horrible place.

"I am out of humanity's reach;
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech—
 I start at the sound of my own;
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

"Society, friendship and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man!
 O, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth—
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

"Religion! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford;
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

"Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial, endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more!
 My friends—do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O, tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

“How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But, alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

“But the sea-fowl has gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There’s mercy in every place,
 And mercy—encouraging thought!—
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.”

February 5.—To-day until noon I was busy at home writing, and looking over old letters, over a hundred in number, written to my father and mother by kindred and friends, and so long carefully preserved for me to review now after many or most of the writers, besides the recipients, have departed for the other shore. What a pleasure and comfort they bring to me! Then the afternoon had yet another sweet pleasure in store for me in my having the privilege of presenting a Bible to John F. Breed on his eightieth birthday, to give to his great-grandchild, Shirley Chipman, a seven-year-old boy, who was present when I handed the book to Mr. Breed. This boy’s grandfather, Edward Chipman, was a schoolmate of mine, and also at one time a pupil. A number of relatives of the old gentleman were gathered at his home to congratulate him on the occasion, and I had an opportunity of thanking Mrs. Phebe Jones, of Buffalo, N. Y. (Mrs. Breed’s youngest daughter), for her kind letter of sympathy, conveying a tribute to the memory of Eliza. From Mr. Breed’s I went to see my brother, who accom-

panied me in a walk to our friend, William Smith, living about two miles from town, where we remained, each of us enjoying an old-fashioned visit such as brings a three-fold pleasure in Anticipation, Participation and Remembrance. You know, friend reader, there are such visits, and this was one of them. We had each over fifty years of life from which to gather our experience, and we had not met together for a long time; yet how quickly the evening passed away! On the following day I again called on my sick neighbor, Mr. Miller, whom I found no better; then went to Mr. Glenn Fleek's to see his aged father-in-law, Mr. Henry Kelley, in verity a patriarch, born September 14, 1800, and whom I had known from my boyhood.

Sunday, February 8.—This turned out a profitable day for me all round. Where labor is followed by rest and duty by pleasure, what a blessing they bring! In the morning I attended the State Street M. E. Church Sabbath-school, and at the close I was invited to address a few words to the children. One thought I expressed was the value of time and place when and where I love to see children. If time is more valuable than gold, why then not make the best use of it? And where can we make a better use of time than by employing an hour in the Sunday-school? I have seen children in many places, but I do not remember of ever looking on them with greater pleasure than in the Sabbath-school, where we all learn the most useful lessons, especially the young, for here they receive their equipment for life's journey. In the forenoon there was preaching by our pastor, Rev. J. Lavery, his text being John xv: 15: *But I have called you friends.* I love the Gospel, and, as I have often thought and said, let it do me good as it doeth the upright in heart, so as I can re preach and practice it in my life

work. A good class-meeting followed the service, and in the afternoon a prayer meeting was held in the church, instead of the usual "cottage-meeting." In the evening I heard Dr. T. C. Beach preach in the First M. E. Church from Matthew vii: 20: *Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them*, a passage in Scripture I had many a time read, and heard expounded. I had heard Dr. Beach twice before—once in his own church and once at Cochran, last month, as already related. He who loves home best has the greatest appreciation of good things when he goes abroad; at least that is how I have found it in the line of my experience. That passage of Scripture he spoke on to-night, *Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them*, reminds me that there is something about the Bible, the Gospel, that never loses its attraction to the Christian. It never grows stale or unprofitable by being read and studied over and over again. We love it more and more as the years roll by. *It is better farther on.*

"How sweet is the Bible! how pure is the light

That streams from its pages divine!

'Tis a star that shines soft thought the gloom of the night,—

Of jewels a wonderful mine.

"'Tis bread for the hungry, 'tis food for the poor,

A balm for the wounded and sad,—

'Tis the gift of a father—His likeness is there,

And the hearts of His children are glad."



February 9.—It is said that only one individual in a thousand lives to see eighty, and only one in ten thousand reaches the patriarchal age of a hundred years. In the married life how few live to see their fiftieth wedding anniversary! probably not one in a thousand. I can name, however, an exception in my own family, in the person of my uncle, Robert Morehead, who lived fifty years with

his second wife! Now the reader will perhaps be wondering what all this has got to do with February 9, 1891, and I must reveal the truth to him or her—it is the fiftieth anniversary—"Golden Wedding"—of my most esteemed and well-beloved old friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Roudebush,* of Blooming Valley, whom I have known from my earliest recollections, having lived within a mile of their abode all my life. That I received an invitation to join, with many other guests, in the appropriate celebration of this semi-centennial, goes without saying, and on my arrival at the home of the happy couple I received a most friendly and cordial greeting. My only regret was that my dear wife, Anna, was not with me to contribute to the pleasure of the gathering, and share in the many hospitalities extended. On account of her health she is still with her parents in Kansas, but I hope the day is not far distant when she will be restored, by the blessing of God, to sound health. Notwithstanding the day was wet, there was a large gathering of relatives and friends, young and old, who all heartily enjoyed themselves; and so eager was I to be present that I walked from Meadville, and on reaching my home stopped to get a couple of books I intended to present to Mr. and Mrs. Roudebush, as small tokens of remembrance, the true value of which would be found between the boards. These books were the Bible and a copy of my SECOND SOUVENIR, and in them I wrote the following:

* Mr. Roudebush was born April 18, 1818, in Bedford County, Penn., and has been a resident of Woodcock Township, Crawford County, Penn., since 1824; Mrs. Lucy J. Roudebush is a daughter of Joseph and Sarah Armstrong, early settlers of Troy Township, also in this county.

The Bible.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING GIFT.

Presented to Lucy and John Roudebush, by Frances C. Waid, Blooming Valley, Pa., February 9, 1891.

P. S.—If my request meets with your approbation, I wish you to leave this Bible, and also the Souvenir, with your children in remembrance of your Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary which I had the pleasure of attending.

F. C. WAID.

Souvenir.

Presented to Mr. and Mrs. John Roudebush February 9, 1891, on their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary, the "Golden Wedding." by Francis C. Waid, Blooming Valley, Crawford Co., Pa.

Remembrance and Friendship are valuable all along the journey of life, and real friends appreciate it. May we bequeath it to our children. Please give this book to yours as a token of our life-long friendship.

A Friend loveth at all times.

F. C. WAID.

After the banquet, to which all were freely welcomed, came congratulatory addresses and appropriate speeches, the first of which was a poem written for the occasion and read by Mrs. Nancy Floyd. The verses presented a brief sketch of the Roudebush Family, and was very interesting. This was followed by an address by Mr. Humes, who in the course of his remarks paid Mr. Roudebush and his estimable wife a well-deserved compliment, in saying that not only hundreds but even thousands in this county and elsewhere respected and honored them for their integrity and real worth. I also spoke a few words, and one question I asked was: "Are there any here who attended the wedding of our host and hostess fifty years ago?" To which Mrs. Roudebush replied: "No—they are all dead." Of Mr. and Mrs. Roudebush's eight children—five sons and three daughters—seven are liv-

ing, and four of the seven were present at the "Golden Wedding," viz.: Benton, Almond, Effie and Ettie; Clinton, Lorenzo and Frank are in Europe; the eldest daughter, Sylvania, is deceased. In concluding my necessarily brief account of this happy event, I will quote a few words from the "History of Crawford County," page 1159: "Mr. Roudebush has one of the finest farms in Blooming Valley; has served as a justice of the peace." This worthy and honored couple are among the best citizens of the county, and may they long live to enjoy the fruits of their labor!

February 12.—I received a very affectionate letter from my wife, to-day, the purport of which set me deeply thinking. Her health, which continues in an unsatisfactory condition, necessitates her still remaining at her Kansas home among her own people whom I know she loves well. I, too, love my native county, my home, my family, my friends, and have never lived or had a permanent home anywhere else; yet I do not say these are sufficient reasons why I should ask my wife to come here to live, were it not for a sense of duty and what I believe to be right. The problem, as I have presented it, I intend to solve by placing it trustfully in the hands of the Lord, do His will to the best of my ability, and leave the results with Him, a Rock on which to rest, either at home or abroad.

Since our marriage I have been spending part of my time in Kansas with my wife, and part at my home near Blooming Valley, in duty and business as best I know how. Now, I believe, in fact *I know*, the Lord helps us, when we rely on Him with faith, and the more obedient we are to Him, and the more we trust in Him, the better it is for us. He would not invite us to come to Him in the time of trouble if He could not deliver us; neither



FRANCIS C. AND ANNA E. WAID, 1889.

"Born with pen in hand."

would He say "cast thy burdens on me and I will sustain thee," if He did not mean it. *He is a present help in time of trouble, mighty to save, strong to deliver.* I trust the reader will properly comprehend my motive in alluding in my SOUVENIR to what might be justly called "purely private affairs;" but my reason I feel assured is quite apparent to the intelligent. My motive is simply to DO GOOD; and for the benefit of all who may be in sorrow, need, sickness or any other adversity, I have named the one reliable Physician, and the only remedy in the hour of trouble.

"He leadeth me! O, blessed thought!
O, words with Heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

"Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me."



February 14.—"Sugaring" has now commenced, and my son, Guinnip, and my nephew, Nick P. Waid, working together, have opened part of their sugar bush. They have 600 sap pails, and have tapped for about half that number. It seems early in the season, but the "first run" is considered the best. My son, Frank, is busy getting ready to build and move his barn, a no small undertaking, and my other son, Fred, is also very busy with his work—so we all have plenty to do. I think I know now better than before how it was that my father and mother were pleased and made happier when they saw their children doing well and working harmoniously together. The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears; they can not utter the one, and will not utter the

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other. I know I delight in seeing my children doing well and getting along without any friction, and my prayer is that the Lord may help and bless them in so doing.

Sunday, February 15.—In the forenoon of to-day I attended the African M. E. Church, by invitation of a member of the congregation, Mr. Penman. The text was *Hallowed be Thy name*, and the discourse was extremely edifying, while the singing was particularly sweet; in fact, the whole service was peculiarly earnest and impressive. One of their pastors, Rev. W. P. Ross, used to preach occasionally at Blooming Valley years ago. In the afternoon and evening I attended State Street M. E. Church, where they are holding protracted meetings. On the following afternoon I attended the funeral of Fred Denny, which was well attended, in spite of the rain that had continued two days, services being held at the African M. E. Church. On my way home from Meadville I dropped in to see my friend Clark Ellis, and I had only been in his house a short time when Mrs. Ellis asked me if I had been in Jamestown, N. Y., lately, and, if so, had I seen Thompson and Lydia Burns while there? Well, I was just in the act of relating to Mrs. Ellis about how I had tried to see Mr. and Mrs. Burns when in Jamestown recently (an account of which I have already written), when who should we see, as we looked out of the window, but Mr. and Mrs. Burns getting out of a buggy! Certainly a most singular coincidence. Then came a cordial meeting and hand-shaking of genuine friendship. After considerable chat and “comparing of notes,” so to speak, I went to my son’s to apprise them of the news, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Burns following in their buggy. Here Mrs. Ellis remained, while Mr. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Burns and I proceeded to Blooming Valley in

order to pay a visit to my uncle, Horace Waid; after which we made several more calls on relatives and others. We then assembled at the old homestead of my youth, where Guinnip lives, and here all partook of dinner and enjoyed a long conversation about old times and familiar incidents and scenes. After dinner we went to Franklin's, called on Mrs. Almeda Waid, widow of R. L. Waid, and in the evening visited Mr. J. H. Reynolds, a near neighbor of Mr. Ellis', where I remained till morning. Next day was occupied in making many more visits, including one to the Alms House (in order to see Mr. and Mrs. Cutshall), a call on Mr. Eugene Burns, where are living a nephew and nieces of Mr. Thompson Burns; after which Mr. Ellis and I wished Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Burns adieu, as they had to proceed on their journey to Ohio.

February 19.—To-day I attended the second meeting of the Dairymen's Association held in Meadville*—a good school for both farmers and citizens. Dr. T. L. Flood, the president, and many prominent men from various parts of the Union were present, and delivered addresses, etc. Various questions of interest were discussed, as were also the good things provided for the inner man at the banquets, to the enjoyment of all present; then at the close of the last day's session I went with my cousin, R. A. Fergerson (who was present at the meeting), to his home, probably to remain a day or two visiting my uncle and cousins before returning home. Winter apparently is preparing to take its departure, for some of the harbingers of spring have already made their appearance — rain and sunshine and the ever-welcome bluebird. The farmer is busy sugar-making, and he can now go forth to his labor, and along with his friends, the

* The association met three days in Meadville, viz.: February 18, 19 and 20.

feathered songsters of the woods, enjoy the freedom of his native land, and sing its praises from morning till night.

Sunday, February 22.—This morning I came to Meadville, and in the forenoon attended the Second Presbyterian Church, where I heard a good sermon by Dr. Jonathan Edwards.* the text selected being Exodus xx: 1: *And God spake all these words.* In the afternoon I went to meeting at State Street Church, and in the evening, with my friend, Mr. Derby, attended the Baptist Church, where we listened with pleasure and profit to a discourse from Rev. W. H. Marshall on the subject: *For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.* (2 Corinthians v: 10;) I am never weary of hearing the Gospel, and through it learning the way of life.

February 23.—In looking over this morning's papers, my eye caught the notice of the death of Samuel B. Long, who was born November 3, 1806, died February 21, 1891, so in the afternoon I proceeded, in company with my brother, G. N., to his late residence in order to pay my last tribute of respect. A very large number of his relatives and friends were present at the funeral, for Mr. Long was beloved and held in high esteem in the community; by none more so than myself, for from my youth, when I taught school in our township, and he was one of our school directors, I have loved and honored him. The impressive homily delivered on this solemn occasion by

* Dr. Jonathan Edwards, who had been pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Meadville since the latter part of the year 1888, was born in 1817, and died July 13, 1891. 'It was my privilege, during his three years' ministry in Meadville to hear him preach the Gospel on several occasions, both at funerals and during the regular service in his church, and I was always deeply impressed with his words as they fell from his lips. Especially do I speak of the last sermon I ever heard him preach, by which I was to an exceptional degree instructed and benefited.

Rev. H. H. Barber was from John iii: 16: *For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.* Among many incidents that I could relate illustrative of the true friendship of Mr. Long toward me and mine, one is particularly fresh in my memory. On a certain day after my second marriage, as my wife and I were passing his pleasant home, I found the opportunity to introduce her to Mr. Long, referring at the same time to the warm friendship that had for so many years existed between him and myself, and Anna and I then received his congratulations and best wishes for our present and future welfare and happiness. I love a bond that severs on earth only when we are called to cross the River that divides that Heavenly Land from ours.

February 25.—Becoming somewhat wearied of writing and studying, I concluded this morning, for a change, to go into the sugar bush, where my son, Guinnip, and nephew, Nick P., were busy syrup and sugar making, having 650 sap pails in use. They make more syrup than sugar, it being the more profitable of the two, and they have everything very convenient for the business. When there is a good run of sap, as at present, they keep up the industry both day and night, having sometimes over thirty barrels of sap on hand. During the present month they made over one hundred gallons of syrup and some sugar. I found my walk over the farm and across the hundred-acre lot to the sugar bush quite reviving to me, and as I plodded on my way, I became absorbed in thought, dreaming of happy days gone by; of the many years (in fact all my life up to 1889) I followed the same business, in which I found both work and enjoyment—yes, and sometimes *profit*. Of the innumerable pleasant associations connected with farm occupations I think the

“sweetest” of all is the making of maple sugar and syrup; and one gets hungry while working in the sugar bush, in which connection I wish to speak of the pleasant times, not exactly in my boyhood, when my twin brother and I worked together in the bush. If we did not take our dinner with us, one of us could go home and get it; but when I was married, sometimes if I was very busy, my good wife, Eliza, would bring my dinner to the camp. Happy days then, and happy days now, and pleasant for me in the thinking of them. It seems we can love a good thing forever, and never grow tired; even the memory of such is blessed.

February 26.—I am assessed (1891) in Woodcock Township as follows: Farm, 200 acres, \$5,800; money at interest, \$40,000; total, \$45,800; and I may add that in 1890 my taxes amounted in all (inclusive of what I paid in Mead and Richmond Townships and in the city of Meadville) to about three hundred dollars. So you see a farmer helps not a little toward municipal revenues. But I am thankful for the occupation, and I rejoice in it; it is respectable and honorable, yielding a comfortable living besides accumulating a yearly increase, to me and my family a satisfying portion.

February 27.—What shall I write in my diary under this day's date? Sunshine and shade, joy and sorrow, smiles and tears, were my experiences, and I found my first effort to work a failure. In traveling, when we arrive at a bridge, we must cross it or abandon our journey. I was anxious to continue my journey, but I was weary, my heart was heavy, and nature was struggling for relief, so weep I must and shed tears I did, as I threw myself down on a couch. Some of us are more easily touched, sympathetically, than others, yet I did not think I could ever shed so many tears as I did this morning. Our

Divine Master wept, and why should not we, for we have a work to do if we desire to fill our mission in life faithfully? My present labor, aside from business affairs, is to finish the preparation of material for my THIRD SOUVENIR, and being in poor health, in fact sick, my zeal and eagerness to accomplish the work became too much for me, and nature had to succumb, as I have just related. But Christ, who was a Man of Sorrows and who wept bitter tears more than once during His sojourn on earth, has bowels of compassion for all who are in trouble and will cast their burdens at His feet.

To me the day seemed sad; it was rough and wintry outside, and to me no pleasanter inside, as heavy thoughts crowded into my mind, and the horizon seemed to me darkened with somber clouds of melancholy. But the severest storms are soon over, and in the afternoon Hope loomed up in the distance, and the bright silver linings of the lowering clouds appeared in refreshing splendor. The starlit evening of my dark day was approaching, and when my son Guinnip came from Meadville, bringing my mail—newspapers and six letters, one from my dear wife, written encouragingly as to her health and our home—rays of hope lightened up my home, the burden of my heart was removed, and I was comforted. In the evening some more good cheer was in store for me, for Anna, Guinnip's wife, accompanied me to the commencement exercises of the graded school in Blooming Valley, where we were eye-witnesses to six students of the class of 1891 receiving diplomas. This was the first proceeding of the kind ever held here, and the scene was certainly very pleasant, while the exercises were most interesting and profitable, altogether very hopeful for the success and advancement of our Blooming Valley school. The teachers were Clifton Leach and Minnie Luper, and

the graduates were Earl Graham, Mabel Smith, Clyde Gilmore, Rebecca Hall, Otis Carpenter and Mertie Drake. The motto displayed was: "For life, not for school, we learn." Sometimes, as on this occasion, I become so interested and moved that I am filled with a desire to speak some words of encouragement, and so try to help those who labor faithfully to get an education, and those words are embodied in the simple little prayer, "God bless them," as I know He will, all those who seek after wisdom. To all of us what is life but a school for eternity? Let us have our lessons well prepared and be ready, so that not only our fellow men will say "well done" but also the good Master.

Sunday, March 1.—To-day I find my health somewhat improved, but the weather is cold, though pleasant, and the ground is covered with about three inches of snow. I much wished to attend church, Sabbath-school and prayer meeting, as usual, especially at State Road, "Pilgrims' Home," where I have been only once since my return from the West, two months ago, having been absent from home every Sunday except January 4 and to-day. Well, I did attend all three, and felt myself much comforted and helped by the several exercises; particularly in the Sunday-school and class was I wonderfully blessed and strengthened. There is a passage in Scripture that says: *The Lord strengthened me with strength in my soul.* How true it is that they who wait on Him shall renew their strength! So this calm Sabbath became a day of rest and peace to me, and I continue my life's journey rejoicing as I ought.

March 2.—Having learned at church yesterday of the death of my aged friend and former school-teacher, John R. Donnelly, and that the funeral was to be held from his late residence in Mead Township this forenoon, I



M. E. CHURCH, "PILRIMS HOME," STATE ROAD, BUILT 1847.

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proceeded thither on foot. Rev. Dr. T. C. Beach, pastor of the First M. E. Church of Meadville, officiated, and the interment was in Greendale Cemetery, Meadville. Mr. Donnelly was born January 21, 1807, and was therefore at the time of his death in his eighty-fifth year. He leaves a widow and four children, a sister, a niece and a nephew to unite with a large circle of friends in mourning his departure. In my youth I loved him as my teacher, and ever afterward our friendship, born of love, was cherished and fostered with jealous care on either side, bringing with it the fruit of peace and righteousness which is the inheritance of God's children.

March 4.—A few days ago I was jubilating over the prospects of an early spring, so fine was the weather, and the proverbial blue-bird had been seen! To-day, alas! we are in the depth of winter again, for it snowed through the night in a very unspring-like fashion, bringing good sleighing to us, however. On the 5th I visited Mrs. Lucy Allen, who, on account of ill health, had returned last January from the West. Her husband, Mr. James Allen, and family moved to near Mound City, Dak., in the fall of 1885, where he died in November, 1888. The family have a farm both here and in Dakota.

March 6.—This is the twenty-third birthday of my youngest son, Fred F. The boys are and have been, lately, very busy—drawing logs, Fred gathering ice for summer, Frank preparing to build, Guinnip teaming, etc. The logs they are teaming from our wood lot in Richmond Township, southeast of Blooming Valley, to Mr. Dewey's mill in Woodcock Township, about three miles distant. I am glad my boys are all industrious and doing well. May the Lord bless them, and prosper their lives.

Sunday, March 7.—Having come to Meadville yesterday on business, I remained over to-day in order to attend

the funeral of Mrs. Frank Billings, who died in Chicago, whence her remains were brought here for interment, which took place from the residence of her half sister on Washington Street. Rev. Hamilton McClintock conducting the obsequies. In the forenoon I attended the Unitarian Church, and was instructed by hearing the Gospel and listening to the words of life both read and expounded. Then in the evening I went to the First M. E. Church, where Dr. Beach preached from the text, Matthew xxv: 10: *The door was shut*; and so ended another Sabbath-Day's march homeward.

March 12.—In the evening of this day I made a brief call on an aged friend, of whom I have already made mention, Mrs. Mary Kiser, who still lingers with us, though very feeble. After walking across the room she said: "At ninety I can't walk as I could once." Her youngest child, the only daughter now living, by name Ursula Roubush, is here taking care of her mother; Marvin Smith, her (Mrs. Kiser's) son, has lived with his mother many years, and is still single. Hosea Smith, Ursula Roubush's brother, was killed at the battle of Gettysburg. July 1, 1863 (as already mentioned in my FIRST SOUVENIR), and his remains were brought home for interment in the Smith Cemetery. Ursula presented me with a letter that was written by him while at the front, of which the following is a copy.

CAMP, NEAR WHITE OAK CHURCH, June 10, 1863.

Dear Mother and Sister: I am happy to inform you that my health is pretty good, at present better than it has been for the last two weeks. I had a bad pain in my head and back, but it has nearly all left now. I got your letter a few days since, and was very glad to hear from you. It was the first time I had heard for two months. The weather here is very warm and sultry, and is very disagreeable when we are marching. We have had marching orders a great many times, and have even packed up our things, but have not started yet. Part of the army have crossed the river again, I think for the purpose of keeping the rebels from going up toward Bull Run. Our men are on the heights just above Fredericksburg, where Burnside was repulsed

last fall. They shell each other once in a while—that is all. I have just come in from picket duty. Our regiment does picket duty along the Rappahannock, the rebels being just across, on the other side. The soldiers sometimes exchange with each other, exchanging provisions or papers; two of the rebels swam across the river to our side, just below my post, and traded one of their papers for one of ours. One of them offered a large sum for a pair of boots, and they wanted to get some writing paper, which they said was twenty cents a sheet in the South. They wanted some coffee bad, but our lieutenant would not let them have any. He said coffee was five dollars per pound on their side of the river; sugar, two dollars; salt, very scarce, and they had but very little of it. At the last fight at Fredericksburg, when we went out skirmishing, we found a lot of the rebels' haversacks in the woods, and some of them had nothing but shelled corn in them, while some were full of tobacco, which I suppose they thought they would trade to the Yankees for something else, if they were taken prisoners. When we go out on the picket, we buy hoe-cake of the darkies, but they have no salt to put in them unless they get it of the soldiers. Sometimes we can get some milk by paying ten cents per pint. I expect we will go across the river pretty soon again, but it is hard to tell what we will do. The soldiers have all confidence in "Joe" Hooker. Things are very dear here: our sutler sells butter for fifty cents per pound; cheese, forty cents; fresh peaches, one dollar per can, which hold about one pint; and other things in proportion. We got paid about two months' pay about two weeks ago, and I thought I would keep the most of mine to get something fit to eat. I have got so sick of the army rations, and also my appetite is not very good. But I will send you five dollars in this letter, and will try and send more the next time. Nothing more at present.

Your affectionate son,

HOSEA SMITH.

Having known Hosea Smith from his childhood, and having a full knowledge of his kindness to his mother, his patriotism, his love for freedom and right, I revere his memory.

March 14.—To-day I set out for Meadville on foot, facing the wintry March wind and snow for five miles, specially to see an old pupil of mine whom I taught at Blooming Valley, viz., J. W. Thompson, of Madisonville, Monroe Co., Tenn., who is here visiting relatives and old friends after an absence of twenty years. I remember having heard, when a boy, of a certain Revolutionary soldier, named Upton, having said that he "would walk from Maine to the Valley of the Mississippi to look on the face of George Washington." So, as I rehearsed in

my mind that patriotic soldier's avowal, I thought I could well walk five miles to look on the face of an old friend and pupil. He was at the time staying with his sister, Miss Grace Thompson, in Meadville, who attended school with her three brothers—James, John and Walter. I feel that I owe and would like to pay a tribute to the memory of their deceased parents who were so kind to me, and whom I always afterward held in the greatest respect.

Sunday, March 15.—It is a good thing to make the best use of our opportunities. It is written: *The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.* I take it for granted that all Christians (and may I not say *all men*) wish me to DO GOOD; I know the Lord does, and I believe has called me into His vineyard to work to that end to the best of my ability. I want to do His will that my steps and my way may be ordered aright, and that I may be led to Him in all things I do. I am glad I love truth and righteousness, and I find it is good for me to commit my way to Him, trust in Him and wait patiently with good courage. I know from my experience that he strengthens me, and gives me the desires of my heart.

To-day I went to Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, which is situated on the northwest corner of what is considered the central attraction of Meadville—in my younger days simply the public square used for various purposes, such as training militiamen, shows, political meetings, Liberty poles etc., now Diamond Park, beautified with many varieties of trees, artistically setting off and shading with their umbrageous foliage the walks and spacious drive that pass round the handsome grounds; the monuments—Pioneer Monument and Soldiers' Monument—the fountain, the public stand etc., all combining to give to the park a graceful beauty. But to return to my Sabbath duties. Rev. Courtland Whitehead, bishop

of the diocese of Pittsburgh, preached an eloquent and impressive sermon from Luke ii: 49: *Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?* In the afternoon I again heard the Bishop, this time in the church at Vallonia, a village near Meadville, and at the close of the service enjoyed an introduction to the reverend gentleman, a hand-shake and short chat. I told him I had heard both his sermons, and was much helped by them in my path of Christian life, to which he replied, "I am glad of it." I said to him further: "I am a learner, seeking *Truth*, 'unsectarian,' as you said in your first sermon to-day, when describing the churchman, the good citizen, the Christian." Said he, "are we not *all* learners?" The warmth of the hearty handshake was proof that I loved the man who had helped me. In the evening I attended the Baptist Church at Meadville, where the text was Hebrews ii: 3: *How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?* Several were baptized, and I felt within myself that all the services and exercises of the day had helped me.

March 16.—In the Meadville *Morning Star* I read of the sudden death of S. W. Kepler, for forty years well known as a popular hotel proprietor, twenty-three years in Meadville. He was born June 19, 1821, died March 15, 1891. Since the death of James Irvin, April 3, 1882, I have stopped, when in Meadville, at both the "Central Hotel," kept by Mrs. Irvin and her son, and at the "Kepler House," and on Saturday, March 7, I had dinner with Mr. Kepler, who was in his usual good health, and cheery and merry as ever, meeting me with his ever pleasant smile.

March 18.—GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. LABAN SMITH, BLOOMING VALLEY.—*Let us always look on the bright side.* The record of the year 1891, as far

as it has gone, is heightened in interest, in this community, by two "golden wedding" celebrations*—the first one, on February 9, being that of Mr. and Mrs. John Roudebush, and the second, to-day, that of Mr. and Mrs. Laban Smith,† the former of whom is a son of the late Joseph Smith, whose home was within a stone's throw of my father's door—my home both then and now. Laban's mother is yet living, and is still our nearest neighbor. About 150 people—friends and relatives—were assembled in Blooming Valley, to do honor to the worthy couple and the interesting occasion, and among the guests from a distance I might mention Mrs. Smith's brother, Mr. James Shonts, of Faribault, Minn., and her daughter, Armitta (Mrs. John Proud) and her two sons, of Aberdeen, Dak.

Fifty years ago, to-day, Mr. and Mrs. Smith were happy on the threshold of joint life, simply the commencement of what they now experience. Then they had the beginning, representing the sunshine of life farther on, the reality of which they have now reached; in 1841 they formed the bud; later on, the blossom; to-day, the fruit—fifty years of married life to thank the Lord for, and the presence in their old home, this day, of four sons and four daughters,‡ and many other relatives, in all representing four generations, besides hosts of friends,

* It is worthy of remark that within less than a year three golden weddings—the two here spoken of and that of Mr. and Mrs. John Brayner, near Blooming Valley, last fall while I was absent in the West—have been celebrated. Healthy, indeed, must be Blooming Valley and vicinity, for quite a number of couples can now be counted here who have passed their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

† Laban Smith had many friends when he was married, a large number of whom were present at the banquet, and even more at the golden wedding; notwithstanding many had died, the number of his friends had increased: *A generous man retains his friends.*

‡ Mr. and Mrs. Laban Smith have nine children living—five sons and four daughters—all of whom were present at the wedding, except one son, who was unable to attend on account of sickness.

all of whom were met to pour out their greetings and congratulations. On my way to this golden wedding I called on Laban's aged mother (who was unable to attend), and afterward I held in my arms her great-great-grandchild, the two representing the alpha and the omega of five generations! Many of the ancestors lived to very advanced ages, some of them to nearly a hundred years. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have twenty-four grandchildren (though not all present at the celebration) and two great-grandchildren.

*“When the bride and bridegroom were married I was only about eight years of age, yet I remember them very well as they then were half a century ago, and I may safely say we have been pretty close friends ever since. I do not think all the blessings of life are past. True friendship should at all times be cultivated, for it will bring lasting happiness to us, more durable than monuments of stone or iron. Laban Smith I look upon and respect as a man of generous heart and hospitable, in which virtues he is worthy of any and every one's consideration and imitation. But he has had *help*, and the quality of that help will be found described in brief yet potent language in Proverbs xviii: 22;† and I think that whilst giving due credit to our esteemed friend, Mr. Smith, we should not forget that noble, Christian woman, his faithful, honored wife, who has been so well helping him for the past fifty years! O, how much in this life have we to be thankful for! We are prone to forget the inestimable blessings the Lord pours out to us, and neglect to give Him due credit. Do you know what

* That portion of my account of the Golden Wedding, contained within the quotation marks, is in substance part of my address to the host and hostess and the assembled guests on the occasion referred to.

† *Whosoever findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord.*

makes us rich? *The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.* If we were to remove or set aside the blessings given us, what have we left? What have we that we did not receive from above? It is right that we should rejoice and be glad on such occasions as this, when we ought to remember the goodness of the Lord toward us, and ever be thankful to do His will, and so finally meet Him in peace.”

The lovely day, the happy guests, the pleasant surroundings, the music by the Blooming Valley Band, the excellent repast provided by the ladies for the occasion, the addresses—in short, every detail connected with this social entertainment, bringing unqualified enjoyment to all present, made the event of this golden wedding anniversary one of lasting remembrance in the community. Numerous gifts were presented to the bride and bridegroom as souvenirs of the happy event. Long life to this good Christian wife and her husband, and may blessings be multiplied to them!

March 19.—I received to-day ten letters from parties asking for copies of my *SOUVENIR*. Requests come now from abroad, the outcome, perhaps, of items, criticisms or other remarks which have appeared in newspapers. We sometimes *hear* of ourselves as others *see* us, and it ought to do us good. You and I, kind reader, love the man who loves his enemies as well as his friends. It is Christlike, and he who can not do good to all men, be they friends or be they foes, is lacking in Christianity. I know I have learned from those who have not always spoken well of me, or complimented me; and I am specially indebted to those who have pointed out my faults, my wrong-doings, my mistakes—*errors of the head, not of the heart*. Whether such adverse criticisms come from some friend, or from the other man who may not

like me, I know not; but of this I am conscious—come they from friend or come they from foe, there is no reason why I should not love the individual and thank him for his advice and his teaching. I will always be found willing to learn whenever and wherever comes the opportunity, for I am confirmed in the belief that there are people in this world, with whom we come in contact in every day life, who can and do influence us in the pathway of virtue or its opposite; their appearance, their words or looks or character (over which we ourselves have no control) are educating us. He who can gather the good and leave the bad is a wise man. Nevertheless we should thank our teacher for the lesson thus learned, and, mayhap, by our love toward him, and by doing him some favor when we can, we may win him to the cross for God and humanity. Yes, I respect the Press for all truth printed, knowing well, as remarked in the Preface to my FIRST SOUVENIR, that *it is much easier to be critical than to be correct*. In my boyhood, whenever I went into the woods to gather chestnuts, I invariably left the chestnut burrs behind, as I had no use for them.

I would here say to those persons who have written to me from a distance, asking for copies of my SECOND SOUVENIR, that I wish to supply them, and, as far as the remaining copies of 700 published will go, I will do so. I have the names and addresses of the several parties, and hope before very long to be enabled to grant their requests: for where an earnest wish (one not suggested by any idle curiosity) to possess a copy is made known, I take great pleasure in gratifying it. I would that all mankind could know how desirous I am to do good and benefit my fellowmen, in fact all humanity within my reach. I realize that the single leaf of a tree is as nothing when compared to the vastness of a forest, and that a

grain of sand is a mere microbe on the shores of the Atlantic or on the Arabian Desert; yet each exists, the leaf and the grain of sand, and each has its place in the economy of nature and its use in creation as much as either you or I, dear reader; and we should remember that, as reasoning creatures, we are either for or against truth and righteousness, for or against God and humanity!

Sunday, March 22.—Never will tongue or pen be able to express all the real pleasure and happiness that came to me this day, all confirmatory evidence of God's goodness to me, even beyond what I can think or ask. It is true His goodness and mercy are immeasurable and past comprehension to us in this world, even in His sanctuary here below and in His word with His people. In the forenoon, in company with my friend, J. W. Thompson, who had come to me on a visit last Friday, and of whom mention has already been made in this SOUVENIR, I went to Park Avenue Congregational Church, in Meadville, where Rev. Sutherland delivered an interesting and helpful discourse from Luke xix: 13: *Occupy till I come*. In the afternoon Mr. Thompson and I proceeded to Greendale Cemetery to look on the graves of dear ones departed, among them being the last resting place of Mr. Thompson's father and mother, marked by a monument on which is inscribed the following:

ELIZABETH, WIFE OF JAMES THOMPSON,
DIED JAN. 1, 1877, AGED 69 YEARS.

JAMES THOMPSON,
DIED OCT. 5, 1878, AGED 80 YEARS.

As we spent some time in walking about the streets of this City of the Dead, I seized the opportunity to copy in my diary some of the inscriptions that met my eye:

DR. L. A. GARVER,

BORN JAN. 14, 1845, DIED OCT. 12, 1887.

ARTHUR CULLUM,

BORN 1816, DIED 1874.

ADELAIDE CULLUM,

BORN 1821, DIED 1887.

TO MY HUSBAND

ROBERT McMULLEN.

BORN 1811, DIED 1883.

JOHN McMULLEN,

BORN 1841, DIED 1885.

HIS WIFE, LOIS,

BORN 1846, DIED 1875.

IN the evening we attended the First M. E. Church, where we heard Dr. T. C. Beach preach in his usual eloquent manner from the text, Psalm li: 10: *Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.* The hearing of this grand sermon was to me sweeter than the honey in the honeycomb, truly a blessed ending to this day's march toward the Celestial City, with our thoughts dwelling on Home and Heaven, and of the getting ready for the great change, by having our hearts cleansed and a right spirit renewed within us.

March 25.—Not only a beautiful day, but the anniversary of a memorable one in my life; for on this day,

thirty-eight years ago, was decided an important question, one influencing my future destiny. It is not for me here to ask whether the young men of to-day have such thoughts as I had in those days of long ago, and ask questions similar to the one I propounded about that time; it suffices me to know that *I did*, when a young man, and have never regretted it. We sometimes count the milestones on life's highway, halting, as it were, for an instant, to enquire how far we have traveled, where we may be, and how we are getting along. This day is another milestone for me, and in retrospect I find that just thirty-eight years ago, when I was not yet twenty years of age, I asked Eliza C. Masiker if she loved me well enough to marry me, and her answer is told when I state that we were married about thirteen months afterward. In the Christian life I have been wonderfully blessed, and I thank the Lord for it, and for sparing me to see this day.

March 27.—Wintry weather again, snow lying three inches deep on the ground. I was present, to-day, at the funeral of Leroy Smith, a child of one year and fourteen days, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Smith, who live on the Pitcher Farm in our neighborhood. The now happy spirit of the little fellow was wanted to fill a place in the Heavenly choir, and, being called, on angel wings peacefully took its flight. The interment took place in the Smith Cemetery. Robert Teasdale conducted the services, and being asked by him to say a few words on the occasion, I did so.

“Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
 Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
 Ah, how peaceful, pale and mild
 In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
 And no sigh of anguish sore
 Heaves that little bosom more.

“ Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its Heavenly food are giving;
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Tho' Thou take what most we love.”

Easter Sunday in Meadville, March 29.—In the forenoon I went to the Baptist Church, where I listened to a sweetly refreshing sermon from the lips of the pastor, his text being Psalm cxviii: 24: *This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.* In the afternoon I attended Sunday-school services in Kerrtown, which much pleased and interested me, and so feelingly was the beautiful hymn, “Help just a little, help just a little,” sung by the infant class, that I felt cheered and blessed by being among them, and for being *one of them*; for after all I was but a child of older growth. “Help just a little, *just a little*,” and I did so, when the collection was taken up, by dropping in a nickel—that nickel *for being “a child;*” and when I learned that the amount collected was something less than five dollars, I handed the secretary five dollars, telling him that I wanted to double the collection, and would accept no change back—that five dollars was for being “*a child of older growth.*” They have a neat little chapel in Kerrtown, in which they hold Sunday-school and meetings. Everybody was glad to-day, and like the kind superintendent, Mr. Dunbar, looked pleased and happy. Then in the evening I had the increased pleasure of hearing an able sermon at the First M. E. Church, on the “Resurrection,” and thus ended another Easter Sunday, a good day, replete with the promises of the Gospel and hope and joy for all Christians as they dwell on the glories of the Resurrection and Christ, the first-fruits of that eternal day.

April 2.—To-day was stormy, so I remained indoors and reviewed several old letters and some books. Among the former there were two that particularly attracted my attention—the one written by James H. Masiker not long before he was killed in battle, and the other written by George K. Masiker shortly before his death, both being addressed to their sister Mrs. Eliza C. Waid. During the Civil War we received many letters from very near relatives, as Eliza had four brothers in the Union Army, and I had one brother and several cousins, all of whom used to write us from time to time, and their letters have been affectionately preserved and read many and many a time. Two of Eliza's brothers, James and George, never returned; the other two, Avery and Moses, are yet living.

To-day, my son Franklin bought a part of the James Harris Farm, rather more than thirty acres, lying on the east side of the public road, the compensation being, I believe, one thousand dollars, and he appears to be well pleased with his new purchase. It is in full view of his house, sloping to the west, is well watered, all improved and has a large orchard, consisting of a variety of peach, cherry, plum, pear and apple trees. This orchard has been put out at different times, some of the trees being young and some old. The land is nearly all meadow now. The Smith Burying Ground lies in front of the central portion adjacent to the public road.

Sunday, April 5.—Winter still “lingering in the lap of Spring!” In the forenoon of to-day I attended the First M. E. Church at Meadville, and again had the pleasure of hearing Dr. T. L. Flood. On this occasion his text was 2 Corinthians i: 12: *For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience.* How attentively I listened, and how much was I benefited by hearing the

word of the Lord poured into my thirsty soul this day! My desire is to give a yet more earnest heed to the reading of the Bible, and to the hearing of the Gospel. I am reminded of what Daniel Webster said when a friend asked him what was the greatest thought that had ever entered his mind or engaged his attention. After a pause, Webster said: "The greatest question to me is my *personal* accountability to God." Conscience will never fail to tell us what to do in the way of duty to God and to each other, and we should never turn a deaf ear to its promptings. Let us cultivate a good conscience, void of offence toward either God or man, that we may live Christian lives.

In the evening, along with my friend, Mr. John Davis, I attended the Second Presbyterian Church, where Rev. Edwards preached a very interesting sermon (the last one I ever heard this good man preach) from Acts xvi: 30: *Sirs, what must I do to be saved?* That was the question asked of Paul and Silas by the keeper of the prison wherein they had been confined, and the answer given him were these simple words: *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.* In this brief sentence is discovered the grand solution to the whole universal question of salvation; words for the interpretation of which the services are needed of no philosopher, nor learned theologian, nor pundit of any school of divinity; there is nothing abstruse or ambiguous, nothing mysterious or inscrutable, a child can understand them. Dear reader, could anything be more plainly or simply prescribed in any language? *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* Take all the books of the Old Testament, from Genesis to Malachi, add to them, one under the other, the Books of the New Testament, the Gospels, the Epistles and all the

other beautiful writings in that Book to the last word of the last verse of Revelations, draw a line, add up, and the sum you will find in Acts xvi: 31.

April 6.—Before coming home from Meadville I called at the office of the *Pennsylvania Farmer*, at the request of a friend, to leave notice, for publication, of the death of James Smith, who was born May 10, 1811, in Mead Township, Crawford Co., Penn., and died March 27, 1891, at the Soldiers' Home, Dayton, Ohio. Mr. Smith had visited his relatives here several times, his last visit having been made during the summer of 1890; and having been well acquainted with him many years, in fact, from my childhood, I called to see him at the Soldiers' Home in Dayton, when there some time ago. In his death I feel that I have lost a friend, one whom I respected and honored for his integrity. I will here also speak of the death, on March 3, 1891, of little Willie Williams, only son of my relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, former residents of Meadville, but who moved to Findlay, Ohio, last spring. Their two children, Willie and Lotta, were bright and intelligent, beloved by all. Willie had written his uncle, William Fergerson, a very nice little-boy's letter on February 18th last, dated at Findlay, of which I here give a copy:

Dear Uncle Billy:

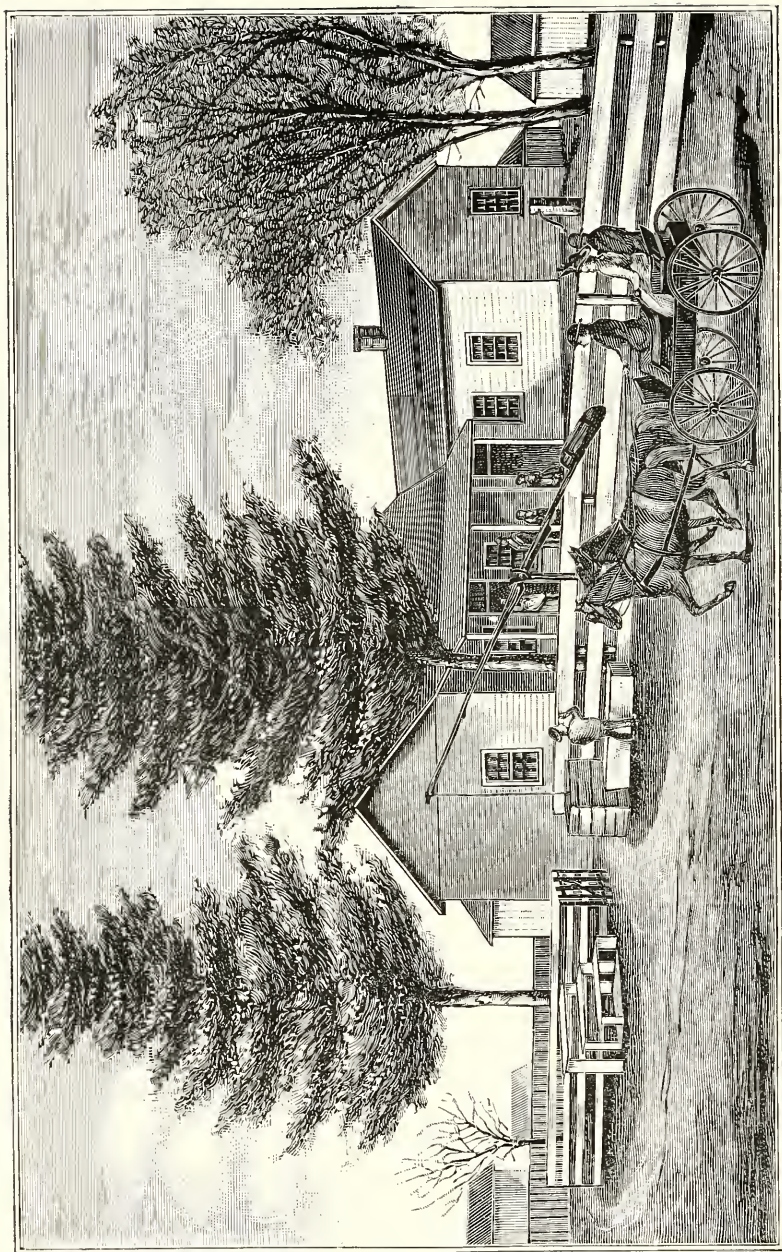
I wish you would come in the spring, when business opens up, and see us. The "Grippe" is in Findlay; Lotta has it, and mamma and I have it. * * * Lotta sends her love to you and her friends. Write soon.

Your nephew,

WILLIE WILLIAMS.

Over a year ago Willie and Lotta had their "photos" taken, and I distributed a number of them among friends, chiefly as Christmas (1889) gifts, everyone seeming to admire them very much.





THE OLD HOME ON THE GOODRICH FARM, WHERE FRANKLIN I. WAID NOW LIVES.

April 7.—To-day a letter from my wife informed me of the death of Mrs. Coombs, which occurred on the eighteenth of last month; she and her daughter, Mrs. Ella Jackson, of Titusville, Penn., visited Uncle Avery Jackson, of Beloit, Wis., last October, at the time I did.

April 8.—Fine weather again, and I hope it has come to stay. Indeed, it is much too pleasant for a farmer of my age to remain indoors while outside attractions are so great and numerous. So out I go, and soon find plenty of work for a pair of willing hands. One branch of farm improvement that I am particularly fond of at this season of the year is caring for the fruit trees, especially cleaning and trimming the trunks and branches of old trees, which I think not only improves their appearance but helps to increase their productiveness, and I believe also tends to prolong their life. My boys are all very busy; Frank building a barn and, with Guinnip, baling hay near Meadville, in which Fred occasionally helps, all three attending, as well, to the other innumerable regular duties on their respective farms. While I worked among the fruit trees to-day many good thoughts came to me, several of them retrospective. I thought of my earlier manhood, when in the spring of 1858 I was hauling timber from the farm of my father-in-law, Jacob Masiker, in Randolph Township, with which to build the cider mill my father was putting up at that time. I remembered the bringing over some fruit trees from the same farm (Mr. Masiker having quite a nursery), as I was then planting a young orchard of about forty trees east of the old orchard on our old home—my grandfather's farm, afterward my father's, now mine; and here I am to-day, thirty-three years later, trying to better the condition of these very trees! I seemed to be living over the past again, and as I worked I thanked God for it, and for the

blessings of the present, as well as for the hope of a future inheritance with the righteous in Heaven. I am a great advocate of that practical, every-day religion that is not ashamed to manifest itself in all business affairs, in whatever occupation we may be engaged. If it is good on Sunday, it is good on Monday or Saturday, or any other day in the week; if it is salutary at home, it is none the less so abroad. I have found it good company at all times, and I know that it has lightened my life's burdens and cheered me on my way.

But to return to what I was saying about the orchard. That one which my grandfather, Pember Waid, put out before I was born has now twenty-five apple trees and three pear trees, the latter of which have been all along good bearers and noted for their longevity, being still in good condition. At the home of Guinnip P., my second son, where my father lived, is an orchard of about seventy apple trees and fifteen pear trees, most of which were put out before my recollection; but I remember when my father had it grafted, although I was quite a small boy at the time. Three men from Ohio went through the country doing that business, and I believe it was considered very expensive, but I think the outlay was well repaid in after years. These trees are still yielding some fruit, but when an orchard gets to be forty or fifty years old, it has seen its best days. As regards the eighteen pear trees I have just spoken of—the three on my grandfather's old place and the fifteen on my father's—I do not know of any other fruit trees that have been so profitable. The pears which we call "Common Sweet" or "Standard Bearers," are good for a variety of purposes, and generally find a ready market with fair prices; some seasons they brought a high figure, but that was when the apple crop was short. My observation and experience have led

me to believe that the pear trees are better bearers, taking a number of years together, than the apple trees; and people have been surprised to see the large quantity of fruit they bear some years. Of late our market for the orchard yield has been at home or at Meadville; but years ago, when pears were dear in Oil City and Titusville, it paid us to take them there, as we could command from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel. Our eighteen pear trees have been profitable friends to us, and are still in good condition; in 1889 they bore a good crop, and are holding out favorable promises for many years to come. The apple orchard on the Goodrich Farm, where my eldest son now lives, is perhaps the best producing of them all. Many of the trees are younger than those in either of the old orchards, but there are no pear trees among them, though there is a fine group of damson plums, which are profitable when they bear well.

There are still on my parents' old home a single peach tree and one quince, but neither of late years has born any fruit to speak of; they are simply mementos of the past, to remind us of the days when peaches and plums were abundant with us. On this old homestead we have grapes, as also on Fred's place, and at Frank's the plum trees are full of fruit; one peach tree yet bears on the Goodrich Farm, and there is still a quince tree there.

Now I have placed in writing a few thoughts about our orchards and their fruit, thoughts that came to me as I was caressing, so to speak, the older trees, not, perhaps, so much for what they are now doing for us, or for what I expect them to do in the future, but rather in gratitude for the good they have done. As a certain lady once remarked: "*Old trees and aged people ought to be taken care of for the good they have done;*" yes, especially if they have not outlived their day of usefulness.

Sunday, April 12.—I went this forenoon to the Baptist Church at Meadville; sermon by the pastor: text, Psalm xxvi: 8: *Lord I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honor dwelleth*; an excellent discourse. In the evening I attended the M. E. Church, and heard a good sermon by Dr. Wheeler, president of Allegheny College; and thus drifted into Eternity's ocean another blessed Sabbath day.

April 13.—This is the anniversary of the birth of my dear departed Eliza, who, were she living, would now be fifty-nine years old. Precious to us are the fond memories of our loved ones departed, and as we advance in life we become more and more conscious that we are nearing, every day and every hour, their home, our future resting place. It is a blessed thought that, while those who have gone before can not return to us, we can go to them when our work is done; and my heart was glad, this beautiful spring morning, as I walked homeward from Meadville with my mind filled with such precious reflections.

“ I would not live away, I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.

“ I would not live away: no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom,
There sweet be my rest till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

“ Who, who would live away, away from his God,
Away from yon bright Heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

“ Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.”

When I reached home I found two gifts awaiting me, reminding me in tangible form that when we do right, good things will be found constantly coming to us. My daughter-in-law handed me two packages, one of which contained a book entitled "Se-qua-yah, the American Cadmus and Modern Moses," by George E. Foster, * editor of the Milford (N. H.) *Enterprise*, illustrated by Mrs. C. S. Robbins; on the flyleaf of this book is written: "To Francis C. Waid, by the author, Geo. E. Foster, April 7, 1891." This work was written to show the capabilities of the Red man, and to keep before the American people the fact that there is something good and great in the character of the Indian when rightly used. The other gift awaiting me was a "Memorial Card," bearing these words:

"There is no death; what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF

JOHN R. DONNELLY.†

DIED, FEBRUARY 27, 1891,

AGED 84 YEARS.

A PRECIOUS ONE FROM US HAS GONE,

A VOICE WE LOVED IS STILLED;

A PLACE IS VACANT IN OUR HOME,

WHICH NEVER CAN BE FILLED.

GOD IN HIS WISDOM HAS RECALLED

THE BOON HIS LOVE HAD GIVEN;

AND THOUGH THE BODY MOULDERS HERE

THE SOUL IS SAFE IN HEAVEN.

* On the 10th of this month I sent Mr. Foster a copy of my *SECOND SOUVENIR*, also one to Mr. Theron D. Davis, of Ithaca, N. Y., the former of whom speaks highly of it, and also states that Mr. Davis complimented me by saying: "I have read many works, but have not seen any that seemed so full of genuine religious sympathy as this."

† My beloved old school-teacher and friend, of whom I have elsewhere fully spoken.

As a pleasant termination to this birthday anniversary, I enjoyed a visit from Mr. and Mrs. George Cutshall, with whom Eliza and I spent many happy hours, days, yes, even years.

April 16.—Yesterday I learned through the *Meadville Tribune* of the death of an old friend and acquaintance, Mrs. Margaret C. Irvin, in her seventieth year, and to-day I attended her funeral, which took place from the Central Hotel, Meadville, to Greendale Cemetery, Rev. R. Craighead (Presbyterian) officiating. There was a large attendance, as the deceased was widely known and much respected; moreover, the whole family have a very extensive acquaintance, having (as stated in one of the local papers) been in the hotel business some forty-three years. Her husband, James Irvin, had died April 6, 1882, and their son, John C., November 8, 1880. I was much impressed by the solemnity of the funeral service throughout—from the house of mourning to the grave—the reading of the Scriptures, the singing, prayers and the remarks made by the aged minister who had known the deceased many years. And then at the last scene of all, when the casket had been lowered into the grave, “earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” I realized yet more that death was the most solemn of all earthly solemnities.

Horace Cullum died at his home in St. Helena, Cal., April 2, last, at the age of eighty years. I knew Mr. Cullum well when he was one of the best business men and most active of Meadville, where he had resided many years before going to California. My uncle, Joseph Finney, who was a carpenter and joiner by trade, did a great deal of building work for Mr. Cullum in bygone years, and I may add that my cousin, Robert A. Ferguson, worked for Mr. Cullum many years, having done work for him when in the employment of Uncle Joseph Finney,

with whom he learned his trade, and also did much labor for Mr. Cullum afterward.

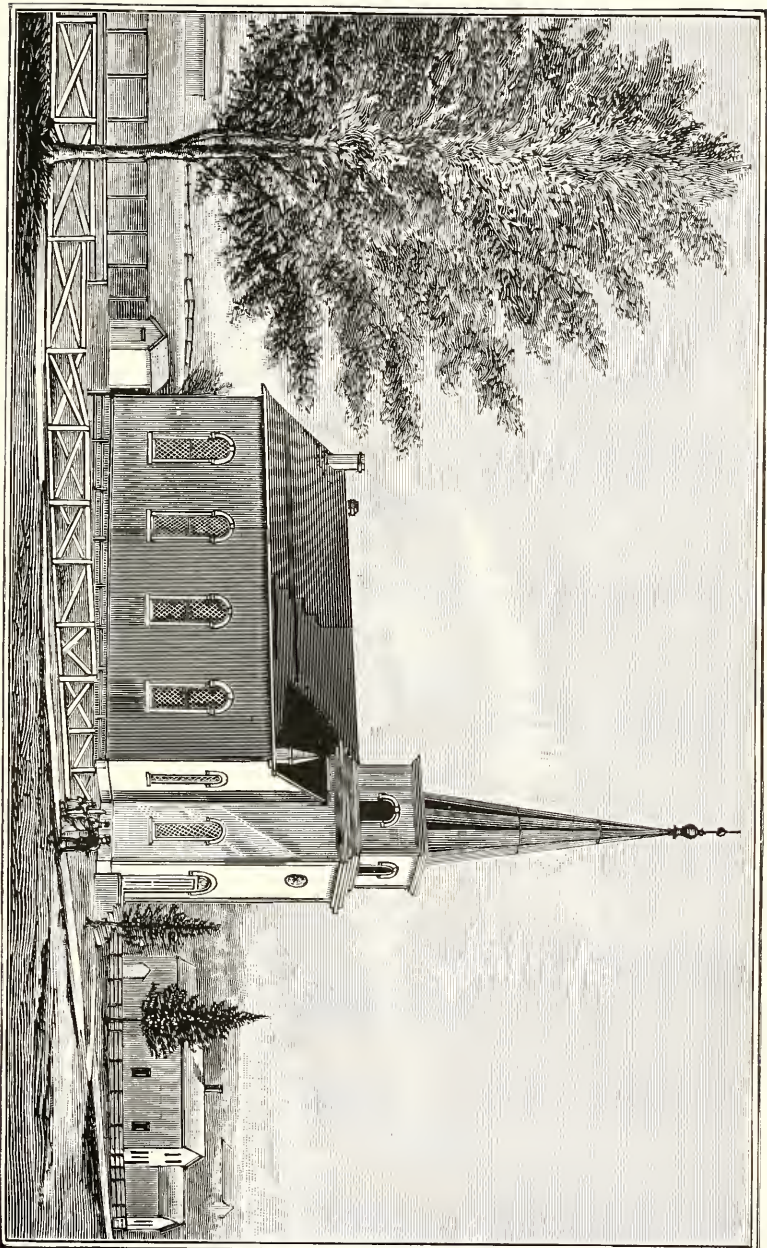
April 17.—Yesterday I called on my friends, C. R. Slocum and Smith Leonard, at the court-house in Meadville, the former being prothonotary and the latter janitor. To-day I learn of the death, on the 15th instant, of a young relative, William Sutton, aged ten years, ten months, one day, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Sutton, but I was unable to attend the funeral, not knowing what time had been set for it.

April 18.—“Fine growing weather!” Yes indeed, and so I went down to Fred’s (my son) place, to help him out a bit with the many things he has to do about his farm—choring, ditching, repairing water-course, etc. The boys helped me on the farm before they were of age, and now I take pleasure in reciprocating, giving each in turn “a lift.” While I was toiling there by the roadside this forenoon, I received a good many greetings from passing friends, some saying, “This looks natural to see you working on the farm, Mr. Waid;” and I will not disguise the fact that I rather enjoyed their remarks than otherwise; and why not? I have been a farmer all my life, and am proud of my vocation, the most honorable of all that the sons of Adam can apply themselves to. I have not yet retired from labor, even though I may have an independent competence, for I do not forget that “the true nature of riches consists in the contented use and enjoyment of the things we have, rather than in the possession of them.”

In the afternoon I attended quarterly meeting at the M. E. Church, Blooming Valley, where I heard a good sermon delivered by Elder Kummer, and I also remained to Quarterly Conference. One item was reported as required for the proper keeping of church records, a register

for the circuit—Guy's Mills, Blooming Valley, Mount Hope and Pine Grove—which would cost three dollars. The Elder wanted each society to pay proportionately for the book, and I gave one dollar, the amount expected from Blooming Valley Society, for which, after Conference, I was personally thanked by a kind friend, and the Elder added these words: "There is blessing not only here but also in Heaven for them that do His will." Afterward I paid a brief visit to the family of Mr. George Sutton, who lives about two and one-half miles from Blooming Valley, and who, as I have just recorded, lost a young son, William, a few days ago. From there I returned to Meadville and to church, then later on, in the evening, went to see and comfort a sick friend, and thence proceeded homeward.

Sunday, April 19.—I am truly glad to have this day at home, and to attend church at Blooming Valley—9:30 A. M., Love Feast; 11 A. M., preaching—text, 1 Corinthians i: 23: *But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness.* In the evening I attended Advent Church along with my brother-in-law, Moses Masiker; text Proverbs xxiii: 23: *Buy the truth and sell it not; also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding.* There is enough in this text to last a lifetime, even if that lifetime were a million years! TRUTH is the most valuable commodity ever put on the market, and no one who cares for righteousness can get along without it. Our success here on earth, and our welfare hereafter, in the world to come, depend on how we may deal with this article *truth*, which is for every-day use—to buy it, to keep it or to sell it again. *Veritas vincit*, truth conquers, truth will stand; no substitute can fill its place. *God's word is truth*: let us all examine it closely, so as we may have a larger portion of this Heav-



M. E. CHURCH, BLOOMING VALLEY; BUILT 1874.
THE MARBLE CORNER-STONE WAS PRESENTED BY MR. JOEL DENSMORE.

only treasure so needful to our salvation; let us accept it for our life study, and never be without it. Truth will make us free, for it is written: *Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.*

April 20.—This day spent at home. At last we have Spring, beautiful Spring, “sweet daughter of a rough-and-ready sire.” How all nature seems to have awakened into life, and the fields are decked out in their garb of living green! how the feathered songsters most melodiously do sing, and the farmer goes forth to his work, more noble than a king; happy in the thought and hope of what the earth will bring, knowing full well, also, that the Lord himself is King. *The earth is the Lord’s, and the fullness thereof; the sea is His, and He made it, also the round world and they that dwell therein.*

“Spring does to flow’ry meadows bring
What the rude winter from them tore.”

With such good thoughts I went to work on the farm this morning, commencing by removing a rail fence, the last piece on the south side of State Road adjoining the garden which is surrounded with a picket fence. The removing of fences from along roadways, where not essentially needed, is, I hold, good economy, proving in the end a saving of labor to the farmer, while, at the same time, it enhances the appearance of the farm. I do not advocate the removal of *all* farm fences, but simply the retaining of only those that are really necessary. The average farmer has burdens enough that are real without having unnecessary ones which should be speedily dismissed or done away with. *A good man will guide his affairs with discretion.* The superfluous fences being now removed from our farm, it is decidedly improved both in appearance and in matters of convenience. So I think, at least, as I look out on the new sight this fine

morning. Any change from a burdensome condition to one of freedom is cheerful. These fences had their day, they were once necessary, and were kept up over fifty years; now they are no longer required, and their removal becomes a pleasant duty and a benefit to us.* A farmer in his experience in learning to save and drop useless expenses, gets wisdom; and those who may lack that commodity, which Solomon so forcibly advises us all to search after, have only to go to the Bible to find out how to proceed to get possession of it: *If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally.* There is abundance in God's storehouse† for all who will seek after it *in faith, nothing wavering.*

April 21.—Good weather continues; farmers are very busy putting in their oat crop, and for several days in succession my boys and myself find ample work around us wherein to “improve each shining hour.”

April 23.—*My fifty-eighth birthday.* My heart is glad to see this day, and I humbly thank the Lord for the continuance of His mercies to me. God's goodness has been great to me, and I know that I should let neither day nor night pass without hallowing it by remembering what He hath done for me. It naturally becomes especially interesting to me, when I pause for a brief space, and reflect that my life is but a journey from the cradle to the tomb! The several years of our lives mark the milestones by the way, and to-day I read on one of these the figures 58, a silent witness that I am passing through the gateway from 58 to 59. And as my mind's eye is fixed on this wayside monitor, I am thinking where and how I can best make use of my time.

* Our farm is over a mile long from north to south, and had many division fences, making so many separate lots; now only the pasture land is fenced.

† The Bible is the best book on farming I ever read; you, who do not think so, please study it, especially the Book of Proverbs.

Morning comes, and I start out on the duty of the day, striving hard to fill my mission by the way. And, as in years gone by my birthdays I have somewhat noticed by sketching a little with my pen, leaving my thoughts and acts with my fellow men, I will adopt the same course on this occasion.

Early in the morning I paid a visit to my venerable friend and nearest neighbor, Mary Kiser, now in her ninetieth year. On my remarking that I had called in to see her on my fifty-eighth birthday, she said: "I am not very well; can't sit up any more, and I feel very poorly, but I am still here, Francis." From there I went to my youngest son's place, where I helped to do chores, working around till noon, and then, in company with Mr. B. Danford, who is now in his eighty-fourth year, I drove to Meadville to attend to some little business. My mail there brought me a letter from my wife, Anna, who is still residing with her parents in Kansas, on account of her health, preferring to remain there instead of in Pennsylvania, as she thinks the western climate better for her case than what we have here in the East. She speaks in her letter (dated April 20) of their early spring in Kansas, fruit trees being in full bloom, etc. From Meadville I proceeded to my cousin's (R. A. Ferguson), spending there a few hours, and then called to see my uncle (whose health is quite good for such an aged man) and some other relatives—just short visits—and I was pleased with the many congratulations I received in all quarters, which made it a day of welcome to me. In the evening there were assembled at the residence of my eldest son, Franklin, for a quiet birthday celebration, my brother and his wife and second daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Riddle, from Bradford, Penn.,* Mrs. Mary Ferguson, Moses

*Mrs. Riddle was visiting her parents at this time.

Masiker, and all my children and grandchildren. The party was a success, I think, in many ways. A very pleasant evening was passed, and I felt that if my wife, Anna, could be with us, my cup of happiness would be filled to overflowing. I know more of this life's experience now than I did fifty years ago; have learned not a little, and have studied the law of kindness, trying to make peace and preserve it among all my kindred and friends, by the fireside and in the field, at home and abroad.

April 25.—After a visit along with my cousin, Mrs. Fergerson, to my son Fred, we drove to Blooming Valley Cemetery, to once again look upon Eliza's resting place, as well as those of other of our kindred. On her grave I left a single flower as a simple token of remembrance from one who will ever hold her in blessed memory. From here we drove to the County Farm, where we had a pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Cutshall, who showed us over the well-kept farm and surroundings; then, after thanking them for their hospitality and kindness, we returned to Mr. R. A. Fergerson's, four miles west of Meadville.

Sunday, April 26.—This forenoon I attended church at Watson's Run (Reformed Church), and heard a good practical sermon from Rev. D. H. Leader, his text being Revelations ii: 17. Afterward I went into the Brown Hill Cemetery, which is beautifully situated in the rear of the church on the slope of a hill, and with some friends visited the grave of John Curry, who had died July 13, 1890, when but sixteen years of age, much lamented by many who regarded him as a noble boy. The afternoon I spent with my uncle, Robert Morehead, who, as I have already stated, is in his ninetieth year and quite feeble; on the following day I came home to make preparations

for my trip to Warren County, Penn., on business matters, and to visit friends, a journey that I have been wishing to make ever since my return home from the West last January.



April 28.—I set off on my journey on foot, as my object was to make the trip across the county, traveling by rail when convenient; moreover I have long since learned that walking is one of the best of exercises, if not the very best, in a hygienic point of view, as it in various ways tends to promote health and vigor, without which earth loses its attractions and we our ambition. About noon, after a few calls on friends *en route*, I found myself at Townville, about twelve miles from my starting point, and here received a kind welcome from relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arnold, and others. From there I proceeded on my way, in company with my kinsman, Mr. Phillips, who drove me part of the way to my aunt's, and the night I spent with my friend, Mr. Harrison Sutton.

On Wednesday I had a business call and several other tarryings on my way to Tryonville, where I would have remained longer than I did, had I not been obliged to hasten on my journey. Here I found old schoolmates and scholars, relatives and friends, all to be visited within the space of a few hours. I passed the night under the hospitable roof of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sturgis, and next morning I was favored with the company of their only son, Ira, a young man, as far as Titusville (a seven-mile walk), traveling by way of the farm place of Omri Goodwill, whom I was desirous of visiting, and who, I found, was building a new house. The four hours I could spare in Titusville I spent well, making several calls and meeting quite a number of friends, from some

of whom I heard about others in the West and elsewhere all helpful, I trust, to each of us: *As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man*—glad to meet. Taking train at 3 p. m., I was soon in Grand Valley, and then about a four-mile walk brought me to Sanford, where Cyrus Brown lives. Here I was a welcome visitor, and glad indeed was I to see them again, and enjoy their friendship. The weather hereabouts has been very dry for several weeks back, and fires had to be put out in places where they were doing damage. On the Goodwill Hill, where there are many oil wells and buildings in connection, I understand they were paying hands fifty cents per hour to fight the fires and protect property. While at Mr. Brown's, an aged neighbor, Mr. Danford Van Guilder, called in to have a chat; he once lived near us, but I had not seen him for many years.

My next calls, as I continued my journey, were on Mr. Brown's son-in-law, Mr. Wilson, and on my cousin, Horace Goodwill, who met with a misfortune March 26, 1891, in having his house and part of his furniture destroyed by fire. There was no insurance, but with characteristic energy Mr. Goodwill immediately rebuilt, and when I was there his new home was fast nearing completion. From there, in the afternoon, I went to see a Mr. Hutchison, an old acquaintance; thence walked a mile or two farther on, to the railroad station at Newton, where I took a train for Garland (my first visit there), especially to see my venerable aunt, Phebe Goodwill, who is living with her youngest son, Albert. Her health, although she is in her eightieth year, is remarkably good just now, better, in fact, than it has been of late. I here remained until Saturday morning, when I journeyed on by train to Corry, where, at the depot, I met my friend, Rev. J. A. Parsons, at one time pastor at Saegertown and

Blooming Valley. After a call on my friend, Rev. A. S. Goodrich, I walked out about five miles to see my niece, Mrs. Julia Brennesholtz (*nee* Masiker) and her husband, who live on their fifty-acre farm. After her father died, Julia came to live with us September 20, 1863, she being then in her twelfth year. She has now been married about seventeen years, and I do not think I have seen her or her husband since 1884, when they paid us a visit.

When some two miles on my way to their home I stopped at the State Fishery, to rest and enjoy the pleasant sights there—numerous ponds, stocked with a variety of delicious fish, such as brook trout, etc.; there was also a pleasant grove of pines, in a portion of which were an enclosure for fowls and a hatching or incubating house; but fish culture is the main purpose of the institution. After an hour's rest and writing in my diary, I continued my walk to Mr. and Mrs. Brennesholtz', where on my arrival I met with a most cordial greeting; indeed the happiness of the meeting and enjoyment of the visit were equally divided among us. I then walked back to South Corry, and met Mr. Goodrich at his appointment—Sunday-school and preaching. He and myself were Sabbath-school scholars together at the old State Road Church more than forty-five years ago, Charles Breed being our teacher; and here, now, in Corry to spend a Sabbath in each other's company was, indeed, a feast of pleasure.

Sunday, May 3.—According to promise, I went to North Corry M. E. Church in the forenoon, arriving before Sunday-school hour, and as Greenwood Cemetery, a beautiful "City of the Dead," some ten acres in extent, lies just opposite the church, I took, in company with a gentleman whose name I do not now remember, a meditative stroll through its silent streets. Sunday-school, however, soon called me back, the services of which were

most interesting, and at the close I was asked to address a few words to the meeting, which I did with a hearty assent. The sermon afterward (in the regular service), which was preached by Mr. Goodrich, was very helpful to me, and my heart was made glad as I listened to his eloquent appeal to his hearers to listen to Gospel truths. His text was from Zechariah viii: 23: *We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you.* A truly grand subject, significant in its interpretation, expressive and impressive in its very simplicity. In the afternoon I accompanied Mr. Goodrich to his afternoon appointment at Carter Hill, a small town about six miles from Corry, where were also held Sabbath-school and service, in the former of which I was privileged to take my seat in the Bible class among my relatives—my niece and her husband. The subject Mr. Goodrich chose for his regular sermon was “Friendship,” and I do not remember of having ever heard a more sympathetic and edifying discourse. The remainder of the afternoon Mr. Goodrich and I passed at the home of my nephew and niece, and in the evening we drove back to Corry (calling, on the way, on a sick lady, Sister Staples), arriving in time to attend service at South M. E. Church, where Rev. J. A. Parsons preached from Psalm lxxxiv: 10: *For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.* A good sermon to close a blessed, profitable, wholesome Sabbath day, shared with Christian friends, and crowned with many favors from the Lord, which seemed to increase in blessings as the day sped in its flight from morn to night.

May 4.—In the morning, before leaving, I was shown through Mr. Goodrich’s new house, adjoining his own pleasant residence, and which I understand he is build-

ing for his son-in-law; then made a farewell call on Rev. J. A. Parsons who lives near by, and, just before taking train for my return trip home, I met an old friend in the person of Mr. Henry Thursting, who greeted me very kindly. The "steam-horse" was not long in taking me to Meadville, and I arrived at my Blooming Valley home on Monday evening, well and thankful for safe return. From my cousin, S. Phillips, at whose place I tarried on my way from Meadville, I learned of the illness, death and funeral of Lovina Ellis, whom I had known from her childhood. Our friends pass away, one by one, and the evening of life comes to all. But there is a Better Land where comes no eventide, and where the night is as clear as the day.

"The day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;
O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou,
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now,
Where Thou art present darkness can not be,
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

"The weary world is moldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide."



May 5.—Yesterday Old Father Winter must have returned for something he had left behind, perhaps his overcoat, when taking his departure several weeks ago, judging by the snow-storm we had, the iciness of the breeze and the two inches of snow found mantling the

ground this morning, but which by nine o'clock was being fast thawed into geniality 'neath Old Sol's cheering smile. Fruit trees—apples, pears, plums and peaches—are now in bloom, and this chilly weather is anything but beneficial to them.

May 7.—Went to Meadville on business, and while there called at Mr. S. C. Derby's, where I learned that the daughter, Ennice Derby, had been married to Lewis Duvall,* and to the young couple I offered my best congratulations; also called on an old friend who lives on College Hill, Mrs. Jane Adams, whom I have known many years, and who I was sorry to learn had been a suffering invalid since last fall, her friends even despairing of her recovery. I also made a short visit with an aged couple, Rev. Morrison and his wife, the former of whom is in his eighty-third year, and nearly blind. After kindly greetings he said to me: "Brother Francis Waid, I never expected to meet you again here; but I remember you and your wife, and of the time I used to visit you; I thought you were such good, earnest Christians. I have often thought of you; how glad I am to meet you again." He then inquired about the church, and how we were getting along, in many other ways making my visit very agreeable and interesting. This good, honored, venerable couple have two sons living, both ministers in the South, and had one daughter, Mary, who died about two years ago. On my return home I thought of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. David Roberts, who live near here, and whose son, Emery, I visited while at Lawrence, Kas., last December. Accordingly, I set out and soon found myself

*The wedding was on Wednesday evening, May 6th, at the home of the bride's parents. They said had they known I was at home I would have been invited, as I was a home friend of theirs, a boarder and long acquaintance. This I appreciated as renewing friendship, for I would always rather add two friends to the list than lose one.

at their cosy home. The road thither leads to Hatch Hill, and the scenery on either side is enchantingly beautiful. Nature seeming to smile her sweetest in her graceful garb of modest maiden springtime.

Farm after farm, as I passed them. I looked on with delight: orchards in bloom, fields with verdure clad, here and there herds of cattle and flocks of sheep—all gladdening to a farmer's heart, even though all his lifetime accustomed to such refreshing scenes. My visit with Mr. and Mrs. Roberts and their son, Armitage, was both enjoyable and profitable, and of Mr. Roberts himself I must say that I look upon him as a thorough farmer, a good citizen and a Christian man, his helpmeet a Christian woman.

May 8.—Visited my neighbor, Newton S. Chase, who lives one mile south of us, and I found all the family and help busy at work, both within doors and out on the farm, which bore every evidence of prosperity. It was the source of much enjoyment to me to look over the fine farm, ascend the gentle slopes of the hillsides, luxuriate in the valley beside the living stream of crystal water that ran there, or cool myself among the shady maple trees or in the orchard. As Mr. Chase owns a large portion of the Harris Farm, of which my eldest son, Franklin, bought the remaining thirty acres recently, he accompanied me over it, and I now looked upon it with perhaps greater interest than ever before. Our love for our children leads us to know what they have and do: and what parent is not pleased to see them do well? We visit a great deal sometimes in a few hours, indeed, a good visit does not always depend on the amount of time devoted to it. So ended a truly pleasant visit, and as we said "good-bye," my friends' "come again" brought from me the responsive "Our latch-

string is always out, come any time." All genuine, unsophisticated rural friendship!

Sunday, May 10.—It is ever pleasant and desirable to be among Christian people on the Sabbath day. My friends are all, so far as I know, kind to me, and I have a desire to reciprocate in some measure by being good to them, for I appreciate their kindness. Dr. T. C. Beach, of the M. E. Church, in giving his testimony for Christ in the class room, to-day, said: "I am satisfied with Christ." But, *is He with me?*—A very important question, and it does me good as I consider and reconsider it, and make a study of it with my friends and for my friends, for I love in this connection to remember their interests as well as my own.

A beautiful Sabbath morning dawned on Meadville, and there seemed to be nothing vile but man. I am this day privileged to worship my Maker in the company of honored friends—Charles Slocum, for one (the playmate of my childhood), as well as his brother, Emery, and wife, from Ohio, whom I had not met for years. How glad I was to meet them and accompany them to the M. E. Church to listen to the excellent sermon delivered by Dr. Beach, whose text was 2 Peter i: 5, 6, 7! I have listened in my lifetime to not a few good sermons that have fed my soul, and helped me in divine life, and this forenoon's discourse was one of them, for it was as manna to my hungry soul. Then the class meeting (led by Brother Reed Coder, who was converted at State Road Church revivals held in the winter of 1850-51) increased my satisfaction. After the sermon I shook hands with the good pastor, remarking that I had been "feasting on spiritual food," to which he replied: "Then you had faith." Well, I think it is a blessed privilege to come in contact with those who

have more faith than we ourselves have. His presence in the class room cheered us. How good it is to dwell in unity and love!

In the afternoon Charles Slocum accompanied me to Greendale Cemetery, where we viewed many of the graves of friends and relatives. Among the monuments there stands an attractive one erected by the students of Allegheny College to the memory of President John Barker, a man whom I always loved, and from whose Christian teaching and example I learned much. The inscription on this monument reads as follows:

Rev. John Barker.

BORN IN THE EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND,

MARCH 17, 1813:

DIED FEBRUARY 26, 1860.

In the evening I heard Hon. A. B. Richmond lecture, in Psychological Hall, Meadville, on the question, "Is Spiritualism a religion?" the lecturer's arguments being on the affirmative side.

May 11.—In the afternoon I attended the funeral of an old friend, Mrs. Adam Morris, who passed away in her seventy-fourth year, the death of whose husband, Adam Morris, is mentioned at page 232, SECOND SOUVENIR. Mrs. Morris had of late been living with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, near Waterford, Erie Co., Penn., and her funeral was from the Wilson school-house, in our township, to the Long Cemetery, myself being one of the pall-bearers; Rev. H. McClintock officiated, as he also did on the occasion of Mr. Morris' funeral. From the cemetery I went to Saegertown, to visit my friend, Mr. G. Floyd, who is in rather poor health at present.

On the following day I paid another visit to the County Farm to see Mr. and Mrs. George Cutshall, superintendent and matron, respectively, of the Alms House; then as I came through Germantown I called on my recently married niece, Jennie, my brother George's youngest daughter, my first visit there since her marriage. Other relatives and friends I also dropped in to say "good-day" to, among them being my near neighbor, Mr. Miller, who has been so long ill, and whose wife, Sarah, was badly injured last Saturday by being thrown from a buggy at the bridge across Woodcock Creek, while driving along with her son. In the house I found the daughter, Mrs. James Titus, and daughter-in-law, Mrs. George Miller, kindly caring for the aged couple in their affliction. In the evening I dropped in to see Mr. Jay Harris and Mr. Rider, at both of whose homes I was pleasantly entertained, particularly by Mr. Harris and his musical family.

May 15.—To-day the new large bank barn, 46x64 feet in dimensions, part two stories and part three stories in height, was raised on the place where my son, Franklin L., now lives, and known as the Goodrich Farm. There was plenty of help, though farmers are pretty busy, about fifty being present, forty three of whom sat down to dinner, ten remaining after 3 P. M. to complete some of the work. The hand of the diligent not only maketh rich, but doeth a great deal of labor! What a number of barn raisings, besides other buildings, and "bees" did my father and his family help on in days past! And now to his grandchildren the labor is being returned. No one can say, truly, that a kind act is never rewarded. *It pays to do good.* No farmer can raise a crop without sowing the seed, unless it be the crop of idleness, that bringeth shame.

Sunday, May 17.—I attended State Street M. E.

Church, this forenoon, and heard a good sermon from our pastor, Rev. J. H. Lavery, the subject being "Liberality," and the text, 2 Corinthians ix: 13. In the afternoon Mr. Derby accompanied me to the funeral of Dr. C. M. Yates, an old citizen of Meadville. He had recently been living at Baltimore, Md., where he died at the advanced age of eighty-eight years, and his body was brought to Meadville for interment in Greendale Cemetery, the services being conducted by Rev. Rogers Israel, pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church (Christ Church), under the auspices of the Freemasons. In the evening my friend and I attended the Baptist Church, where we listened to Rev. W. H. Marshall's exposition of the narrative about Joseph's first imprisonment.

May 20.—To-day, at their home in Guy's Mills, was celebrated the "Silver Wedding" of Charles and Nancy Wygant, and as a matter of course I was one of the many who were present, walking all the way, some seven miles, in preference to driving. They were married May 20, 1866, by Rev. Eberman, in State Road M. E. Church; and I remember (for I was present at this wedding) that on the same day, at our church, Rev. James Wygant, Charles' father, married Homer Elsworth and his bride. The guests at this silver wedding were numerous and happy, "a right merrie companie," as our great-grandparents would have called it, and about each of the seven ages of man were represented—from childhood to senility. They enjoyed a rich repast, fine music (both vocal and instrumental), stirring speeches—in short, "had a good old-fashioned time," and at the close each returned to his or her home in a very happy mood. For myself, I left Mr. Wygant's about 4 p. m., and proceeded to Mr. P. M. Cutshall's, some three miles from Guy's Mills, where I made a brief visit, and then concluded my homeward journey.

May 21, 22, 23.—Sweet, refreshing showers have come to us, most welcome to the parched soil and thirsty growth of the land, so much in need of the reviving influence of rain. All nature seems to praise the Lord, and why should not man join in the glad song, and the tribute of His praise prolong?

We have no tears Thou wilt not dry;
 We have no wounds Thou wilt not heal;
 No sorrows pierce our human hearts
 That Thou, dear Father, dost not feel.
 Thy pity like the dew distils,
 And Thy compassion, like the light,
 Our every morning overfills,
 And crowns with stars our every night."



Sunday, May 24.—This forenoon I attended the First Presbyterian Church, Rev. K. C. Hays, pastor; text from 1 John iii: 2: *We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.* In the afternoon C. R. Slocum accompanied me to a temperance meeting held in the First M. E. Church; address by Mrs. M. B. Ross, of Cambridgeboro, Penn., president of the W. C. T. U., and sketches of temperance workers, by Miss Warner—noble women in the cause. Then, in the evening, in the same M. E. Church, were held the Memorial Services of the G. A. R., a very large audience being assembled, who attentively listened, I will venture to say, to one of the most interesting and eloquent discourses they ever had the pleasure of hearing. Rev. W. H. Marshall, of the Baptist Church, Meadville, who delivered it, chose for his text the exhortation of Paul the Apostle to Timothy, to do the duty of a faithful servant of the Lord: *Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.* What a practical lesson was drawn from this text, and how faithfully was it

set forth by the reverend lecturer! It seemed to me like scattering seed on good ground, and I pray that what fell on my heart may bear fruit abundantly in Christ's name.

May 26.—As we were requiring about 40,000 shingles to cover the new barn my son is building, I accompanied him and his hired man, with two teams, to Little Cooley, where I purchased of Mr. Thomas F. Smith, at his saw and shingle mill, 40,000 good pine shingles—8,000 shaved, 32,000 sawed. I think it was in 1848 that my father built our horse barn, and well do I remember working on it, the following incident coming fresh to my memory: My brother, Lyman, and Justus Goodwill took the Masiker girls, Jane and Eliza, to the circus and menagerie, then exhibiting in Meadville, while I remained behind to help shingle the barn, a something in our experiences that my first wife and I often spoke of afterward. This old barn was built of durable material, the original roof, never resingled, being yet sound, proof enough that my honest friend, Thomas F. Smith, manufactures good shingles, and I told him so to-day, which gratified him as much as it pleased me. We loaded up our shingles in good shape, and started for home, stopping, near Cooley, at the farm home of my nephew Orlando Waid, with whom I had some business, and as he was raising his bank barn, 30x40 feet in size, we were in good season to give him, along with my brother who was there also, a lift on part of the basement story. Then, continuing on our way homeward with our loads, we halted at New Richmond to see a relative, Mrs. Silas Clark, who has been an invalid from dropsy several years, and is now very poorly indeed. As I shook hands with her and introduced my son, she said: "Franklin, I have not seen you since you were married," which somewhat surprised me; how time does fly! "What! he was married March 15, 1877, and you have

not seen one another since!" So we pursue the journey of life, some of us only meeting friends a few times here below. Starting our teams once more, we made direct for home, only halting a brief space to see my uncle, Horace Waid, and make a passing call in Blooming Valley.

May 28.—Just thirty-seven years ago to-day my twin brother Franklin died, but his memory yet lives. We journeyed life together a little over twenty-one years, and much of our joint experience has been, figuratively speaking, written in indelible ink, that never can be effaced from the tablets of my memory.

May 29.—There died this morning an old citizen of Blooming Valley (a resident since 1865), in the person of Mr. J. T. Odell, aged eighty years; funeral on Sunday at 2 P. M.; services at the M. E. Church. The road tax in our district is now being worked, my son, Fred, being pathmaster, and as our new road machine, a scraper, called "Western Reversible," seems to work very well, we will likely have even better roads than usual, although, for a long time back, our township road, from Blooming Valley (State Road) to the Mead Township line, nearly a mile, has been really good. Clean roads please the farmer, and speed the traveler on his way, and as we ruralists like to see clean streets in cities or towns when we visit them, so townspeople, when they come out to see Nature's garden, and inhale the sweet breath of Heaven, delight in rambling along neat, well-kept roads. "In rural life," says Washington Irving, "there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences." This is what gives the charm to country life, and nothing can detract from it save ragged-looking roads, dilapidated fences, and ill-kept farms.

May 30, DECORATION DAY.—A year ago to-day I was in Cleveland, Ohio, attending the dedication of the Garfield Monument, and to-day I enjoy the pleasure of spending Decoration Day in Meadville, visiting Greendale Cemetery, beautifully decorated with flowers and little flags, loving tributes to the memory of our silent heroes. In the afternoon a large concourse of people, including Peifer Post, G. A. R., was assembled to listen to the excellent address delivered by Rev. Dr. T. C. Beach, of the First M. E. Church, who was introduced to the audience with a few remarks by Dr. T. L. Flood. In honoring the memory of the brave soldiers who bled and died to save our Union from dismemberment, we must not forget to honor the good God who has given to the world a Christian land like ours.

Sunday, May 31.—I attended two funerals to-day, services for both being held in the M. E. Church, Blooming Valley. The first one (in the forenoon) was that of a child of Mr. and Mr. Leonard Smith, nearly five years old; sermon by Rev. V. F. Duncle, pastor; text Job xxxvii: 21: *And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds; but the wind passeth and cleanseth them*; the interment took place in the Smith Cemetery. How very dark it is here sometimes amidst our afflictions! And yet to the believer, to the true Christian, how radiant and resplendent appears everything beyond the conflicts of this life! He can realize how graciously God in His mercy deals with us here that we may be saved. The other funeral (in the afternoon) was that of J. T. Odell, whose death I have already referred to; sermon by Rev. W. H. Farrault, of Saegertown; text 2 Corinthians v: 8: *We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord*. At the cemetery, Blooming Valley, I observed that Eliza's grave had

been decorated the previous day by kind hands, showing that her memory yet lives in warm hearts other than my own.* “Sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced.”

June 3.—Among other letters I received one to-day from Bishop Willard F. Mallalieu, of New Orleans, the third I have been favored with from him, and I have to thank him for the interest he takes in my welfare in presenting an earnest appeal for aid toward the endowment of eight professorships in the medical college at New Orleans. I here give copy of the letter:

NEW ORLEANS, LA., May 29, 1891.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Yours of April 10 is now before me. The book has also been received, for which please accept my thanks. I have looked it through with interest—it is a *SOUVENIR* indeed! I shall place it in the library of the New Orleans University, where I trust it may remain for many years and generations. I am glad to know that God blessed you at Oil City Conference. It was a glorious season. I trust all our Conferences may be like it, only better and better as the years go on. I send with this a slip which will give you an idea of what I am trying to do. I want to endow eight professorships in our medical college. It will take \$10,000 to endow any one of them. I wish you would take one, and give it your family name, or your own name in full. If you really desire to *do good* there is no better chance. The people for whom I plead are very poor, and have few friends. I hope God will put it into your heart to do what I ask. In this way, and for Christ's sake, you can visit the sick. It will be a better and more enduring monument than marble or bronze.

Very truly yours,

W. F. MALLALIEU.

I quote one sentence from the “slip” spoken of by the Bishop as enclosed to me: “*Never from its portals shall any one be excluded on account of race, color, religion or sex.*” I confess I am glad to have had this matter brought to my notice, and am anxious to give the subject careful consideration, with the hope that with God's assistance I may arrive at a wise conclusion.

* I want to say, *the Lord bless them.*

June 5.—The boys (my sons) and myself have been as “busy as bees,” my own work consisting in mowing the door-yards, etc., whitewashing some pear and ornamental trees and shrubs, helping shingle, to-day, Franklin’s new barn, and, while the scaffolding was being removed, I finished trimming and scraping the apple trees in the orchard* (Goodrich Farm). Then after all this was done, boy-like I wanted to do not only a little more but something by which this day might be remembered; so I held a sort of formal opening of the New Barn by taking the wheelbarrow and putting in a load of old hay, and another of new-mown (cut to-day), remarking, as I did so, to my sons and others: “You can remember who put in the first hay into the new barn.” And yet this was not so much for the sake of my son as for his children (my four little grandchildren), something that some of them might perchance remember and interpret, when I am gone, as a simple lesson in industry and carefulness. While I was engaged in mowing, a passing neighbor said to me: “I saw you do that forty years ago when working with your uncle, William Morehead, on your father’s farm, and you have not yet forgot how!” “No,” I replied, “I enjoy it now, and am glad I am able to continue in the business. I want to mow the door-yards for the boys, and help do the hand-mowing, trimming and so forth with the scythe.”

June 6.—Came to Meadville on business, and in the evening went to see my uncle and other relatives in Vernon, four miles west of the town, remaining till Monday. During my visit my cousin, R. A. Ferguson, accompanied me to Geneva, and I had the pleasure of calling on an old schoolmate, David Smith, whom I do not remember

* The job of pruning the three orchards for the boys I began several weeks ago, and was really glad to finish it.

having met in many years; also saw his brother Peter, another schoolmate, and ere we left Geneva my cousin and I made yet another call on Mr. Harrison, a distant relative whom I have wished to see many years. While at Mr. Fergerson's I paid a visit to his father-in-law, Mr. John Curry, now nearly four-score years old, and very unwell at present; also saw my uncle, living near by, who is in his ninetieth year. On my way home on Monday, and while in Meadville, my cousin, S. Phillips, informed me of the death of his son's wife, which occurred that same morning at her sister's in Hancock, whither she and her husband, Leslie Phillips, had recently gone on account of her failing health. The funeral and services were held at Port Jarvis, N. Y., her former home. It is only a few weeks ago since I saw her, for the last time, at her father-in-law's house, but she was quite ill then, so her demise was not altogether unexpected. She was a most estimable, Christian woman. Our house, the "Old Home," is being repainted white, blinds green, just as it was first painted by my father in 1815; and I wish to help my son and the painter, Mr. Albion Bowman, on that, as I do on everything else about the place, for I do not want to be called a "retired farmer," while health, strength and courage remain to me. It is surely a pardonable pride that prompts me to say that I can still do farm labor, shingle, paint or look for a job at any other kind of work I can do. How good, indeed, it is for us if we can but labor and be contented within the limits of our occupations, making ourselves useful at whatever we can do.

June 11.—I went to-day to assist at the raising of Mr. David Roberts' bank barn (44x52), to me a pleasant duty, and there was a good turn-out, plenty of help—over sixty at dinner (I think), and more to follow to lend a

willing hand in the afternoon. Leaving Mr. Roberts' place,* I proceeded to Meadville, where I received my mail, and one letter, from my cousin, Frank Simmons, brought me the sad news of the death of Mrs. Martha Cobb, which occurred at 6 o'clock this morning. Another communication was bright and sunshiny—an invitation to a wedding, as follows: "Mrs. C. A. Wheeler requests your presence at the marriage of her daughter, Mertie Maud, to Albert E. Sherman, June 24, 1891, at eight o'clock, at her residence, No. 340 Footes Avenue, Jamestown, N. Y." During my short stay in Meadville I called on Mr. S. Phillips, where I met a relative, Miss Clara Arnold, of Townsville, Penn., who had been residing about six months in East Tennessee, for the benefit of her health, and was on her way home; also had a brief visit at C. R. Slocum's.

June 13.—Am in Jamestown, N. Y., having come to attend the funeral of my cousin, Mrs. Martha Cobb, announced for to-morrow, Sunday, but which, for some reason, took place to-day, before my arrival. Mrs. Cobb was born May 2, 1833, so was just nine days younger than myself. Rev. A. C. Ellis, pastor of the M. E. Church at Jamestown, officiated at the funeral. The electric street railway is now opened in Jamestown, and one can ride to Dexterville or the boat landing in a magnificently-appointed car, propelled by the mystic force of electricity. I understand the road to Lakewood, five miles, will soon be completed, at which time Jamestown will be able to boast of ten or twelve miles of electric railway.

Sunday, June 14.—Attended the Episcopal Church at Jamestown along with Vernon Wheeler and his sister,

*I would here say that Mr. Roberts has now one of the best barns in this section of the county; but he is noted for doing things well. There are larger barns, but this seems a model one.

Gertie; afterward, while on my way to Mr. Simmons', I stepped into the M. E. Church, where were being held "Children's Day" services, which I much enjoyed; then went with Mr. Simmons to look at the new Baptist Church, not yet quite completed, so they are holding services in the Sunday-school, and I found it was also "Children's Day" there. At 3 P.M. I attended the laying of the foundation stone of the Swedish Church; thence went to the cemetery to view the last resting place of Mrs. Martha Cobb and of Uncle and Aunt Simmons, whereon have recently been placed tombstones. A call in the evening on Mr. Hezekiah Williams closed this summer Sabbath day.

June 16.—Left Jamestown yesterday evening for Union City, where I remained over night with my friend J. Housenick, and this morning, being most desirous of attending the raising of Mr. George Hamilton's barn, I took train for Saegertown, whence I walked to the County Farm, one and one-half miles, as I wished to see my brother-in-law and his wife; thence walked to my home, about four and one-half miles, in the heat of the day, changed my clothes, had dinner and was off to the barn-raising. My three sons were all busy at Little Cooley, baling hay, but my daughters-in-law, Maggie and Minnie, had gone to the "bee" before I reached home, so they were helpful to us by assisting Mrs. Hamilton, along with other willing women workers, in getting ready the meals etc. It was an all-day raising, as the barn was 45x96 feet, requiring from forty-five to fifty hands, besides women and children, and so I was late in getting to the spot; but, as some one present remarked, the Waids were "well represented," as there were present my brother, G. N., and his sons, also my nephew, Nick P., besides my daughters-in-law and myself.

Sunday, June 21.—Having come to Meadville yester-

day on business, as I usually do on Saturdays, I remained over night at Mr. Derby's, having heard that the Memorial services for Mrs. Estella Phillips would be held to-day in the Baptist Church, and I wished to attend. With several members of the Phillips family I accordingly went to the church, and I am truly glad I did so, as the services were impressive and touching in the extreme. The good pastor, Rev. W. H. Marshall, chose for his text Revelations xiv: 13: *And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them;* and in his sermon he spoke most feelingly of the deceased; of her exemplary life; of her uniting with the church at Port Jervis, N. Y., and being baptized at the age of about fifteen, over a score of years ago. The bereaved husband has the sympathy of all, but what blessed consolation must come in the thought that his wife, Estella, left the world *a Christian*, to dwell in the house of the Lord forever—*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.*

In the afternoon I went to "Children's Day" service at the M. E. African Church, where an interesting programme was well carried out, at the close of which I, as a visitor, was called upon to say a few words to the children, which I did, and afterward in a little more substantial manner aided their cause by doubling the collection, making the gross amount \$3.14. Then a vote of thanks for my visit, and an invitation to "come again" closed the happy proceedings. In the evening I attended the First M. E. Church, where Rev. Dr. Moore, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, delivered an eloquent sermon for the benefit of the Allegheny College Young Men's Christian Association, the subject being John, the

Baptist, in prison, and Christ on His mission on earth, preaching the doctrine of everlasting life.

June 23.—Yesterday my uncle Robert Morehead (now, as already related, nearly ninety years old) and his daughter came to visit me, and glad I was of it, for I was wishing to have him come and see me once more before I take my departure for the West. After supper I drove my uncle to Blooming Valley, in order to make a call on my niece, Mrs. Iowa Joslin, and after a short interview we returned home, having enjoyed a very pleasant drive. This morning we called on our nearest neighbor, Mrs. Mary Kiser, who is a few months older than my uncle, and has been in failing health for a long time. Paid visits to the homes of my other two sons; drove down to the County Farm to give our regards to Julia, a relative; then called on my brother, and afterward on my nephew Nick P., where we had supper before returning homeward, when I drove him to Blooming Valley, whither his daughter had gone to see Mr. Ploof, a relative. Thus ended what to me was a memorable visit, one recalling pleasant old-time associations, not unmixed with regretful remembrances; for as my aged relative and I viewed the old home of my boyhood and earlier manhood, and chatted about the days of long ago, my life history seemed to pass before me like a moving panoramic view, bright and gloomy scenes alternately passing before my mental eye—here a ray of joy, there a cloud of sorrow; here a noontide radiance, there a midnight darkness, till I found my thoughts unconsciously dwelling on my dead wife, and wandering away to the beautiful valley of Eden;

“ Beautiful valley of Eden!
 Sweet is thy noontide calm;
 Over the hearts of the weary,
 Breathing thy waves of balm.

“ Over the heart of the mourner
 Shineth thy golden day,
 Wafting the songs of the angels
 Down from the far away.

“ Beautiful valley of Eden,
 Home of the pure and blessed!
 How oft’ amid the wild billows
 I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!”



June 24.—The last time I went to Jamestown, N. Y., was to attend the funeral of Martha Cobb; to-day my mission thither is a happier one—to be present at the wedding of Albert Sherman and Mertie M. Wheeler, in accordance with the invitation I had received. The ceremony was performed in the evening by Rev. E. B. Burrows, in the presence of a large attendance of relatives and friends, representing nearly every season of life from the bud of childhood to the mellow fruit of old age. Among those present, some of whom I never met before, and others not for years, I might mention Mrs. Addie Ogden, from Olean, N. Y.; Chan. Colt and wife, and his brother Henry, from near Brocton, N. Y.*; Miss Lorinda Wheeler, Mrs. Stratton and Mrs. John Childs, aunts of the bride, all three living in our own county.

Early next morning, after a call on Mr. Colt, I returned to Meadville, a little late, to attend Allegheny College Commencement (class of '91) exercises, held in the First M. E. Church, and of which the following is a copy of the programme:

* Henry and Chan. Colt are brothers of Frank Colt, with whom the bride, Mertie Maud (Wheeler), her mother, Gertie and Verner have lived many years.

PROGRAMME.

MUSIC, ORCHESTRA.

PRAYER.

Immigration,	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>R. T. Adams.</i>
The New Republic,	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Howard A. Couse.</i>
Experience as a Factor in Life,	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>C. C. Freeman.</i>

MUSIC, ORCHESTRA.

Is War a Relic of the Past?	-	-	-	-	-	<i>John A. Gibson.</i>
The Ends we Seek,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Gertrude V. Household.</i>
The Philosopher of Rotterdam,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Charles L. Howe.</i>

MUSIC, ORCHESTRA.

Russian Nihilism,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Clarence F. Ross.</i>
The Woman of the Twentieth Century,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mary Warner.</i>
"The Grand Old Man,"	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Homer D. Whitfield.</i>
"Human Equation,"	-	-	-	-	-	<i>William W. Youngson.</i>

MUSIC, ORCHESTRA.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

Everything connected with these exercises passed off surpassingly well, and I would that space permitted me to dwell on them more fully. I can not speak too highly of President Wheeler's address to the "Class of '91," numbering twenty-nine members, coming from many States. I believe it surpassed anything of the kind I had ever heard—so rich was it, so rare, so full of good things overflowing with noble encouragements and lasting benedictions. All the numbers on the programme were finely rendered, and the audience returned to their homes more than favorably impressed with the day's proceedings.

June 27.—This morning I spent several hours working in the old garden wherein, no doubt, my twin brother and myself did some little child-work half a century ago. But it is more of those who taught me by their example how to love labor—my parents—that I am reminded—on the farm in general, of my father; in the garden, in particular, of my mother, for while she was young, or in middle life, yes, or even during the last year of her pilgrim-

age on earth, when seventy-seven years of age, she would be found diligently working in this same old garden where now I find myself with hoe in hand, assisted by my daughter-in-law, Annie, Guinnip's wife, and their four-year-old daughter, Edna, both industrious to the great discomfiture of the weeds, my little granddaughter very enthusiastic over her modicum. So here I have work and pleasure combined, everything to be thankful for, and in my heart I sing for very joy.

After dinner the barn-raising on the farm of Edmond Ellis,* a friend and neighbor, gave me some more pleasant work. This structure, which in 35x45 feet, was originally built thirty-five years ago on what is known as the Wilks Farm, and Edmond and his father, Clark Ellis, undertook to move and repair the same, but before they got it completed a storm came and blew the barn down, reducing it to a perfect wreck. It was no small job to sort out the ruin and rebuild, so when all was ready for the raising I was only too glad to give what assistance I could. It was heavy work, for the timber used in building barns years ago was much heavier than nowadays, but there were plenty of willing hands and the job of putting the frame up was completed before supper, after which I walked (in company with Mr. Ephraim Williams, carpenter, who was overseer of the work) to Meadville where I remained, as usual, over Sunday. Brother Williams was formerly a member of State Road M. E. Church, and lived here many years before going to Meadville. No wonder I loved him as a Christian brother and could enjoy a walk and chat five miles with him when our day's work was done!

* I am told Mr. Clark Ellis attended the first barn-raising thirty-five years ago, and some others who helped at the raising then were present. Mr. Ellis was (I understand) fifty-two on the day of the barn-raising.

Sunday, June 28.—Attended the Second Presbyterian Church, where I heard an excellent sermon from the lips of Dr. D. H. Wheeler, president of Allegheny College, who is filling the appointment here at present, Dr. Edwards, the regular pastor, being in poor health. The text, Matthew xi: 28: *Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest*, was ably interpreted by the learned Doctor who not only *made* but also *left* a lasting impression on his attentive hearers. As for my individual self, I had labored all the week, and was tired in body and weary in mind, much in need of rest and spiritual food, and here I found both. My soul was refreshed and blessed with the words of the text, and the invitation and promises held out to the weary. I had found what was wanting—rest, peace, life and salvation, the fruits of the spirit, joy and gladness—and I went forth from the church, a thankful Christian, to continue life's journey with renewed vigor and all the more zeal as yet other words of comfort came to my thoughts: *Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am weak and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy and my burden is light.* Ever the same good soul-reviving old story.

“Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

“Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.”



June 30.—There are certain things we cling to more or less tenaciously as we pass our days on earth, for instance, life, home, friends and our earlier day associations; we cling to the business that brings us our daily bread; we cling to property that we may have something against a “rainy day,” something to help us when old age or sickness comes to us—something to help our children, something to do good with. So there are many things to which we cling, for we, every one of us, need support now, and assuredly will all the more in the future. But what is the best thing to cling to most tenaciously? what is the best to choose? what best pays? what brings us the largest income as our days and years go on? What is the best inheritance we can leave our children? Not wealth, but *a good name, a Christian character.*

Such were my thoughts this morning as I was reading a chapter from the Book of Books, and I found my answer to all these questions as ready as it is simple—*Cling to the Bible, cling to the Truth, cling to Christ.* O what support, what comfort, what peace and satisfaction there is in building on the one sure foundation! How I love to peruse the pages of that good old Book! I do not know how often the word “blessed” occurs in the Bible, but I do know that I love that single word as used in the good Book and pronounced by Christ in His sermon on the Mount, so many times especially in the first twelve verses of Matthew v, where it occurs no less than nine times. I love that portion of this ever-memorable sermon so much that I have committed it to writing in my Diary, words I learned at Sunday-school when a child, and now, over fifty years later, are bringing me comfort, peace and a prospect of Heaven.

1. And seeing the multitude, He went up into a mountain; and when He was set His disciples came unto Him.

2. And He opened His mouth, and taught them, saying,

3. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

4. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

5. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

7. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

8. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

9. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

10. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

11. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

This word "blessed" has so much attraction for me that I can not refrain from quoting a few other passages of Scripture where it occurs. How my soul loves it! I try to penetrate the depth of the meaning it contains as spoken by the Master and written according to His will by the inspired writer, touched by the finger of His love, and moved by His spirit.

Psaln xxxvii: 1, 2: Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

Psaln xli: 1: Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble.

Psaln lxxviii: 4, 5: Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, they will be still praising Thee. Selah. Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

Psaln cxvii: 1: Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in His commandments.

Jeremiah xvii: 7: Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.

Joel ii: 14: Who knoweth if he will return and repent, and leave a blessing behind him; even a meat offering and a drink offering unto the Lord your God.

James i: 12: Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive a crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.

Revelations xx: 6: Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection.



July 1.—Yesterday at noon I went on foot to Meadville, where I made several calls, and in the afternoon, by the same method of locomotion, proceeded to the County Farm, as I wished to see my brother-in-law, G. W. Cutshall, a walk in all of not less than twelve miles, so I remained there over night to rest. If I can get no one to accompany me, why then I go alone, for I can walk and think, and study nature as I pass along, always learning something new. This morning I went from Mr. Cutshall's to Mr. H. B. Stanford's (collector of State, county and poor taxes in Woodcock Township), a walk of probably some five or six miles. He lives near Mr. J. Wesley Lang's place, on the Gravel Run Road. I paid my taxes, and when I had done so Mr. Stanford said to me: "You, Mr. Waid, pay the largest tax of any one in our township, one hundred and sixty dollars and sixty cents. It is worth paying such a sum now, before July 4, and save five per cent." In the course of our conversation we talked about our late worthy commissioner, Mr. Lang, who died suddenly on Saturday, June 27 last, in his seventy-second year, having been born February 8, 1820, in Woodcock Township, Crawford Co., Penn. I would have attended his funeral had I known of his death in time; but to-day as I passed the Lang Cemetery, which is situated but a short distance from his late home, I stepped in and viewed his newly-made grave. While

there pausing for a few seconds I copied from the tombstone near by the following inscription:

Flora E.,

WIFE OF J. WESLEY LANG,

DIED APRIL 3, 1865, AGED 27 YEARS 20 DAYS.

My walk homeward, about five and one-half miles, on this lovely day, by way of "Twelve Corners," is indelibly carved on my memory, so beautiful were the landscape and the panoramic perspective, especially as viewed from a rising piece of ground about two miles northwest of Blooming Valley and the little town of that name, which could be clearly seen, as well as the placid Woodcock Valley extending several miles to the southwest, till the eye catches a glimpse of the hills west of French Creek and Saegertown—all charmingly attractive. Here and there, in fact everywhere, are to be seen prosperous farm homes with fertile fields, fruitful orchards and shady woods and inviting groves, all owned by contented and happy tillers of the soil, the humblest of whom appears to exalt in the comforts and embellishments which his own hands have spread around him. In less than an hour after feasting my eyes on this sublime picture of Nature adorned in summer raiment, I was at my home, my day's journey occupying about twenty-three hours, my walk, during that time, extending probably twenty-five miles in all. I was satisfied with my day's work, and with what I had seen and enjoyed.*

July 2.—While I was engaged in mowing the doorway this bright morning, I was favored and encouraged with many salutations from passers by, and was much

* All so near home. Let us live in the labors and beauties of home life as well as when we go abroad.

pleased when Dr. S. C. Johnson,* of Blooming Valley (Fred's brother-in-law), drove up in company with his brother, Mr. P. F. Johnson, of Independence, Kas., and we had a chat about eastern Kansas and other things; then, after they had left me and I had renewed my work, there came along, on their way to Meadville, my old friend Mr. David S. Keep, and his wife. This was our first meeting since his return from Ellendale, Dak., whither Mr. Keep had several years ago gone to reside from this his native county of which he was at one time register and recorder.

July 3.—To-morrow is the "Glorious Fourth," and I should like to attend the Dedication of the Soldiers' Monument in Meadville, as well as the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cutshall's† wedding; but as I can not conveniently be present at both, I send to Frank and his wife a token of our friendship in the form of a Bible for their only son (eleven years of age), as a remembrance of the event, accompanied with the following letter:

BLOOMING VALLEY, PENN., July 4, 1891.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cutshall: I regret that I can not be present and share in the pleasure of friends and relatives, in celebrating your Fifteenth Wedding Anniversary. But having made previous arrangements to attend the Dedication of Soldiers' Monument, and general celebration of the Fourth of July in Meadville, it is necessary that I should deny myself the pleasure of being present. Yet I trust you will accept this token of my friendship—a Bible—sent as a gift to your son Harry in remembrance of the occasion. Wishing you all a good time, I remain respectfully,

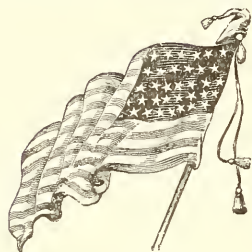
Your Uncle,

F. C. WAID.

*Dr. S. C. Johnson attended my first wife during Dr. G. W. Weter's absence attending the medical lectures at New York City, and, after, continued to come to our home, as consulting physician, to the close of her life.

†I would here say that Frank Cutshall, G. W. Cutshall's only son, married Miss Ailee Haines; consequently my son Fred and Frank Cutshall are brothers-in-law as well as cousins, and both are brothers-in-law to Dr. S. C. Johnson, of Blooming Valley.

JULY 4, 1891.



"Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
 Borne through our battlefield's thunder and flame,
 Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
 Wave on us all who inherit their fame!
 Up with our banner bright,
 Sprinkled with starry light,
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
 While through the sounding sky,
 Loud rings the nation's cry,—
 Union and Liberty!—One evermore!"



INDEPENDENCE DAY.

The pleasant little city of Meadville, with a population of over 11,000, was in her best holiday attire, and her numerous guests well provided for, many of whom had come from a far distance. The day was to be celebrated, as I have already intimated, by the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument in Diamond Park. I had the honor of being appointed one of the vice-presidents, and was presented with a badge bearing the words, *Vice-President Dedication of Soldiers' Monument at Meadville, July 4, 1891.* This entitled me to a seat on the platform,

from which an excellent view of all the proceedings was had. The medal struck for the occasion was very neat, and bore on one side a drawing of the Soldiers' Monument (showing the inscription thereon, *Crawford County's Tribute to her loyal sons*), and on the other side the words, *In Memory of the men of Crawford County, Pennsylvania, who served in the Union Army during the Rebellion, 1861-1865*. There were present to take part in the ceremonies several Posts of the G. A. R. from various points, with their several commanders, and they made quite a formidable and imposing appearance in the procession which started from Park Avenue at 11:30 A. M. for Diamond Park.

The details of the day's proceedings are too lengthy to give much of here, but I can not omit referring to the excellent address of Judge J. J. Henderson, of Crawford County, and the presentation speech of Dr. T. L. Flood, both of which were masterpieces of patriotic eloquence; and the accepting of the Monument on behalf of the city, by Col. S. B. Dick. The day could not be finer, and that part of the proceedings consisting of games, concerts, illuminations, bicycle parade, etc., was carried out in grand style; in addition to which there was on exhibition a marvel of mechanical ingenuity, in the shape of an "Automatic City," which took the German inventor of the same seventeen long years of patient labor in the constructing thereof. Every day in the year has its end, its close, as did this memorable one, July 4, INDEPENDENCE DAY, the most noted in the annals of the United States of America. And who is there among us who would not sing with heart and voice—MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE? Our free country and an open Bible, with the Gospel preached to all! And so may it ever be, as long as the sun and moon endure!

“ My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died!
 Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring!

“ My native country, thee—
 Land of the noble, free—
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

“ Our fathers' God! to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King !”



But as I looked on the many joy-inviting events of the day, as they followed in quick succession, a cloud would from time to time intervene to darken my thoughts. For this great National holiday, this anniversary of the birth of our loved Republic, is also the anniversary of the death of my well-beloved wife, Eliza, an event never to be forgotten by me. I have written much on this subject, because it stands out in such prominent relief on the pages of my life history; and they who have been similarly bereaved know what it is, and can appreciate the value of sympathy. The evening of life has come to me, and the shadows are growing longer, while I am calmly waiting, waiting.



FROM LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN, MARCH 17, 1888.

ONLY WAITING.

“ Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.

“ Then from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.”

In this faith I live on, and, best of all, *God comforts me.*
My pathway in life is oftentimes dreary and sad, but I trust
in the Lord. His right hand is ever near, though my sight
may be dim, but I never doubt His lovingness, and I
leave my way with Him.





APPENDIX.



MY SECOND SOUVENIR.

In my preface to the SECOND SOUVENIR I spoke of the encouragement I had received in my undertaking, and of the reception my previous book had met with at the hands of those of my kindred and friends to whom copies were presented.

I have received many letters of acknowledgment, all testifying in the most gratifying terms to the popularity my SECOND SOUVENIR has been favored with, and I find myself thereby, through the blessing of God, much strengthened and encouraged in my purpose. Even had I undertaken the task, I would have found it difficult to discriminate in any manner among these letters—they are all good. I appreciate every one of them, and in return thank all my friends for the compliments they have paid me, and for the various expressions of kind sympathy they have extended to me in my humble efforts to do some good. May the Lord bless them! is my sincere prayer as I look over this large number of letters, all of which will be kept and treasured by me, while I live, and, I trust left, when I am summoned from earth, as an heritage to my children. Some of these letters are here given in full, but the majority of them, on account of limited space, have been more or less abbreviated. I also received some flattering press notices, a few of which I will here place on record, as they may prove of interest to some of my readers.

A VALUABLE BOOK.

(From the *Meadville Gazette* April 17, 1891.)

Some time ago Francis C. Waid presented to us a handsomely bound octavo volume of several hundred pages, being a second family *Souvenir* published by him. It is gotten up in the best style of the typographer's art, and handsomely bound and illustrated. The work was intended for distribution among relatives, but enough extra copies were printed to supply a few friends, of whom we are glad to be considered one. The substance of such a work will naturally be of a per-

sonal character, dealing with scenes of a local nature and incidents involving the immediate family of the author; but in the life of such a man as Francis C. Waid there is necessarily much to interest and instruct. Mr. Waid is a typical American product. Born a country boy, with no better prospects than any one of ten thousand other Crawford County boys at that time, he has made a success of life such as few attain, and by such means as but few are content to employ. Industry seems to have been the sheet anchor of his life, stayed with the strong supports of honesty, truthfulness and piety, and, while earnest in his efforts for personal success, always scrupulously just toward others. From a poor boy on the farm, Mr. Waid amassed a large fortune, but he gathered it by honest planting, skillful harvesting and careful garnering in legitimate ways by honest means, and he never sought to build up his own house by tearing down that of his neighbor. It is not possible in a short notice to give a description or a criticism of this book, but we can truly say that it is a work which no young man, especially a farmer's son, can read without lasting advantage. There is no better method of teaching than by example, and the history of a successful life is one of the best lessons a boy or a young man can study. The life of this man is worth more as an answer to the question of how to make the farm pay than a perpetual subscription to the newspaper which hangs its harp on the willows of Babylon, while it passes its hat for contributions to reward its professional wailings.

SOUVENIRS FOR LIBRARIES.

(From the *Pennsylvania Farmer* of August 28, 1890.)

Mr. F. C. Waid, of Meadville, is the author and publisher of a book which he calls his *Second Souvenir*, containing much valuable information with reference to people, places and events pertaining to Crawford County and other localities, besides many thoughts to stimulate noble purposes and right living in young and old. He does not offer the book for sale, but takes pleasure in donating a copy to the Sunday-school libraries and public libraries in his native county as long as the supply for such purposes lasts. The original object of this Souvenir was to present to friends and kindred, but the success and popularity of his *First Souvenir* prompts him to place a few copies within the reach of all, in this manner hoping to exert an influence for good in his own way. It is a well-edited and finely-printed book of nearly 400 pages, and is an elegant volume for the library. The author's generous purpose in presenting so costly a book to his friends and the public is only to do good, which, in comparison with the usual aim of authors, awakens a feeling of interest not otherwise secured. Those to whom this is addressed may examine the book by calling at the *Farmer* office, or at any other newspaper office in this city.

(From the Guy's Mills *Echo*.)

Mr. Francis C. Waid, of Blooming Valley, called at our office a few days since, and presented us with a copy of his *Second Souvenir*, a neatly printed, and nicely bound book of 368 pages, containing a complete biography of the Waid family, and biographical sketches of

many relatives, and the immediate friends of Mr. Waid. As its name indicates, this is the second book of the kind prepared by Mr. Waid, his *First Souvenir* having appeared in 1886. He has ordered two thousand copies, and they are all to be presented to his relatives and friends. Mr. Waid has been and is at the present time, one of the most successful farmers in the country, starting in life, poor, but with a determination to succeed, he has by his untiring energy accumulated quite a fortune. Although Mr. Waid is what the world calls rich, yet he is by no means proud of it.



Preceding the several letters, I here give a record of the distribution of the 700 copies of my SECOND SOUVENIR.

RECORD OF THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE THREE HUNDRED COPIES OF 368 PAGES, AND THE FOUR HUNDRED COPIES OF 391 PAGES, ALL RECEIVED FROM MY PUBLISHERS DURING JULY AND AUGUST, 1890:

THE FOUR HUNDRED EDITION.

DATE.	NAME.
July 26, 1890.....	Anna E. Waid, my wife, Norwood, Kas.
" 26, 1890.....	Each of my three sons, F. L., G. P. and F. F. Waid, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	George N. Waid, my brother, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	G. W. Cutshall, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	C. R. Slocum, Mosiertown, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Lewis M. Slocum, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Henry Smith, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Nick F. Waid, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Orlando Waid, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Ralph Roudebush, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Ida Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Silas Clark, New Richmond, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	I reserved one for myself, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	My nearest neighbor, Mary Kiser, an aged friend, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Ursula Roudebush, Warren, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	John Roudebush, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	James Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Charles A. Buell, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Zephaniah Briggs, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	David Nodine, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Matilda Barr, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Ann Eliza Odell, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Uncle Horace F. Waid, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Sally Hammond, New Richmond, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Hulda Bunts, New Richmond, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	A stranger whose name I did not learn.
" 28, 1890.....	D. H. Miller, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Freemont Bradshaw, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Robert Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Moore M. Odell, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Andrew Rider, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Iowa Josling, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Clark Ellis, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	J. H. Reynolds, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	S. C. Derby, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Edmond P. Ellis, Meadville, Penn.

DATE.	NAME.
July 28, 1890.....	Newton S. Chase, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Smith Galey, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	David Roberts, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	William Smith, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Uncle Robert Morehead, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Robert A. Fergerson, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	John C. Morehead, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	S. S. L., Watson's Run (Reformed Church), Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., State Road, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	First M. E. Church S. S. L., Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Baptist S. S. L., Wayland, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Rachel Phillips, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Harrison Sutton, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Charles C. Morehead, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Allen Morehead, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	George Waid, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Albert Waid, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Joseph Morehead, Newton, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Pember W. Phillips, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Lucind Gillett, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Rebecca Arnold, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Aunt Clarinda Morehead, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	M. E. S. S., Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Robert E. Slocum, Mosiertown, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Caroline Cochran, Mosiertown, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Hon. S. Slocum, Saegertown, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	George Floyd, Saegertown, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., Saegertown, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Annette Cutshall, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Frank Cutshall, Hickory Corners, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	William Crouch, Hickory Corners, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	William H. Hunter, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Moses Masiker, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Jerome Drake, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Sila Goodrich, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Maria Long, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	John F. Breed, Meadville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Frank Handley, Meadville, Penn.
" 31, 1890.....	Frank Simmons, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Harvey Simmons, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Angeline Colt, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Martha Cobb, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Fred Davis, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Frank B. Bush, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	William Bowen, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Henry Shumons, Busti, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Adelbert Simmons, Busti, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Mrs. Leander Simmons, Harmony, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Florence Skinner, Ashville, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Fayette Fleek, Ashville, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	King D. Fleek, Lake Wood, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Mrs. W. H. Mathews, Chautauqua, N. Y.
Aug. 2, 1890.....	Dr. T. L. Flood, Meadville, Penn.
" 2, 1890.....	Gov. Cyrus G. Luce, Michigan.
" 2, 1890.....	Frank Fleek, Lakewood, N. Y.
" 2, 1890.....	Edward Fleek, Watts Flat, N. Y.
" 5, 1890.....	N. Roubush, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	John Braymer, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	Advent S. S. L., Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	David Braymer, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	George Sutton, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Andrew Cole, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Frank K. Clark, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Harvy Hatch, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Joseph W. Heard, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Albertice Clark, Wayland, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Horatio Wright, Wayland, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Chancy Harris, Little Cooley, Penn.

DATE.	NAME.
Aug. 7, 1890.....	S. Phillips, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	S. Merrell, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hon. G. B. Delamater, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Col. S. B. Dick, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Maj. D. V. Derickson, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Leon C. Magaw, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Cynthia Gage, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	A. M. Fuller, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hon. William Reynolds, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hon. John J. Henderson, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Mrs. James Irvin (Central Hotel), Meadville, Penn
" 7, 1890.....	Smith Leonard, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hiram Blystone, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	John D. Clemson, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hon. H. C. Johnson, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Melvin T. Ward, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Grace Thompson, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	John Adams, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	J. H. Culbertson, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	O. H. Hollister, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	A stranger, name unknown.
" 12, 1890.....	Simeon Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Fayette Allen, Athens, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Willis Masiker, Lansing, Iowa.
" 12, 1890.....	Simeon B. Dickson, St. Charles, Minn.
" 13, 1890.....	Clara Devenpeck, Columbus, Ohio.
" 13, 1890.....	Marian Meechum, Meadville, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	John Housnick, Union City, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	Jacob Housnick, Union City, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	Rmie Douglass, Union City, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	William H. Fleek, Tryonville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Simon S. Waid, Tryonville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Joshua Irwin, Tryonville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	George A. Goodwill, Tryonville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Walter Waid, Tryonville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Isaac Clark, Tryonville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Glenn Beatty, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	J. Alexander Beatty, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Ahmeda Waid, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	William Braymer, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Fayette Delamater, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Dr. C. E. Hall, pastor First M. E. Church, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Rev. Hamilton McClintock, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Albert Burkhart, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	John Porter, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Aunt Maria Lord, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	A. R. Fowler, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Henry P. Marley, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	William Chase, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Henry A. Ellis, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Fred Stadler, Meadville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Avery W. Masiker, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Thomas Smith, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Alexander Smith, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	George Smith, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Andy Smith, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	George Fleek, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Lorenzo Wheeler, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	William V. Wheeler, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Lorinda Wheeler, Riceville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	John Childs, Taylor's Stand, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Elijah T. Wheeler, Bradford, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Frank Walters, Bradford, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	Mrs. George Fleek, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	John Walton, Townville, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	D. H. McCrillis, Townville, Penn.
" 20, 1890.....	James Goodwill, Goodwill Hill, Penn.
" 20, 1890.....	Fletcher Goodwill, Goodwill Hill, Penn.

DATE.	NAME.
Aug. 21, 1890.....	Martha M. Brown, Grand Valley, Penn.
" 21, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., Grand Valley, Penn.
" 21, 1890.....	Horace F. Goodwill, Sanford, Penn.
" 21, 1890.....	Hannah Lord, East Branch, Penn.
" 21, 1890.....	Charles E. Allen, East Branch, Penn.
" 21, 1890.....	George Bush, East Branch, Penn.
" 21, 1890.....	One to a stranger, name unknown.
" 22, 1890.....	Lafayette Harroun, Spartansburg, Penn.
" 22, 1890.....	J. W. Farley, Spartansburg, Penn.
" 22, 1890.....	Charles Washburn, Spartansburg, Penn.
" 23, 1890.....	Walter R. Lindsay, Riceville, Penn.
" 23, 1890.....	Wesley Gray, Riceville, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Allegheny College Library, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Rev. G. S. W. Phillips, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Temperance Gibbs, Tremont, Ill.
" 26, 1890.....	Anna Harmon, Lake Ridge, Mich.
" 26, 1890.....	Francis D. Sexton, Topeka, Kas.
" 28, 1890.....	John R. Donnelly, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Thomas Ward, Vallonia, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Henry Shafer, Vallonia, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Frank Hartlerode, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Benjamin McNeil, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	William B. Beyes, Meadville, Penn.
Sept. 2, 1890.....	H. M. Dickson, Meadville, Penn.
" 2, 1890.....	Rev. E. C. Pengra, Meadville, Penn.
" 2, 1890.....	Frank L. Wallace, Meadville, Penn.
" 2, 1890.....	L. F. Edson, Meadville, Penn.
" 2, 1890.....	Augustus Ilites, Meadville, Penn.
" 2, 1890.....	Mary Ann Sackett, Dexter, Mich.
" 2, 1890.....	Ellery A. Burch, Lyona, Penn.
" 3, 1890.....	Elliette E. Wilson, Meadville, Penn.
" 3, 1890.....	Margaret Cook, Meadville, Penn.
" 3, 1890.....	Frank Shutz, Meadville, Penn.
" 3, 1890.....	Baptist S. S. L., Meadville, Penn.
" 3, 1890.....	Rev. H. L. Powers, Grand Island, Neb.
" 3, 1890.....	Rev. Samuel Wykoff, Grand Island, Neb.
" 3, 1890.....	Dr. W. H. Pillsbury, Grand Island, Neb.
" 3, 1890.....	Ezra Wright, Hickory Corners, Penn.
" 3, 1890.....	Wellington Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 3, 1890.....	Elizabeth Densmore, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 3, 1890.....	Henry Baldwin, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 3, 1890.....	Hannah Kellogg, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 3, 1890.....	Mary Chipman, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 3, 1890.....	Olive M. Dunn, Meadville, Penn.
" 3, 1890.....	D. R. Coder, Meadville, Penn.
" 3, 1890.....	A. T. Sackett, Meadville, Penn.
" 3, 1890.....	Uncle Andrew Gilbert Waid, Ann Arbor, Mich.
" 3, 1890.....	Clarissa Reeves, Azalia, Mich.
" 3, 1890.....	Louvina Reeves, Raishville, Mich.
" 5, 1890.....	Sarah E. Russell, Cleveland, Ohio.
" 5, 1890.....	Cornelia Van Dorne, Cleveland, Ohio.
" 5, 1890.....	George W. Allison, Lyona, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	S. S. L., Lyona, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	Y. M. C. A., Grand Island, Neb.
" 5, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., Grand Island, Neb.
" 5, 1890.....	William Cunningham, Kent, Ohio.
" 5, 1890.....	Eliza Cox, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	Samuel Gilmore, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	George Gilmore, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	Charles Gilmore, Bradford, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Seminary Library, Jamestown, Mercer Co., Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Eunice Derby, Meadville, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Ephraim Williams, Meadville, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	William Boslow, Meadville, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Allen Pettitt, Little Cooley, Penn.

THE THREE HUNDRED EDITION.

DATE.	NAME.
Aug. 5, 1890.....	B. F. Haines, Brookville, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	V. A. Haines, Brookville, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	Master Claud Haines, Brookville, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	Samuel Johnson and wife, Brookville, Penn. An aged couple who celebrated their golden wedding August 9, 1890.
" 5, 1890.....	Dr. Samuel Johnson, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	Thomas Richardson, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	Dr. G. W. Weter, Grand Island, Neb.
" 6, 1890.....	Wilson Hamilton, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Ebenezer Hites, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Ranson Robbins, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Homer C. Waid, Millerton, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Hon. T. W. Phelps, Chester, Minn.
" 6, 1890.....	Francis J. Tiffany, Essex, Conn.
" 6, 1890.....	Mary Dickson, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Marvin W. Babcock, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Matte A. Sutton, Townville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	George Hamilton, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	John Hamilton, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Jennie Hamilton, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hartwell Williams, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	J. W. Judd, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	John McKinney, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Rev. James Clyde, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hon. G. W. Delamater, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	N. C. McLaughlin, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hon. Samuel P. Bates, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	S. T. Dick, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	City Library, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	T. S. Goodsell, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Ira Hall, Hickory Corners, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Orlando Sutton, Hickory Corners, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	John Cook, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hiram Baldwin, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Charles W. Wygant, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Ira C. Wygant, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Baptist S. S. L., Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Congregational S. S. L., Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	A. McLachlin, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Seven Day Advents, Randolph, Penn.
" 8, 1890.....	John Williams, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 8, 1890.....	Sylvester Seaman, Hickory Corners, Penn.
" 8, 1890.....	John R. Wright, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 8, 1890.....	James Woodside, Miller's Station, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	Russell Penman, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	A. M. E. S. S. L., Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	Horace F. Waid, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	Leslie Phillips, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	Joseph Arnold, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	S. W. Kepler, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	Joseph Davis, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	Perry Shonts, Evansburg, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	Elizabeth Curry, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	William H. Carman, Meadville, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	August Rushlander, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Edson Sackett, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Daniel Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Alfred Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Eddy Harroun, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Isaac Vanmarter, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	S. L. Thompson, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Catharine Stewart, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Mary McCullough, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	George Dewey, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Peter Schmenberg, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Jacob Brayner, Blooming Valley, Penn.

DATE.	NAME.
Aug. 12, 1890.....	George McCullough, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	James Dickson, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Martin L. Carpenter, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	Jeremiah Cutshall, Saegertown, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	Samuel Long, Long's Stand, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	George P. Ryan, Long's Stand, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	A. Brink, Long's Stand, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	A. J. McQuiston, Saegertown, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	Rev. A. J. Parsons, Saegertown, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	James Douglass, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	Edward Douglass, Blooming Valley, Minn.
" 13, 1890.....	Joseph Douglass, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Loren Hamilton, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Marcus Breed, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Samuel Hobbs, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Zachariah Stull, Long's Stand, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Charles Breed, Union City, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Wesley Davidson, Union City, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Augustus Anderholt, Union City, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	William Riddle, Bolivar, N. Y.
" 15, 1890.....	George Eldridge, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Eugene Burns, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	William Magaw, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Otto Finney, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Samuel Pitcher, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	James Allen, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Edward R. Allen, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Cambridge Grange 168, Cambridgeboro, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	George H. St. John, editor <i>Penn. Farmer</i> , Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	W. R. Andrews, editor <i>Meadville Tribune</i> , Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	E. A. Hempstead, editor <i>Crawford Journal</i> , Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	J. H. W. Reisinger, editor <i>Meadville Gazette</i> , Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	R. B. Brown, editor <i>Meadville Messenger</i> , Meadville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	John J. Shryock, Meadville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Frank H. Wald, Custer City, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	New Richmond Grange, New Richmond, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Edwin J. Baily, New Richmond, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Elijah Flint, New Richmond, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., New Richmond, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Lorenzo Harris, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Caroline Drake, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	United Brethren S. S. L., Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Norman Scott, Centreville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Oscar Goodwill, Centreville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Baptist S. S. L., Centreville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., Centreville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Frank Eberman, Centreville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Henrietta Sturgis, Centreville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Lewis Wald, Centreville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., Tryonville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Omri Goodwill, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Wilson Smith, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Angeline Brown, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Frank Jackson, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Walter Thompson, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Asa Davis, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Rev. John Lusher, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., Titusville, Penn.
" 25, 1890.....	O. W. Braymer, M. D., Camden, N. J.
" 25, 1890.....	Sylvester Comstock, Phillipsburgh, Penn.
" 25, 1890.....	Nathan Tiffany, Sag Harbor, Long Island, N. Y.
" 25, 1890.....	Luther Titus, Spartansburg, Penn.
" 25, 1890.....	Warren Chase, Meadville, Penn.
" 25, 1890.....	John H. Wygant, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 25, 1890.....	William Deansmore, Erie, Penn.
" 25, 1890.....	Bigler Roundbush, Erie, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Elizabeth Huidekoper, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Alfred Huidekoper, Meadville, Penn.

DATE.	NAME.
Aug. 26, 1890.....	Frederick Huidekoper, Meadville, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	William Hammon, Lyona, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	James Smith, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	John Lane, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	Hiram Lord, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	Martin Clancy, Kent, Ohio.
" 27, 1890.....	Sarah Corby, Athens, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	Charles E. Corby, Waverly, N. Y.
" 27, 1890.....	David G. Fleek, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	Oren Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	Walter Sweany, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Lucia E. Allen, Mound City, So. Dak.
" 28, 1890.....	John E. Robbins, Mound City, So. Dak.
" 28, 1890.....	Columbus C. Hatch, Mound City, So. Dak.
" 28, 1890.....	Joseph Hampson, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	William Hope, Jr., Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	A. B. Richmond, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Joshua Douglass, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Ebenezer Harroun, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Jackson Shonts, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	A. J. Owen, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Charles, Marvin, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., Forest Grove, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Prof. James H. Montgomery, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Hon. Pearson Church, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	James Kennedy, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	John T. Geary, Vallonia, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Sent by request of a friend to Mr. McFadden, Allegheny City, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	John Gibbons, Sugar Lake, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Charles McIntosh, Sugar Lake, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	James Smith (Soldiers' Home), Dayton, Ohio.
" 29, 1890.....	Phebe Jones, Buffalo, N. Y.
" 29, 1890.....	Daniel Long, Harmonsburg, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	J. H. Hamilton, Muddy Creek Station, Tenn.
" 29, 1890.....	Dr. George M. Burdett, Lenoir City, Tenn.
" 29, 1890.....	John V. Gilmore, New Orleans, La.
" 29, 1890.....	Steven Whieher, Mount Vernon, Ill.
" 30, 1890.....	Ambro Whipple, Meadville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	J. D. Dennington, Meadville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Andrew Whipple, Boston, Mass.
" 30, 1890.....	A. A. Whipple, Kansas City, Mo.
" 30, 1890.....	Frank Lester, Lyona, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	George Baugher, Lyona, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Ulala Phillips, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Joseph Boyles, Meadville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	John Barr, Union City, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Y. M. C. A., Union City, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	William Hubble, Union City, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Andrew Hatch, Meadville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Mrs. E. Brooks, Meadville, Penn.
Sept. 1, 1890.....	Steven M. Morehead, Minier, Ill.
" 1, 1890.....	Charles H. Gibbs, Chicago, Ill.
" 1, 1890.....	George W. Phillips, Townville, Penn.
" 1, 1890.....	John C. Ramsey, Girard, Kas.
" 2, 1890.....	Charles C. Sloenn, Mansfield, Ohio.
" 2, 1890.....	Rhoda Ann Allen, Wintersett, Iowa.
" 2, 1890.....	James B. Gilmore, Alton, Kas.
" 3, 1890.....	S. S. Library, Miller's Station, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	Hon. S. Newton Pettis, Washington, D. C.
" 4, 1890.....	William Gilmore, Hope, No. Dak.
" 4, 1890.....	Fayette Bloomfield, Cambridge, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	George Miller, Venango, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	John McKay, Venango, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	Rev. M. Miller, Du Bois, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	Rev. A. S. Goodrich, Clarendon, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	Lucy L. Sloenn, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	Frank Hamilton, Meadville, Penn.

DATE.	NAME.
Sept. 4, 1890.....	John Wilson Hamilton, Meadville, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	Rev. A. B. Hyde, Denver, Colo.
" 4, 1890.....	Nathan Phelps, Marion, Minn.
" 4, 1890.....	Eleazer Phelps, Minneapolis, Minn.
" 4, 1890.....	Jay Harris, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	George W. Townley, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	John Williams, Gay's Mills, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Ursula Wykoff, Calliope, Iowa.
" 9, 1890.....	Porter C. Compton, Ames, Iowa.
" 9, 1890.....	W. H. Bryant, Amherst, Ohio.
" 9, 1890.....	Abram Wikoff, Oelwein, Iowa.
" 9, 1890.....	G. S. Magaw, Chicago, Ill.
" 9, 1890.....	Catharine Quick, Meadville, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Cora Williams, Findlay, Ohio.
" 9, 1890.....	Fayette Goodwill, Franklin, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Wilson Smith, Rouseville, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Flora Wilson, Millerton, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Samuel Smith, East Branch, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Julia Brennesholt, Corry, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Timothy Hammon, Sanford, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Zachariah Smith, Sanford, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Omri Hutchison, Sanford, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Lydia Trescott, Elmira, N. Y.
" 10, 1890.....	Mrs. William B. Trevey, Moundsville, W. Va.
" 10, 1890.....	Ally Washburn, Milwaukee, Wis.
" 10, 1890.....	Lysander Waid, Fentonville, N. Y.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. Elsha T. Wheeler, Geneva, Ohio.
" 10, 1890.....	Hiram Ayers, Pittsburgh, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	John M. Ellis, Waverly, Iowa.
" 10, 1890.....	Wilson Floyd, Everett, Colo.
" 10, 1890.....	Phebe Gray, Pittsburgh, Iowa.
" 10, 1890.....	Mittie Proud, Aberdeen, So. Dak.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. Sylvester N. Phelps, Woodstock, Minn.
" 10, 1890.....	Amelia Taylor Kasson, Minn.
" 10, 1890.....	Warren W. Cutshall, Pine Island, Minn.
" 10, 1890.....	James Thompson, M. D., Oak Woods, Ky.
" 10, 1890.....	John W. Thompson, Madisonville, Tenn.
" 10, 1890.....	Rebecca Dickson, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Perry Blakeslee, Spartansburg, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. O. L. Mead, Sandy Lake, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. S. K. Paden, Clark, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. D. S. Steadman, Tidioute, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Melissa Scott, Wentworth, Dak.
" 10, 1890.....	Mary Ann Astrom, Cherry Valley, Ohio.
" 10, 1890.....	J. M. Runk, Indiana.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. J. F. Perry, Springboro, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. James Lewis, Pleasantville, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. Sam P. Jones, Cartersville, Ga.
" 10, 1890.....	Samuel Falkinburg, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	U. S. Grant, New York City, No. 3666.
" 10, 1890.....	Emmett Densmore, New York City, 58 W. Fifty-fifth stree .
" 10, 1890.....	Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, Chicago, Ill.
" 10, 1890.....	T. De Witt Talmage, Brooklyn, N. Y.
" 10, 1890.....	G. A. Baker, editor of <i>Souvenir</i> , Chicago, Ill.
" 10, 1890.....	Jacob Cutshall, Allegheny City, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Catharine Boyles, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Laura Hall, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Maggie Hope, Meadville, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Ira C. Miller, Davidson Station, Mich.
" 12, 1890.....	S. S. Library, Custer City, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Copy given to stranger.
" 12, 1890.....	William H. Gillespie, Millvillage, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	One for Public Library, Millvillage, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	L. D. Dunn, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Rev. L. G. Merrill, Oil City, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Y. M. C. A., Oil City, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	I copy from my diary the following: " When I left home for Oil City I had twelve books, six addressed, six I gave and ad-

DATE.	NAME.
	dressed when given at Oil City, one to Mrs. W. F. Oldham, the two named above, one presented where I boarded, Mr. and Mrs. Orr, one to M. E. S. S. Library, Trinity Church, one for S. S. L. at Franklin."
Sept. 19, 1890.....	Rev. I. G. Pollard, Karns, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	James Foster, Franklin, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	M. E. S. S., Grove Hill, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	A. Ross, Saegertown, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	R. W. Satterlee, Meadville, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	T. D. Collins, Nebraska, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	John Riddle, Meadville, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	D. B. Hotchkiss, Meadville, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	James Brown, Meadville, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	Charles Arndold, Meadville, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	William Cronwell, Chicago, Ill.
" 19, 1890.....	Sarah Brooks, Chicago, Ill.
" 20, 1890.....	Two copies given to a friend for S. S. Libraries.
" 20, 1890.....	Two copies sent to Millerton, Penn., to Homer C. Waid, for S. S. Libraries.
" 20, 1890.....	Frank A. Tyler, Monroe, Ill.
" 20, 1890.....	S. D. Tyler, Monroe, Ill.
" 20, 1890.....	Mrs. Horace Tyler, Monroe, Ill.
" 20, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. Library, Rouseville, Penn.
" 23, 1890.....	Amariah Wheelock, Townville, Penn.
" 23, 1890.....	James Ferguson, Alliance, Ohio.
" 23, 1890.....	William Ferguson, Meadville, Penn.
" 23, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., Kerrtown, Penn.
" 23, 1890.....	Alexander Gilbert, Meadville, Penn.
" 23, 1890.....	M. E. S. S., Vernon Chapel, Penn.
" 23, 1890.....	Kate Simmons, Busti, N. Y.
" 23, 1890.....	Christopher Hellyer, East Branch, Penn.
" 23, 1890.....	Isaac Teasdale, East Branch, Penn.
" 24, 1890.....	Public Library, Union City, Penn.
" 25, 1890.....	Jennie Pierce, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 25, 1890.....	Prendergast Public Library, Jamestown, N. Y.*
" 25, 1890.....	One to a stranger.
" 29, 1890.....	Lulu Mook, Saegertown, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Arthur Floyd, Bradford, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	John Hites, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	D. C. Tyler, M. D., Clifton, Kas.
" 29, 1890.....	F. P. Tyler, M. D., Clifton, Kas.
" 29, 1890.....	Albert W. Tyler, Norwood, Kas.
" 29, 1890.....	William Davidson, Blooming Valley, Penn.
Oct. 6, 1890.....	Rev. A. R. Smith, Oil City, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Aunt Alvira Jackson, Beloit, Wis.
" 6, 1890.....	Aunt Elizabeth Sexton, Monroe, Ill.
" 14, 1890.....	Louis J. Rogers, Beloit, Wis.
	In October I gave eighteen copies, six to each of my three sons, to distribute. My wife also distributed some; the addresses of all are not given, and since my return home from the West, January 1, 1891, I have distributed as follows:
Jan. 8, 1891.....	E. R. Wilson, Meadville, Penn.
" 10, 1891.....	Lyman Davidson, Titusville, Penn.
" 15, 1891.....	Christena Flickner, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1891.....	James Burns, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1891.....	W. A. Wolcott, Savanna, Ill.
" 15, 1891.....	Mrs. Thomas Brown, Lake City, Minn.
" 15, 1891.....	C. B. Brown, Selma, Dak.
" 15, 1891.....	Cena Rodgers, Lake City, Minn.
" 15, 1891.....	Mathias Dilly, Lake City, Minn.
" 15, 1891.....	Zachariah Dickson, Lake City, Minn.
" 15, 1891.....	Mrs. H. M. Reed, Lake City, Minn.
" 15, 1891.....	J. F. Cunningham, Ionia, Iowa.
" 15, 1891.....	William Franklin, Winona, Minn.
" 15, 1891.....	W. H. Botsford, New Albin, Iowa.

* I recently visited this fine institution, the building and grounds covering one square, and I read the inscription—"James Prendergast Free Library. Erected 1889."

DATE.	NAME.
Jan. 16, 1891.....	D. S. Ploof, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 16, 1891.....	O. B. Cravens, Randolph, N. Y.
" 16, 1891.....	J. N. Gray, Buffalo, N. Y.
" 16, 1891.....	E. M. Gray, Hornersville, N. Y.
" 23, 1891.....	Mary Humes, Knapp Creek, N. Y.
" 23, 1891.....	Della Thurston, Corry, Penn.
" 23, 1891.....	William McCullough, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 24, 1891.....	George H. Miller, St. Charles, Minn.
" 24, 1891.....	Willard Weeks, St. Charles, Minn.
" 24, 1891.....	F. A. Howard, Sibley, Iowa.
" 24, 1891.....	L. A. Cutshall, Sioux Falls, So. Dak.
" 24, 1891.....	N. E. L. Chambers, Fort Atkinson, Wis.
" 24, 1891.....	J. H. Chapman, Rochester, Minn.
" 24, 1891.....	To a friend, Minneapolis, Minn.
" 26, 1891.....	Emma Brown, Cochranton, Penn.
" 26, 1891.....	Floyd Fleming, Cochranton, Penn.
" 26, 1891.....	John Weller, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1891.....	William Adams, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1891.....	D. L. Kinney, Marion, Minn.
" 26, 1891.....	A. Holsburg, Norwood, Kas.
" 26, 1891.....	John Slaven, Norwood, Kas.
" 26, 1891.....	John Cavinee, Beagle, Kas.
" 26, 1891.....	Arvilla Ewing, Cochranton, Penn.
" 26, 1891.....	Alexander Kightlinger, Black Ash, Penn.
" 27, 1891.....	David McCasland Adams, Salem, Kas.
" 27, 1891.....	Warren Francis Peters, Sycamore, Ill.
" 27, 1891.....	Elias C. West, Sycamore, Ill.
" 27, 1891.....	Louise West, Sycamore, Ill.
Feb. 3, 1891.....	Edwin Baldwin, Edinboro, Penn.
" 3, 1891.....	Cornelius Benson, LaCade, Mo.
" 6, 1891.....	Rev. I. P. Darling, Randolph, N. Y.
" 6, 1891.....	Augustus Draker, Monroe, Ill.
" 6, 1891.....	Ansil Baldwin, Sprague, Wash.
" 6, 1891.....	Charles H. Jones, Brookfield, Mo.
" 6, 1891.....	Ex-Gov. A. R. McGill, St. Anthony Park, Minn.
" 6, 1891.....	C. C. Minton, Ottawa, Kas.
" 6, 1891.....	Joseph Marsh, Ottawa, Kas.
" 6, 1891.....	J. Nelson Henry, Galva, Ill.
" 9, 1891.....	Mr. and Mrs. John Roundbush, Blooming Valley, Penn. (Gold- en Wedding).
" 13, 1891.....	A. G. Johnson, Long Stand, Penn.
" 13, 1891.....	Ella Clark, Williamsport, Penn.
" 13, 1891.....	Leander Blackman, Rockford, Ill.
" 13, 1891.....	Cris. C. Tyler, Galesburg, Ill.
" 13, 1891.....	Horace R. Bennedick, Galesburg, Ill.
" 13, 1891.....	Seward Summers, Monroe, Ill.
" 13, 1891.....	Mrs. Elenor Kelsey, Evanston, Ill.
" 13, 1891.....	Dr. E. J. Johnson, Rockford, Ill.
" 13, 1891.....	H. Sherman, Ottawa, Kas.
" 13, 1891.....	Riley Sweet, Monroe, Ill.
" 13, 1891.....	George Blackman, Alexandria, So. Dak.
" 13, 1891.....	Willie Washburn, Milwaukee, Wis.
" 19, 1891.....	Hattie Howard, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 25, 1891.....	Fletcher Ellsworth, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 25, 1891.....	Samuel Ogden, Olean, N. Y.
" 25, 1891.....	Parker Miller, Frewsburg, N. Y.
" 25, 1891.....	J. Stratton, Olpe, Kas.
" 25, 1891.....	Helen Gibson, Evanston, Ill.
" 25, 1891.....	Lewis Love, Sycamore, Ill.
" 25, 1891.....	D. A. Sphon, Sycamore, Ill.
" 25, 1891.....	James Walker, Sycamore, Ill.
" 25, 1891.....	Copy given to stranger.
" 26, 1891.....	Mrs. Samuel Barrett, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1891.....	Addie Boap, Monroe, Ill.
" 28, 1891.....	V. M. C. A., Galesburg, Ill.
Mar. 3, 1891.....	Names of persons given copies at State Road Sunday-school intended as rewards for faithful attendance: Fred Galey, Ina Reynolds, Rachel Hampson, Lizzie Galey, Walter Hamp-

DATE.	NAME.
	son, Grace Bradshaw, Letitia Bradshaw, Mable Burns and Clarence E. Judd.
Mar. 3, 1891.....	William Armstrong, Wayland, Penn.
" 3, 1891.....	George Bradshaw, Washington, D. C.
" 4, 1891.....	Lysander Wheeler, Sycamore, Ill.
" 6, 1891.....	Catharine Luper, New Castle, Penn.
" 6, 1891.....	T. A. Duneka, <i>World</i> editorial rooms, New York City.
" 12, 1891.....	M. F. Riley, 91 South Edwards Hall, New York City.
" 12, 1891.....	J. J. McCanlis, 6 Wall street, Princeton, N. J.
" 12, 1891.....	Thomas S. Hasky, Albany, N. Y.
" 12, 1891.....	Charles H. Pennypacker, West Chester, Penn.
" 12, 1891.....	Charles Dens, 30 Ninth Avenue, New York City.
" 13, 1891.....	William Kelby, 170 Second Avenue, New York City, for the New York Historical Society.
" 18, 1891.....	Mr. and Mrs. Laban Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn. (Golden Wedding.)
" 19, 1891.....	Daniel S. Keep, Ellendale, No. Dak.
" 19, 1891.....	Jackson Braymer, Maquoketa, Iowa.
" 19, 1891.....	George Wilson, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 24, 1891.....	Hon. Samuel B. Griffith, Mercer, Penn.
" 25, 1891.....	Hon. S. S. Menard, Mercer, Penn.
" 25, 1891.....	Rev. Isaac E. Ketler (Pres. Grove City College), Grove City, Penn.
" 25, 1891.....	C. B. Colgan, Addison, N. Y.
" 25, 1891.....	P. N. Edwards, Sterling, Ill.
" 28, 1891.....	James Walker, Sycamore, Ill.
Apr. 3, 1891.....	H. H. Hatch, Nashville, Tenn.
" 3, 1891.....	George E. Foster, box 822, Ithaca, N. Y.
" 3, 1891.....	F. O. Boswell, Montesano, Wash.
" 3, 1891.....	J. T. Waid, M. D., Ridgway, Penn.
" 10, 1891.....	Theron D. Davis, Ithaca, N. Y.
" 10, 1891.....	D. L. Moody, Northfield, Mass.
" 10, 1891.....	Willard F. Mallalien (Bishop of M. E. Church), 1428 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans.
June 24, 1891.....	Mertie M. and Albert F. Sherman, Jamestown, N.Y.; my wedding gift <i>Souvenir</i> , along with a Bible.
Aug. 26, 1891.....	My gift at wedding of Lena M. and Frank C. Simmons, Busti, N.Y.—Bible and <i>Souvenir</i> .

[N.B.—Some copies have been given to libraries and individuals without receiving their addresses.]



To facilitate reference to the many letters and testimonials I have received, or extracts therefrom, I have arranged them in the following alphabetical order :

Joseph McCasland Adams writes from Lebanon, Kas., as follows: "I have the pleasure of writing you to inform you of the receipt of your book. I am the son of David McCasland Adams, to whom you sent your welcome *Souvenir*. My father did not live to see the book, as he died January 16, 1891, from a stroke of paralysis. He was fifty-five years, ten months and twenty-six days old, and was born in Saegertown, Crawford County, Penn., February 22, 1835; was married in Cass County, Neb., in 1861. In 1874 he moved to Smith County, Kas., and settled in White Rock Township, where he lived till his death. He leaves a widow and two children. Mother's name is Elizabeth Adams; my sister is Frances Adams. Father's oldest sister, Elizabeth Adams,

is living with mother. As you requested father to send the names of any friends he might think of who would want your book, let me take the liberty to say I would like one; my sister wants one. We are married and have families. There have been four deaths since we moved to this State, first my sister's child; then father's brother Charles Adams, in 1890; then I lost a son in 1891. They are at rest in the Salem Cemetery, two-and-a-half miles from where we live. Father's brother, Fred, wants a book. Emily Buchanan wishes one if money would buy it. She wants to know what they are worth."*

From E. R. Allen, Meadville, Penn.: "Please accept my sincere thanks for the copy of your *Souvenir*. It is a splendid book, and I take great pleasure in reading it; also regard it as a keepsake from a true friend. It is a work of merit, and a credit to the author."

Mrs. Lucia E. Allen, of Applegate, Campbell Co., Dakota, writes: "I thank you a thousand times for your nice book you sent me. I take a great deal of comfort in reading it, as it seems just like revisiting our old home in Pennsylvania."

From Cousin F. A. Allen, of Athens, Penn., comes the following: "Your letter came to hand some days since, and with it your *Second Souvenir*, truly a surprise, as it was not expected. Many thanks for so valuable a present."

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Atkinson, of Emporia, Kas., kindly write the following: "Please accept our best thanks for your highly valued gift—the *Souvenir*."

From Edwin Baldwin, Edinboro, Penn.: "I received your *Souvenir*, for which accept my sincere thanks. I have taken great pleasure in reading it. It is a review of the past, better than a visit from a friend, as it remaineth with us to recall many things we may have forgotten."

Professor Samuel P. Bates, of Meadville, writes as follows: "I have received a copy of your beautifully published *Second Souvenir*, which you were kind enough to send me. Be pleased to accept my thanks. In looking through its pages many events are brought to mind in which you and I have been actors, and I am vividly reminded how humble my own part has been compared with what it might have been. Permit me to express my gratification in reviewing with you the past, and to congratulate you on your having accomplished so much."

From Cornelius and Vallie Benson, of Laclede, Mo., comes the following: "Please accept our thanks for the *Souvenir* you so kindly sent us. We highly appreciate your kindness, though we may be weak in expressing our thanks."

*I have already had occasion to say that I have frequently been asked to sell copies of my *SOUVENIR*, but I invariably refuse. I accept *friendship*, which to me is a treasure far better than pay, and something we all can give.—F. C. WAID.

From George W. Blackman, Alexandria, Dak.: "I received your *Souvenir* in due time, for which accept my thanks. It is very interesting, and I shall take pleasure in reading it."

F. P. Boswell writes the following from Montesano, Wash.: "I received the book you sent me, and allow me to thank you kindly for it. I shall keep and hold it dear, and spend many a lonely hour reading it. It brings back to my mind the thought of old Pennsylvania, where my mother and brother and sisters live. I am alone here."

Mrs. Katie Boyles, of Blooming Valley, Penn., says: "The beautiful present—a book containing the life of yourself and your devoted wife—has been welcomely received. I am sure both deserve great credit, as it is a book elegantly gotten up, and one that will be prized highly by all who read it. I am wonderfully delighted with it, so please accept my sincere thanks."

From George Bradshaw, of Washington, D. C., come more encouraging words: "I thank you for sending me a copy of your *Second Souvenir*. I have not been in Crawford County for so long that I did not know but what my friends had forgotten me; but I find *your* memory is not short. The book is one that ought to be appreciated by your friends. Very few persons could, and still fewer *would* go to the trouble and expense you must have gone to in preparing and publishing such a fine book for their friends."

Acknowledgments from Charles Breed will be found in letter from his daughter, Mrs. W. M. Hubbell, of Union City, Penn.

My niece, Julia Brenmesholt, of Corry, Penn., in an interesting letter says, among other things: "I went down to mother's [at East Branch, Warren County, Penn.] last Friday, and found that you had left one of your *Souvenirs* for me, for which please accept my thanks. It is very interesting for us to read, and my husband, as well as myself, enjoys it very much. I had never had a full account of Aunt Eliza's death until I read it in your book, in fact I turned to and read that the first thing."

From Mrs. Sarah J. Brooks, of Evanston Avenue, Chicago: "The *Souvenir* you sent me has been received, and would have been acknowledged much sooner had I been at home when it came, but Mr. Brooks and myself were both at Lake St. Claire at the time. I take this first opportunity, after reaching home, to thank you from my heart for the book. It is to me like a visit from a dear friend at home, after an absence of twenty-seven years. I read and reread it with the greatest pleasure, and seem to live over again, in imagination, a part of my younger life, both sad and happy. The names mentioned in the *Souvenir* are nearly all familiar to me, and many of their owners were intimate friends of mine. It brings to me many pleasant memories of the past. I well remember attending revival meetings at the old State Road Church, when a child, with my mother. I very much enjoy looking at the view of that church in your book, as well as the famil-

lar faces of your family and the home residences. There are no people in Blooming Valley or on State Road whose faces I remember better than your own and that of your first wife. I am happy to know that you found so nice a wife in your second choice. I can see by her picture that she is lovely and good."

Mrs. Angeline Brown writes the following from Titusville, Penn.: "I thank you for remembering me so kindly by sending me a copy of your *Second Souvenir*. It is pleasant to read about so many friends I knew and places I used to go to, bringing up incidents and scenes that I had forgotten almost. I shall always prize the book."

My cousins, Cyrus and Martha Brown, write from Sanford, Penn.: "It is some time since you and your brother, George, made us a very welcome but much too short visit, bringing us your *Second Souvenir*. We have read it, and found many things which interest us very much; we think there is a great deal of good advice in it, and hope it may do much good. Many thanks."

Mrs. A. T. Brown, of Cochranon, Penn., writes for herself and husband a cheering letter: "Please accept our sincere thanks for your *Souvenir*, which we have received. It was a great surprise to us, and we could have appreciated nothing better than that. It will be a precious keepsake to us, and especially to myself, as I am acquainted with a great many of whom it speaks, some of them quite intimately. As I look over its pages it recalls to my memory much that reminds me of my school days at Blooming Valley, which were amongst the happiest days of my life. Your *Souvenir* will certainly do a great amount of good in the world, for it is so interesting one can not help but read it through, and, reading it, one can not help being greatly impressed by it, for it is so full of good advice and sound doctrine. The portraits of you and your first wife are perfect. It seems to me that I can see her *now*, for I used to think when I saw her, when I was a little girl, that she was the most lovely woman I ever met. That pleasant countenance I shall never forget. May you live many years yet to still continue in your good work; and at last, when you are called to receive your reward, may you have given you a crown with many stars."

H. Adelaide Bryant, an old pupil of mine, writes from N. Amherst the following: "I wish to thank you for the copy of the *Souvenir* I was so fortunate as to receive a short time ago. Words can hardly express the pleasure I have derived in reading it, and looking at the familiar places and faces. It leads me back to my happy girlhood days: First as a pupil attending school at the old Cowen school-house, yourself the honored teacher, and later when I was the teacher 'boarding around' and was welcomed by 'Uncle Ira and Aunt Betsy,' and you and your dear wife. That 'there is no friend like an old friend' I am more and more convinced every day."

From Ellery A. Burch, of Lyona, Penn.: "Your token of friendship, in the shape of your *Second Souvenir*, has been received, and I would say in reply, that words can not express my gratitude to you for

this grand token of remembrance. May the grand instructions and advice therein contained do the good the author has intended it should to all who may have the pleasure of perusing its pages."

George Burdett writes as follows from Lenoir's, Tenn.: "Your favor of August 29 received with the *Souvenir*, which I think is one of the most complete and exhaustive works of the kind I have had the pleasure of perusing."

From my cousin, N. E. L. Chambers, Fort Atkinson, Wis.:

"*Dear Cousin and Friend of long ago*:—It is with pleasure I sit down to acknowledge the receipt of the *Souvenir* you so kindly sent me. It came as a great surprise and greater pleasure. Pardon the seeming negligence in not writing sooner. I first began to read, and then, I must admit, could not take time to write until I had finished the reading of your book. I was once more revisiting old familiar scenes, old and valued friends and kindred, going with you to the graves of kindred, schoolmates and acquaintances, but let me say right here—*sad pleasure*; I think that expresses what I would say: It is like long and anxiously looked-for letters from home that have wandered away for a long time, and finally reached their destination, after many days' waiting, doubly dear for the news they bring. With the greater number spoken of in the *Souvenir* I was once well acquainted, my old home, as you know, was two and one-half miles east of Meadville south of State Road. So the relatives and friends all through that part of the county were well known to me. Then after my mother married Mr. James Smith I was with her at her home near Blooming Valley; was one of your pupils when you taught school in the Cowen schoolhouse at the foot of the hill, below the graveyard. I think that was the winter before Frank (your twin brother) died. How well I remember his happy disposition, always pleasant. Then, as a little girl, how well I remember the many acts of kindness rendered my father during his long sickness with consumption, from your father and grandfather, Uncle Pember Waid! Nor did they forget my mother in her widowed sorrow and poverty, yes *poverty*, for it was a hard struggle for mother to keep the wolf from the door. We had only a little rocky farm of fifty-two acres, nearly all timber and rocks, with no one to work it, for my brother Sam [afterward judge of the District Court, Dodge County, Minn.] was only fourteen years old when father died, and he was never robust or healthy, good as a student only; and George was only three years old, and we girls for help; no, there is not one act of kindness I do not remember with gratitude. As regards our early life I am very briefly reminded of these lines, especially since reading the *Souvenir*:

'Friends of my youth,
Ye are passing away!
Scenes that I loved,
Ye are mold'ring to clay.'

"I learn for the first time of *Eliza's death*, and I think: 'One more gone, one less here,' but one more over there, just a little in advance. How little I thought when I stopped for a brief moment at your gate in August, 1884, there talked with you and Eliza, that she would cross over in advance of me! But I am writing a long letter and must

hasten. Pemelia gave me the engravings of your father and mother, also the family group. I can not tell as to the boys, but I think the others are most excellent likenesses, especially your father's. Let me thank you for them, and also for your kindness in remembering me. It is my earnest wish that your remaining years may glide on as peacefully and profitably as those already gone, though probably they will not be as many more, as we are drifting down the hill of time, and you are only two years in advance of me as years count. And ere long there will be a reunion of kindred families and friends on the other side of the 'evergreen shore.'"

From J. H. Childs, Riceville, Penn.: "It is with pleasure I acknowledge receipt of your beautiful book. Please receive my heartfelt thanks. I consider it better than gold, for it is a gift to be remembered—it speaks of the *Master's cause*. I wish you and yours all the happiness that this world can give, and an abundant entrance into the bright world above."

From Mr. Clancy, of Kent, Ohio, comes the following: "I have received to-day, at the hands of Mother Buel, the *Second Souvenir* which you had the kindness to send me. I find therein that which is instructive and interesting from the past, and a fund of advice that can but be of value in the future. If all men, who have the ability and means, would do as much for their time and age as you have done, they could truly say they had not lived in vain. For your esteemed gift I tender you my sincere and hearty thanks, and I assure you that nothing could have given me more real pleasure than your valuable book."

From C. W. Clark, secretary of Pine Valley (Penn.) Sabbath-school: "Received the book sent me by you. At our yesterday's S. S. session I presented it to the school in your behalf. The school tendered you a vote of thanks for the same, showing that they appreciate your hard work and high motives for doing good."

Mrs. Ella Clark writes in part as follows, from Erie, Penn.: "I received your *Souvenir*, which was forwarded to me from Williamsport, and hasten to reply. I am glad you have not forgotten me, and that I still hold a place in your esteem. Your interesting book will be a precious keepsake to us, and especially to me, as I have been acquainted with nearly every one mentioned in the book. It will be a treasure of great value, for it brings back the scenes of my childhood, and I can not help but feel sad when I think of the many friends 'gone before,' and of my dear father's death; but he has gone to reap the reward laid up for those that love Him. In his life you were his trusted friend and counselor, in adversity as well as in prosperity, and I feel we can never repay you for your kindness to us when we really needed a friend; but I trust you will receive your reward in Heaven."

From E. Clark, Wayland, Penn.: "Please accept my hearty thanks for the beautiful copy of your *Souvenir* which you sent me. It is a gift I appreciate highly, and I take great pleasure in perusing it. It is an admirable work."

From Percy J. Clark, secretary of Wayland (Penn.) Sabbath-school: "I am authorized by the Wayland Baptist S. S. to offer you their hearty thanks for the very kind gift of your *Souvenir*. It is a valuable and exceedingly interesting work, and an ornament to any library. It will be perused with interest and admiration by all."

Principal Frank A. Collins, of Jamestown, (N.Y.) Seminary, writes as follows: "Please accept my sincere thanks for the beautiful volume (*Second Souvenir*) of which you are the author. It has the honor of being among the first of our books. I was especially impressed with the spirit you manifested as a teacher in your manhood, and rejoice that some men retain that love for fellow beings which is such a source of pleasure and blessing to all. What a blessing it would be if more men could know the good they might do with their money!"

S. A. Comstock, of Essex, Conn., writes: "It gives me much pleasure to acknowledge your kind gift of a copy of your *Second Souvenir*, and to think that among your many friends and acquaintances we hold a place and are not forgotten. Accept my hearty thanks for the same."

Cousin Charles E. Corby writes from Elmira, N. Y.: "I received the book you sent me, and wish to express the thanks of myself and wife for the gift. We both prize it very highly, and shall always think of the giver with feelings of kindness and gratitude."

From a lengthy and interesting letter from Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Cravens, of Randolph, N. Y., I cull the following: "Many thanks for the gift of your good book. Your advice to young men could not be better; it is right to the point, and is superior to many long orations delivered from the pulpit—they contain plain every-day facts, which we must all heed if we would prosper in this world. If people would only live up to these teachings there would be no need of lawyers, no need of court-houses and jails; and what a blessing it would be if the youth would profit by the advice given! You talk about 'Thrift and Economy,' the lasting foundation of all fortunes. Without economy all will end in poverty and disgrace, as you say. I think many will be helped by your advice, coming as it does from years of experience of a man who has been successful and has done much good. I shall always remember you as the unassuming model man of your county, and I think your book will do much good, and your teaching will be remembered long after we are gone."

From J. H. Culbertson, of Meadville, Penn.: "Your *Second Souvenir* was duly received. I have had but little opportunity to examine it except in a casual way, but it furnishes a synopsis of the history of many of my old Blooming Valley friends that will be very interesting to me. That you should have so kindly remembered me as one of your friends, in the distribution of your book, is especially gratifying to me, and I shall keep it and read it in kindly remembrance of the donor."

William Cunningham, of Boston, Ohio, writes: "We desire to thank you for your very interesting book. Your sketches of our old friends and neighbors have afforded us many pleasant evenings in the reading of them."

J. Cutshall writes most feelingly and kindly from Hayfield, Penn.: "I received a very nice book from you some time ago, and I do not know what I have done to deserve such a valuable present. Please accept many thanks for same. Now, Francis, if I never get an opportunity to do as much for you, perhaps I can for someone else. I will keep this book in memory of you so long as I live, and then hand it to my children in memory of you."

From W. W. Cutshall, Pine Island, Minn.: "It was with great pleasure I received your *Souvenir*, it brings back so vividly a great many incidents of the past, and reminds one of friends and acquaintances."

Rev. Ira D. Darling writes from Randolph, N. Y.: "Your *Souvenir* was received two or three days ago. I was much pleased to get it, and have given it a pretty thorough perusal. It must have been quite an undertaking, for one so busy in other affairs, to dip so deeply into literature. You have brought out a very nice appearing book, of which you may well feel just a *little bit* proud. Your treatise on money deserves to be widely read; your advice to the young is excellent."

Wesley Davison writes from Union City, Penn.: "I have the pleasure of possessing a copy of your *Souvenir*, and as I peruse its pages it brings back days and years of happy retrospect, with the memory of loved friends gone over the river, who are waiting to greet us on the other shore. As we have known each other from boyhood, I shall hold the *Souvenir* in high esteem for its good sayings; and the more so because you and your dear wife met with us so many times in church, where, together, we heard the word of God, and felt its saving influence upon us to our own good and to the good of others."

My cousin, Mrs. Clara M. Devenpeck, writes as follows from Columbus, Ohio: "Your interesting letter and valuable book, which we prize highly and have read with great pleasure, were received in due time, and my husband unites with me in sending many thanks."

From G. Dewey, of Blooming Valley, I heard as follows: "I am in receipt of your recent publication entitled *Second Souvenir*, for which please accept the thanks of my family and myself. I have not yet had time to give it the careful reading that, judging from the flattering reports that have already come in, it deserves; but at such time as I shall have occasion to refer to the history of the early settlers of this part of Crawford County, I have no doubt but that I will be able to obtain valuable and authentic information therefrom."

My old friend, Mr. S. B. Dickson, of St. Charles, Minn., writes a

long, interesting letter, from which I give a brief extract: "I received your *Second Souvenir*, for which I am very thankful—words fail me to express my appreciation. Your twin brother, Franklin, was my particular friend, and I think I never had a better schoolmate."

The following comes from Joshua Douglass, Meadville, Penn.: "I gratefully acknowledge receipt of the beautiful volume, your *Second Souvenir*, and I shall peruse the same with the deepest interest. Your widely extended reputation as a wealthy and generous citizen, and exemplary Christian gentleman, will lend great interest to this beautiful book, and enlighten, strengthen and encourage many in the pathways of a true life."

Mrs. J. D. Dunn, of Meadville, writes: "I am very glad to have been favored with a copy of your *Souvenir*, for which please accept my thanks. I have enjoyed reading it very much, doubly so on account of the sketches it contains of so many of my acquaintances. It is very interesting to me indeed."

From my cousins, Robert A. and Mary Ferguson, Vernon Township, Crawford County, Penn.: "We have thought in this letter to acknowledge receipt of both of your *Souvenirs*, which we have delayed doing until the present time. These books are very much appreciated, and are of value to us. We know you have spent time and money to accomplish the work and place the *Souvenirs* in the hands of your kindred and friends. Not only as a token of remembrance or as a keepsake do we appreciate them, but we realize that all who read and study them will profit by so doing. The contents are the results of practical experience, the pen who wrote them being in the hand of a man who commenced life at the lowest rung of the ladder, and who by perseverance and strictly honest business dealings with his fellow-men, is so situated in life as to enjoy some of the fruits of his labor, and share a portion of them with his fellow-men, by remembering the Golden Rule to set good examples, which both old and young would do well to follow. These books are ever interesting and useful to us, and we never tire of reading them. The several dates therein given are so accurate and useful to all friends and relatives, we would not part with our *Souvenirs* at any price, indeed, no money could buy them."

James G. Fleming writes from Cochran, Penn.: "The book sent by you to our little boy, Floyd, came to hand yesterday. He has been looking for it by every train since Monday morning, and I have never seen him so much pleased with anything as with this book. We let him open it himself, and when he turned the leaves to your picture, he said: 'That is Mr. Waid.' We are thankful to you, Brother Waid, for this beautiful and useful book, and for the good advice contained in it. My boys are interested in reading it, and I know it will be profitable to them. This book will ever be kept in our home in memory of you, and of the day we dedicated our church to God, and my prayer is that you may live long and be prospered in your way of living a devoted Christian life."

From Elijah Flint, of New Richmond, Crawford Co., Penn.,

comes the following: "When my wife and I returned from a visit, we found a copy of your *Second Souvenir* lying on our table, and were very happy to receive it. It is a splendid work, and I have read it with pleasure and profit. It should benefit all who read it, so full is it of valuable suggestions, etc. May you live long to bless humanity."

George E. Foster writes from Ithaca, N. Y.: "Some days ago I was in receipt of your unique volume—*Second Souvenir*. It was with pleasure that I at once mailed to you my work 'Se-qua-yah, the American Cadmus and Modern Moses,' which I trust you have received. It is needless to say that I have read your book with the greatest pleasure, and I have been greatly entertained, and I hope benefited. I commend you for your public spirit in printing and circulating the book, and I trust that you will be rewarded for this way of doing good. The book contains many experiences of every-day life, such as one likes to read of. While some may be at first thought trivial, I am not unmindful that the great whole is made up of small things—and so your book is of interest. I was pleased to read quite a portion of it aloud to my family, have shown it to a number of my friends, and have given it a place of honor in my large library."

From William Franklin, Winona, Minn.: "I write you to acknowledge receipt of your two gifts—*Second Souvenir* and *Pennsylvania Farmer*. Many thanks. Words fail to express all my gratitude for being so kindly remembered by an old schoolmate and friend. I am not only pleased, but delighted, as I am reminded of scenes I had forgotten, and your book puts me in mind of the days I spent in Crawford County."

Milton George, editor and proprietor of the *Western Rural and American Stockman*, Chicago, Ill., writes me, enclosing a copy of view of the School of Agriculture and Manual Training for Boys, on "Rural Glen Farm" of 300 acres, worth \$100,000, donated by himself. It is about twenty-five miles distant from Chicago, and when visited by Prof. David Swing, in May, 1891, 160 boys were out on this farm. Mr. George says, in his letter: "Your kind favor was duly received, and I write to thank you for the same. I remember the visit of Mr. Tyler and his family last fall. Shall be pleased to have you call at any time. Will see that your name gets on our list for the ensuing year. When one does what he can in this world for humanity, whether much or little, he is entitled to as much credit as those who do more."

Cousin Temperance Gibbs writes the following from Tremont, Ill.: "I want to inform you that I am so well pleased with your book that I shall always treasure it next to my Bible, and as a present from my noble kind cousin who is laying up treasures in Heaven by doing so much good to friends and humanity. I hope every one who receives a copy of your *Souvenir* will read it with as much interest as I do, and may it be a benefit to all, as I believe it is intended. Francis, I can not express my gratitude to you for your worthy *Souvenir*. I shall endeavor to profit by it."

Mrs. Ella Gibson, of Evanston, Ill., writes the following: "Please

accept the sincere thanks of myself and husband for copy of the *Second Souvenir* you sent us. We take great pleasure in reading it, and consider it a book of rare value. We also enjoy reading it to our little boy, Harry, who never tires of hearing us read; at his young age he is greatly interested in your advice to young men, and says he wants to do just as you advise young men to do. We hope you will pay us a visit when you make your next trip West, also that you will bring cousin Anna back with you. Love to Anna and kind regards to yourself."

S. P. Gilmore writes as follows from Taylorstown, Penn.: "Friends at home write me that they had received your *Second Souvenir*, which, like your *First Souvenir*, arrived during my absence from home, this being the reason why I did not acknowledge receipt sooner. It is with pleasure I now make amends for my seeming indifference. The *Souvenirs* are treasures I prize highly, especially coming as they do from a former schoolmate and teacher, and you have my sincere thanks."

From my cousin, C. L. Goodwill, Franklin: "It was a pleasure to receive your welcome letter and the three *Souvenirs* after your visit here, which we will not forget. I presented one copy of the books to James Foster, and I wish you could have seen how glad he was when I handed it to him, and told him it was from you, who had attended the Foster re-union held at the church on Bull's Hill. He said to me, 'Thank Mr. Waid heartily for me when you write him.' Another copy of the *Souvenir* I gave to William Richey, a worthy neighbor of mine, who appreciated it very much. I can not tell you how much we prize your gift; the *Souvenir* is indeed a keepsake."

From Mrs. P. A. Gray, of Pittsburgh, Penn., I received the following: "I take this opportunity to let you know I received the book you sent me, for which I feel very thankful, and for your thinking of me in my far distant home. My mind often goes back to the old home, and dear friends and neighbors, and good meetings that we have enjoyed together. I am still striving to so live that I may meet the dear ones who have passed on before, and all Christian friends. I shall read and re-read the *Souvenir* with pleasure, for it will bring to my mind many things that I may have forgotten."

From Ira R. Hall, of Randolph, Penn., I received a very cheering and welcome letter of acknowledgment. My friendship and acquaintance with him began in my boyhood, when he taught writing school and I was one of his scholars. I have some of his copies yet, and have ever since been learning something from him. Mr. Hall in part and in substance says in his letter: "Please accept my thanks in behalf of Advent Sunday-school for your kind and benevolent gifts you have made us at different times, and for this your last gift, your *Second Souvenir*, in remembrance of one so generous and kind to us. Also please accept my thanks for the copy you sent me individually, and may your life be spared to a good old age, doing good to your fellow-man. I must say that you are one in ten thousand—a wonderful man, and have produced a wonderful book, full of light and knowledge for the

present and rising generations. It is a history, also, of Blooming Valley and vicinity for forty years and more, on which account I prize it very highly as a book of reference."

My cousin, Anna M. Harmon, writes from Lake Ridge, Mich., a long letter, of which a portion relates to my *Second Souvenir*: "I received the book you sent me, and I thank you for your kindness in remembering me. I assure you I shall prize the *Souvenir* and appreciate the kindness yet more when I read it through. Then, it gives a sketch of many of my relatives on my father's side that I would never know anything about were it not for you and your generous heart."

E. P. Harroun, of Blooming Valley, Penn., writes: "I received the beautiful *Second Souvenir*, a token of true friendship, for which please accept my thanks."

Ebenezer W. Harroun writes from Guy's Mills, Penn.: "I hereby acknowledge receipt of your *Second Souvenir* per hand of A. J. Owen. I have not had time to examine it thoroughly yet, but I am sure that if it prove as interesting as your *First Souvenir* I shall do it ample justice. It not only requires talent to write such a book, but also means, for I know the expense of publication must be no small affair. I appreciate such a gift, and am not only glad, but thankful—very thankful—that I was a schoolmate and pupil of F. C. Waid."

From F. S. Hasky, of Albany, N. Y., I received the following: "Your *Souvenir* to hand, for which I kindly thank you, and shall take pleasure in perusing it. The Y. M. C. A. of this city would, I think, be pleased to add it to their library."

I received a grand letter from my old friend, C. C. Hatch, of Mound City, Dak., but space here will not permit of more than the following extract: "I received your *Second Souvenir*, for which please accept many thanks from myself and family, for all are highly pleased with it. I prize it for the portraits it contains of yourself and family, and also for the many pleasant recollections it brings to my mind. When I read the history of your friends and kindred, it seems as though I were reading the history of my own, you and I having been born and raised within two miles of each other, associating also with the same people."

From Harvey A. Hatch, of Hatch Hill, Penn., comes the following: "I received your highly esteemed gift, *Second Souvenir*, at the hands of Mrs. F. K. Clark. It is a well-written book, with a good moral tone prevailing it throughout. The historical data are valuable for reference, and your advice to young men is good. The points are well taken and very instructive, and will do any young man good that will read and remember. It was very thoughtful of you to add a blank for Family Register, and have recorded my own family data in it."

From H. H. Hatch, of Nashville, Tenn., I received a souvenir

album containing fifty-one views of Nashville. The following letter accompanying it: "Allow me to express my sincere thanks for your handsome book. It is certainly the record of a life well spent, and but fulfills the poet's prophecy:

'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.'

"By the same mail I send you a souvenir of Nashville, Tenn., and the homes of 'Old Hickory' and ex-President Polk."

Mrs. Addie A. Henry writes from Galva, Ill., that the copy of *Second Souvenir* addressed to J. N. Henry, in that town, and delivered to her, would be forwarded to his present address, Millerton, Kas., where he has resided, she says, for the past five years. Mrs. Miller adds: "After carefully looking through the book, I can say I consider it a very interesting work. In it I find the names of many I used to know, some of whom are dead."

From Adam Holsburg, Norwood, Kas.: "I return you my sincere thanks for your valued gift, *Second Souvenir*. I am highly pleased with the style; it shows that your endeavors have not been in vain, that you have prospered and never lacked in giving your part to build up a good cause. The advice to the young as well as to the old is grand, and it certainly must be like seed sown on good ground; may it bring a hundred fold. On every page we find words of encouragement for the weary traveler that is working his way onward and upward. May it be the means of adding many stars to your crown in yonder haven of rest."

From Maggie Hope I received these few brief but sterling words: "Please accept my sincere thanks for your book. I assure you I shall prize and always appreciate your kindness more than I can tell."

From Mrs. W. M. Hubbell, of Union City, Penn.: "I now take pleasure in writing you a few lines acknowledging receipt of the beautiful book you sent my father (Mr. Charles Breed), which he was so thankful to receive, and enjoys reading so much, as it brings fresh to his memory old friends and associates of his younger days."

From Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Irwin, of Tryonville, Penn.: "We wish to thank you very much for your *Second Souvenir* you sent us, and extend to you our best wishes in return for your kind remembrance of us as being among your many friends."

From the office of the *Saturday Times*, Frewsburg, N. Y.: "Accept our thanks for the copy of your *Souvenir* recently sent us. We have read it with profit and pleasure. Long life to the writer!"—P. P. J.

From Phebe C. Jones, Buffalo, N. Y., a life-long friend and old pupil, I received a welcome letter of acknowledgment, in which she

pays a touching tribute to the memory of my dead wife, Eliza, with whom she was well acquainted. Space will permit me of here, however, giving but a brief extract: "Your beautiful *Second Souvenir* is received, and I have read both it and your *First Souvenir* with pleasure and profit. While perusing them my mind reverted naturally to old scenes and incidents, and I can not remember when I did not know you, as you are a few years older than myself. You taught the Moore school, and I was one of your pupils, and here let me thank you, for you were the one that taught me to read more than any teacher I can remember of. Then afterward I commenced teaching, myself, and you were married and settled down to farming, and had sons whom you sent to my school. You always set us a good example, and your good works have followed you."

From Clarence E. Judd, Chagrin Falls, Ohio: "I feel highly gratified at being remembered by you in the gift of your *Souvenir*, and return my sincere thanks for the same. Our lives are much alike, running on parallel lines, and we can help each other. This thought ought to strengthen and encourage us for the trials and struggles in which we must daily engage."

D. S. Keep, of Ellendale, Dak., writes: "I received your *Souvenir* in due time, and have read it through. My wife appreciates your present fully as much as I, for she and your first wife, Eliza C., were schoolmates in their younger days. She thinks her picture in the *Souvenir* very good. She often speaks of Eliza and her sister, Mrs. Jane Cutshall, for they were both dear friends of hers. You will please accept our sincere thanks for the *Souvenir*, and I expect in the near future to grasp you by the hand and thank you personally."

"The New York Historical Society has received *Second Souvenir* of Francis C. Waid, containing Family and Personal Reminiscences, also Essays, Treatises and Memoirs, together with Appendix, including personal sketches and miscellanea. A gift from Francis C. Waid, Esq., for which I am instructed to return a grateful acknowledgment.—William Kelby, Assistant Librarian.—Library: Second Avenue, corner of Eleventh Street, New York City, March 18, 1891."

From Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg, of Blooming Valley, Penn.: "Received your *Souvenir* with gladness, and can not tell how much pleasure it gave us to be so kindly remembered by a friend and neighbor, as well as former teacher. We sincerely thank you for both *Souvenirs* which we value much. Shall read them carefully, and try to be benefited by them."

From Smith and Orpha Leonard, Meadville, Penn., comes the following: "We acknowledge with much pleasure the receipt of your most interesting book—*Second Souvenir*. A great many familiar faces look out at us from its pages, making its reading pleasant in every word. In returning our thanks to you for the volume, we wish to add our congratulations for the interest and excellency of the work, with wishes that your future years may be long and most pleasant, and that prosperity may come generously to you."

Rev. J. W. Lewis, of Pleasantville, Penn., writes: "Accept my many thanks for the *Souvenir* you sent me. I have read it through, and was much interested. I did not know till now there was so much of the author about you. I sent the book to my son Edward, who is in Dakota, and he writes that he is delighted with it, and sends many thanks."

Mrs. Maria Lord and her nephew, A. F. Leonard, thus express themselves: "Allow me to thank you on behalf of my aunt, Maria Lord, for your book, *Souvenir*, with which she was very much pleased. I have also looked through the *Souvenir*, and think the advice to young men very good. I will try and profit by it, and hope that many more may do the same."—A. F. LEONARD.

J. J. McCaulis writes from New York: "Your very interesting *Souvenir* was received, for which please accept thanks. It is a good book for every youth in the land to read, that he may learn the value of early economy and industry."

From Rev. Hamilton R. McClintock, of Meadville, Penn.: "Some time ago I had the pleasure of receiving a copy of your excellently written *Second Souvenir*, containing, I assure you, very many interesting things, which will be much more so in years to come to many of your intimate friends. When they can not talk to you about loved ones that have long since been in their tombs, they can turn to this book and learn when and where such a loved one lived and died; and also learn of Divine truths which are as pearls that I pray may continue to drop into precious and immortal souls through this your right and choice of using your money to do good. May your noble ambition be realized to the fullest extent."

Mary McCullough, of Blooming Valley, Penn., writes kindly: "Some one has said, and truly, too, that 'A book is next to a friend;' and in acknowledging the receipt of your *Second Souvenir* I am reminded that I possess both book and friend, for which I tender many thanks."

Geo. W. McCullough, of Blooming Valley, Penn., writes: "I received your gift, *Second Souvenir*, and was pleased to find you had not forgotten the tie of friendship for the once little boy who many years ago sat on the low front seat in the school, and was the first to give chase when the teacher, Francis C. Waid (after distributing half a bag of apples among the bigger boys and girls at Christmas) told us smaller boys to catch him for the rest of the apples! Many thanks for the book and the good advice contained therein."

From A. R. McGill, Minneapolis, Minn.: "The book which you so kindly sent me has been received. Please accept my warmest thanks for so kindly remembering me. It is a book which bears strong testimony to both your industry and intelligence; and I am glad to possess it."

Bishop Willard F. Mallalieu, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, New Orleans, writes from Montpelier, Vt., April 22, 1891, as follows: "Yours of April 10th to hand, forwarded from New Orleans to this place where I am holding the Vermont Conference. I remember with great thankfulness the days of blessing spent at Oil City last fall. I am glad the grace you then received still cheers your heart. I hope, as the years go on, God may still continue to enrich your life with all spiritual mercies. I saw a volume of your *Souvenir*, and read quite a number of pages with great interest. I have always had a taste for such subjects as are treated of in the book. I shall be pleased to see the volume you have sent when I return to New Orleans."

From H. P. Marley, Meadville, Penn.: "I have just found on the desk at the office your *Second Souvenir*, for which I wish you to accept my heartfelt thanks. I have derived much pleasure as well as profit from the perusal of your *First Souvenir*, and have no doubt but I shall also from this one. At any rate I am much pleased with its outward appearance, and shall be pleased to try and profit by its contents."

From Joseph Marsh, Ottawa, Kas.: "Please accept my thanks for the book you sent me. Best wishes to you and yours."

Willis Masiker writes from Lansing, Iowa: "The *Souvenir* you sent me I received with much pleasure, for it reminds me much of old Crawford County, home, relatives and friends that are dear to me. I enjoy the reading of it so much that I cannot find words to express my appreciation; indeed I prize it highly, and I heartily thank you."

B. J. Matteson, superintendent of Randolph Baptist Sabbath-school, writes from Guy's Mills, Penn.: "A unanimous vote was passed thanking you for the book you so kindly sent to the Randolph Baptist Sabbath-school."

S. Merrell, Meadville, Penn., writes: "I have just received your *Second Souvenir* so kindly presented me, and I assure you it is with much pleasure I acknowledge receipt of it. I find much in it to instruct and interest, and especially so as coming from one and produced by one I esteem so highly. Many thanks for the favor."

S. S. Michael, of Mercer, Penn., writes as follows: "The copy of the *Second Souvenir* you kindly sent me came to hand some time ago. Please accept my thanks for your courtesy, and my apology for the tardiness of this acknowledgment."

Ira C. Miller, of Davidson Station, Mich., writes: "I received your book and return my sincere thanks for the same, which I place in my incomplete library for use as a valued gift. I also feel very thankful to hear that you are a friend to my brother, D. H. Miller, who has been so long in poor health, for I believe in my heart that you will do him good in his declining years."

From P. E. Miller, Frewsburg, N. Y.: "I hereby acknowledge receipt of your *Souvenir* of 1890, for which accept my kindest thanks. I have read it with pleasure as well as profit to myself and family. It brings to my memory scenes of my early days when I with an ox-team traveled from Miller's Station to Venango, Woodcock and Meadville, when my father, who is now eighty-four years old, sent me to mill and to buy groceries. I regret that I was not one of the fortunate ones to receive your *First Souvenir*, however that was a misfortune that came by not being acquainted with our neighbors."

C. C. Minton, cashier of First National Bank, Ottawa, Kas., writes: "I am in receipt of the *Souvenir*, for which please accept my hearty thanks. I shall peruse it with interest. I realize that this book is published in the interest of relatives and friends, and it gives me great pleasure to be classed among your 'friends.'"

J. H. Montgomery, professor of physics and chemistry, Allegheny College, writes: "If a book comes into my house I welcome it as a friend, and when your *Souvenir* was laid on my table I was very much pleased. Your kindness is appreciated. I have been thinking about the sound business advice which you give, and also of the many unselfish acts of kindness you have done; and I believe you have solved the problem, for yourself, of being contented and happy."

My cousin, C. C. Morehead, writes as follows from Townville, Penn.: "My mother* desires me to say to you that she thinks very much of the books you sent her—your *First* and *Second Souvenirs*—that she has read them through twice, and that she takes a great deal of comfort in reading them. 'God bless you, and may you continue to do good,' is her earnest prayer. I write this on my thirty-eighth birthday. Your *First* and *Second Souvenirs* I think are good books. I would not take a great deal for them; they fill the place intended—a token of remembrance, a gift of friendship, a keepsake—and will do anyone good who reads them. And then they do not get old; as you say, 'the common things of life are useful every day.'"

My cousins, Steven and Mary Morehead, of Minier, Ill., write as follows: "We received your welcome letter and *Second Souvenir* with real pleasure. We read it every chance we can get, and oh! it is so full of interesting points. Very many thanks, dear cousin, for this valuable book, which money could not buy; we will keep it in remembrance of you as long as we live."

From Addie Ogden, Olean, N. Y.: "I received your very interesting book, and was most glad as well as pleased to get it. I have been looking into it a great deal, and every time read something so interesting that it is almost impossible for me to lay it aside and do my household duties. I am very much pleased with it, and hope you will accept our thanks, as my husband thinks it is a very nice gift. I feel as though I were indebted to you for it, you can not imagine the comfort we both take in reading it."

*My respected, aged Aunt Clarinda Morehead.—F. C. WAID.

Charles H. Pennypacker writes from West Chester, Penn.: "Your book is the product of a careful, thoughtful and Christian man. In many of its personal details it may be the subject of criticism, but modern taste, as evidenced by the Memoirs of General Sherman, and 'the remarks' of Thomas Carlyle as selected by Mr. Fronde, seem to justify this style of narrative. I congratulate you upon your success in life, and trust you may live long and prosper."

B. L. Perry, of Centreville, Tenn., writes: "The M. E. Sabbath-school at Riceville desire that I send you their gratitude as expressed in a rising unanimous vote August 24, for the gift of your *Second Souvenir*."

N. S. Phelps, of Marion, Minn., writes a lengthy and interesting letter, from which I give a brief extract: "Having received your *Second Souvenir*, I thought I must write to you and acknowledge your kindness in sending both books without anything from me. I am well pleased with them, and like to peruse them, as they tell of many persons and places I have been acquainted with, and recall old times to me. The several views presented in the *Souvenir* are very realistic, and of special interest to me is the Old State Road Church, the spot most sacred to me of all, where God came down in power to save hundreds of souls—the place where I consecrated myself to Him, and He owned me as His child. You must have bestowed a large amount of time and thought upon your *Souvenirs*, and truly they are interesting to me, and must be to all who were acquainted with the people and places spoken of."

T. W. Phelps writes from Chester, as follows: "I received a copy of your *Second Souvenir* and am more than pleased with it, it is worth thousands to a family, and I recommend it to my boy and girls. My mother-in-law, Hetty Hoover, is reading it, and says she will buy a copy for her children and grandchildren to read, if for sale; and my wife's uncle, a retired merchant of Springfield, Ill., who is at my place, has read the *Souvenir* half through, and says it is a grand book for young people. May God repay your efforts—we can not."

Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Pierce, of Jamestown, N. Y., say in substance as follows: "We thank you for the gift, your *Souvenir*, which we prize very highly, and shall cherish in years to come. Hon. Jerome Babcock, in speaking of the book, commended it highly, saying it was a great undertaking, and must have taken much time and experience."

From D. S. Ploof, Blooming Valley: "With pleasure I thank you for the *Souvenir* I received from you. I have read it through, and find it full of benefits for this life and for the life to come. It is a book that should be read by old and young in Crawford County, for you, the author, are known to every intelligent reader in the county and far beyond. In it I find much to remind me of my younger days, especially the happy year I spent with your uncle, Joseph Finney, and his wife at their home, and the friendships that existed between your brother Lyman and myself."

Rev. H. L. Powers, pastor of Trinity Church, Grand Island, Neb., writes very fraternally: "Your kind favor in sending me such an interesting book of your life I prize very highly. I shall read and re-read its pages with delight, and as I do so I will remember your earnest and kind prayers for our success in building our church. I admire your style of portraying real life; few men are gifted with such descriptive powers as you possess. I would be glad if your book could find its way into thousands of homes; 'may, but it will.' Such books will live to bless the nations when the writer has gone to his reward. Now, dear brother, accept our kind regards for the book—it will find a safe place in my library and study room."

From Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Richardson, of Blooming Valley: "Please accept our many thanks for the volume you sent us. We find it very instructive, and take great pleasure in reading it. Also accept through us the Doctor's* thanks for his copy of the *Souvenir*, which I know he and his family appreciate, coming as it does from such a friend as you have been to them."

From Andrew Rider, of Blooming Valley, Penn., comes the following: "I received your book, and am much pleased with it, for it brings back many things to our memory in reading it. I will never cease to remember the pleasant associations of our past lives, and the many kind acts I have received at your hands. I also remember your father, Ira C. Waid. I will cherish your gift as coming from a true friend. Accept my warmest thanks, and remember me as a constant friend."

From J. E. Robbins, Mound City, Dak.: "With great pleasure I write you to thank you for your kind remembrance in sending your *Second Souvenir*, which I highly appreciate. It brings to my memory our school days of fifty years ago, when we went to the old Cowen school-house; and it seems but yesterday that you taught at Blooming Valley, where I attended my last term at school. How well I remember the protracted meeting held at State Road in 1850-51! I regret I did not start then, but I am glad my life has been spared, and that I have chosen the good way now. May you keep on in your good work; it brings many interesting thoughts of former years to our minds."

Cena Rodgers, an old schoolmate, writes from Lake City, Minn.: "Many thanks to you for the book you sent me. I assure you that your kindness will not be forgotten by your friend. Zack's book came along with mine, and I am sure he, too, will be much pleased with the *Souvenir*."

From L. J. Rogers, Beloit, Wis.: "I received your book yesterday, and thank you very much for the kind remembrance. Hope some day to return the compliment. I prize it very much, and shall read it with pleasure."

From A. Rushlander, of Blooming Valley: "Please accept my thanks for the *Souvenir* you gave my son for me. I have never yet

*Dr. G. W. Weter, of Grand Island, Neb. My thanks are due to Mrs. Richardson for taking several copies of my *Souvenir* to Grand Island, when she went on a visit to Dr. Weter (her son-in-law) in September, 1890.—F. C. WAID.

received any present that has given me more pleasure. I shall read every line with interest, the more so on account of being personally acquainted with several of those made mention of in the book, many of whom were my friends and near neighbors."

My niece, Sarah E. Russell, writes from Cleveland, Ohio: "It has been a long time since I received the book you sent me, and for which I express my thanks. I was so pleased with it, not only on account of its value, but also for your kindly remembering me. I have read it and like it very much, although I had to shed tears many times when I came to places where dear Aunt Eliza was spoken of. But your description of things you have seen and places you have visited are so vivid and real that I almost imagine I am seeing them myself. Lynn [her young son] has read some of the book lately, and declares it good, and I know that if all the books he reads are as good as that one, his mind will never be poisoned with bad literature."

S. P. Schiek, librarian of the First Baptist Sunday-school of Meadville, writes as follows: "It was with pleasure that the First Baptist Sunday-school of Meadville received your kind and useful gift, which was acknowledged by a vote of thanks by the school last Sunday, September 21, 1890."

From Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Sherman, of Ottawa, Kas., comes a very kind note: "Your esteemed favor, the *Souvenir*, came to hand, and after a careful perusal we are free to say that we deem it a very valuable book. The precepts and advice therein contained could not fail, if strictly followed, to result in good to every one. We thank you for the kind remembrance, and as a token of our sincerity extend to yourself and Mrs. Waid an invitation to come and see us when you return to Kansas."

Maria Wygant Sellew writes a feelingly kind letter, in which she says in part: "We received the copy of your *Souvenir* which you kindly presented to us. Allow us to thank you and say that we will ever cherish its treasures, which are more valuable than gold or rubies—true tokens of friendship in the form of biographical reminiscences of relatives and friends we have loved so much, have met so often, and enjoyed the society of, and warm-hearted shaking of hands together. Your book calls up recollections of things almost forgotten, and I live them over again. How pleasant to do so, especially things pertaining to Blooming Valley and its surroundings."

F. L. and Ella Sexton write from Topeka, Kas.: "We have just received your kind and friendly donation (*Second Souvenir*) for which our feelings swell with gratitude to our friend. Our time for reading the book is very limited at present, but what little we have read makes us think of what a wonderful amount of good a man can do for his fellow mortals when he is stirred by the Spirit."

From Mrs. Eleanor L. Skelton, Evansville, Ill.: "Accept my thanks for your book which I lately received, and have read with interest and profit. As a family *Souvenir* too much could not be said in its praise, and your first reason for writing the book will surely be realized by any one that reads it."

From Wilson Smith, Rouseville, Penn.: "Your letter and book came to hand last week. I delivered the book you sent, to the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and you will likely hear direct from him. I have been perusing the one you gave me, and I find it very interesting. It contains excellent advice, and I am sure it will benefit me greatly on my journey through life. I will always remember the giver with the kindest of regards."

Rev. R. C. Smith, pastor of Grace M. E. Church, Oil City, Penn., writes in effect as follows: "I am very much pleased to receive your *Souvenir*, which I shall prize very highly. Please accept my sincerest thanks. In your book I find so many names of old friends and acquaintances. Your book leads me to think of old friends, and I shall read its pages with much satisfaction."

From D. A. Spohn, of Sycamore, Ill.: "Please accept my thanks for copy of your *Second Souvenir* received by me, and, believe me, I am more than pleased in reading its contents. The first evening it came into our possession, we sat up and read into the small hours of the night, and were so much interested we could scarce close the volume. I appreciate it for two reasons—first, because it was so kind of you to remember me on so slight an acquaintance; second, because we are all glad to have the pictures it contains of your relatives, among them being Anna, your present wife, who was for a long time a neighbor of ours. In looking through the *Souvenir* I find much to interest and profit me, for it is both temporal and spiritual food. In it I see you are casting your bread upon the waters, and the promise is it shall return after many days. I assure you I shall prize the book, and you may believe my sympathies are with you in your great and good work."

Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, of Sunny Side Ranch, Olpe, Kas., whom I had the pleasure of visiting with my brother-in-law, R. P. Tyler, send thanks for copy of SOUVENIR.

From H. A. Sturgis, of Centreville, Penn.: "I have read your *Second Souvenir* with great pleasure, and highly appreciate your kindness. I see so much in it that interests me that I do not know what part to speak of first, but my mind goes back to the old State Road Church—the 'Pilgrims' Home'—which was the first church I was ever in, and the only one I was ever in with my father (Cyrus Goodwill), as he died when I was small."

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Sutton, of Randolph, Penn., write: "It is with great pleasure we write to say we have read your *Souvenir* through, and found many interesting things in it, as well as lots of good advice. We can not express our thanks to you for being so kind and thoughtful, but we can congratulate you on being so successful in writing such an excellent book to give to your kindred and friends. It is something that will live after you have done with this life."

From Riley Sweet, Monroe Centre, Ill.: "I received your book containing a finely written account of yourself and family. The work is a good illustration of a man who has worked his way up in life, both morally and religiously, and also in the accumulation of wealth; but

while you have laid up treasures on earth, you have also laid them up in Heaven. I feel that through your own diligence you have gained a position among men, which you and your wife may well be proud of. Your book is something that will have a tendency to make people better. Your advice to young men is grand; it may be the means of saving many, and starting them aright in life. I thank you a thousand times for the *Souvenir*, which I have enjoyed the reading of very much."

From Grace Thompson, of Meadville, Penn., I received the following: "Please accept my thanks for the copy of your *Souvenir* which you kindly presented to me. It contains much sound advice, and recalls to my memory many places and things which were almost forgotten."

My cousin, Mrs. F. J. Tiffany, writes a beautiful letter from Essex, Conn., my parents' native State, which I have more than once visited. I here give a small portion of the letter: "I have taken pen in hand to thank you for your kind remembrance in sending me your *Second Souvenir*. Words fail to express the feeling I have in my heart for your kindness to me, but you must take the will for the deed. "I have been very much interested in its perusal thus far, and shall often be reminded of the giver, as I continue to read. I also think how pleased my dear husband would have been, had he been spared to peruse it with me, he so enjoyed your *First Souvenir*, of which, when he was just getting up from a sick bed, I used daily to read a portion to him. But how changed the scene! Now I read alone, but a kind Father cares for me and leads me along."

From Mrs. James Titus, Tryonville, Penn.: "I have been taking great pleasure this morning in reading one of your books sent to my son, Luther Titus. I am much pleased with this gift to my son, and as I have one of your *First Souvenirs*, I would like to have a copy of your *Second*."

From Mrs. J. W. Trescott, of Elmira: "Your much-prized present of a beautiful book (*Second Souvenir*) came duly to hand, but found me quite sick, which will account for my not sooner acknowledging its receipt, and expressing my many thanks for the unexpected pleasure its perusal affords me."

Mrs. W. R. Trevey, of Moundsville, W. Va., writes in substance as follows: "Accept my thanks for the *Souvenir* you sent, which I have read with interest. It contains much that I appreciate. I will ever cherish it as a treasure, far more valuable than a gift of gold. The book is plainly written, and I doubt not will do a great deal of good."

From C. C. Tyler, No. 507 Brook Street, Galesburg, Ill.: "*Second Souvenir* received, and I wish to express my profoundest thanks for your kind remembrance. My wife and I are greatly pleased to read from the pen of one so well able to portray everyday thoughts to the printed page. The work will be of vast benefit to those who peruse the many valuable points you have so excellently illustrated."

Andrew G. Waid, my uncle, residing at Ann Arbor, Mich., writes as follows: "Your *Second Souvenir* sent me I received September 6, and I can not be thankful enough to you for it. I take pleasure in reading it, and the more I read it, the better I like it. Nearly all of the names mentioned in the book are familiar, and many of the persons spoken of were my schoolmates and acquaintances."

From my cousins, H. C. and A. Waid, of Millerton, Penn.: "We received the *Second Souvenir*; are more than pleased with it, and have learned many things from it which have been very interesting to us. Many thanks to you."

My much-esteemed uncle, Horace F. Waid, of Blooming Valley, Penn., says: "I have received your *Second Souvenir*, for which I render many thanks."

From Dr. J. T. Waid, of Ridgway, Penn.: "It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge receipt of your *Second Souvenir*. I have read it with satisfaction, as many of the places and persons mentioned are familiar to me from boyhood."

Frank L. Wallace, of Meadville, Penn., writes: "Your *Souvenir* has just been handed to me. Although as yet I have but hurriedly glanced through it, I feel that its perusal will be of much interest to me. I am much interested in people who believe in agriculture and can make agriculture a success. Your topics are good, and useful for consideration. It would be a good thing if more American families had their memoirs published in book form. Too few Americans, in the rush and bustle of active business life, take time to do this work. A book like yours becomes more valuable as the years pass by. Accept my thanks for your kind remembrance."

Willard Weeks, of St. Charles, Minn., writes as follows: "Accept my thanks for the book received some time ago. I left it with my children to write and thank you, but they neglected it until this late day. Permit me to return my sincere thanks with the hope that I may always have the honor to remain your sincere friend."

From S. Louise West, Sycamore: "I hereby acknowledge receipt of copy of your *Second Souvenir* for which accept my hearty thanks. I assure you that I am glad of the remembrance, and have been deeply interested in looking over the work, although I am unable to read much on account of my health. We enjoyed the brief visit of yourself and party (last October), and hope you will again come to see us. While you were at our place I could not help thinking that the Christian life of your wife and yourself was having a beneficial effect on those about you. We none of us live to ourselves, and none dieth to himself."

From E. C. West, Sycamore, Ill.: "More time has elapsed than I intended before acknowledging receipt of your book. While we find some things interesting, for want of knowledge, yet there is very much not only interesting but also highly instructive. It carries an elevated tone, and your advice, etc., to young men is excellent. It is an everyday book, Sunday not excepted. Please accept thanks for your *Second Souvenir*."

Lysander Wheeler, of Sycamore, Ill., says: "It is with great pleasure I write you to express thanks for myself and entire family, for your *Second Souvenir*. It is not a usual thing for the author of a book to present his friends with free copies of his work as you have done. I am highly pleased, for it is a book by which all who read it will be profited, as its moral and religious teachings are of the very best: historically, it is interesting and, I think, correct. Its treatment of financial matters is of the best, and if followed will bring comfort and success. All in all, it is well written. I heartily thank you, friend Waid, for this marked compliment in remembrance of me."

From A. Y. Wikoff, of Oelwein, Iowa:—"I have received a very agreeable surprise in the form of a book from you—your *Second Souvenir*—which I have examined to some extent, and pronounce very good, and bound to do more good wherever it goes than many more pretentious publications. It does me good to look at the pictures, in the book, of familiar faces and scenes I have not set my eyes on for thirty-four long years; they all seem so natural that I feel as if I would like to visit Crawford County again, to see how many more persons and scenes would be as familiar as those ones in the book. I shall treasure the *Souvenir* as a token of unselfish friendship, and as a valuable memento of the past."

Ursula Wikoff writes from Caliope, Iowa: "I received your *Souvenir* ten days ago. It is always pleasant to be remembered by our friends, especially so when we are far from the old home and its surroundings. The plates in your book recall familiar scenes and faces, and reading the reminiscences is almost as good as a visit with some Blooming Valley friend. Allow me to thank you for the pleasure your keepsake has given me."

The following comes from H. G. Williams, Meadville: "Please accept my thanks for the interesting volume containing the biographical sketches of yourself, family and friends, which you so kindly gave me. It contains much that I appreciate, and I fail to find words to express the deep gratitude that I feel toward you. Nothing you could give would please as well."

A. Wolcott, of Savanna, Ill., kindly writes in substance as follows: "You do not know what a happy surprise it was to me on receiving your fine book, *Second Souvenir*, coming as it did from one of my many acquaintances. I recall your face as I look at your picture, and it carries me back with pleasure to the many chats we have had. It gives me more happiness to know that those who have been under my care should think of me, or have a kind word and a good thought for me. I try to treat all who come under my care with kindness and respect. I may fail many times, but such remembrances as you have presented to me will help me to be more watchful and care more for those that come under my charge. Love and kindness to our neighbors cause the clouds to disappear, and the sun to shine in their hearts. Your book carries me back to boyhood days when I worked on a farm and in the sugar bush. Please accept many thanks for your kind remembrance of me."

W. C. Wygant, superintendent of Sabbath-school at Guy's Mills, Penn., writes: "I presented your *Second Souvenir* to our Sabbath-school, and it was voted unanimously to accept your kind gift; also that a vote of thanks be tendered you, which was accordingly done. Please accept my thanks."

From an old pupil of mine, W. C. Wygant, of Guy's Mills, Penn., I received the following: "Allow me to thank you for your kindness in presenting me with your *First* and *Second Souvenirs*. I read the *First* through, and feel that I was benefited by your counsel. I shall read the *Second* carefully. I find that my name has been left out of the list of your scholars, but I am sure it was by mistake."

M. S. McMullen, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., at Ottawa, Kas., writes: "I hope you will excuse me for not sooner acknowledging your gift to our Association Library. Though thus tardy I beg to assure you that my thanks are no less hearty. I have enjoyed reading sketches in it very much, and am glad to place it among our books here. The *Souvenir* has an especial value to me because of the familiarity and dearness of the places and people both there [Crawford County, Penn.] and here, and also because of my acquaintance, and, I trust, friendship with yourself."

From B. F. Culp, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Oil City, Penn.: "Please accept thanks for the copy of your *Souvenir* you left for the library of the Y. M. C. A. in this city. Your kindness is greatly appreciated, and we pray the blessing upon your future."

From the Y. M. C. A. at Galesburg, Ill., by H. S. Stratton, secretary: "It is with a great deal of pleasure that we acknowledge receipt of your work. Please accept our sincere thanks. It is a valuable addition to our library."

The following letter I received from little Harry Outshall, of Guy's Mills, Pa.: "*Dear Uncle*, I was over to Aunt Minnie's yesterday, and she gave me that nice present you left there for me, A BIBLE. Please accept my thanks."

In addition to the above, very many of my relatives and friends have thanked me in person for the SOUVENIRS. My aunt, Phebe Goodwill, who lives with her youngest son at Garland, Warren County, Penn., thanked me heartily in person for the SOUVENIR, when I visited her in May, 1891; and her words to me were these: "Francis, I don't see how you ever found time enough to write two books for nothing, and give them away. *They cost money*." I replied that I used the fragments of time, and the money I had earned before I began writing the books, and that I wished a keepsake for my friends and kindred that would do good. "Well," said my aunt, "*you have got it!*" and I can never be thankful enough for mine."

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY MOTHER'S OLD LETTERS.

“Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore.”

E. A. ALLEN.

Among the many things I find near and around me in this dear old home of my childhood, where I am now writing, that at every turn remind me of my mother, and invite me into retrospective study, is a package of old letters written to her by numerous relatives and friends, some of them dated as far back as the days of her girlhood. And it seems to me, while I scan these old letters over, as if the liquid tears that I shed when my dear mother was called to her blessed reward had come again, but transformed to orient pearl, so precious have they grown by lapse of time.

My mother was as careful in preserving things as she was diligent in the acquiring of them. How thoughtful and frugal she was, for instance, in the gathering, saving and storing of herbs, and such things, against a time of need! What a supply of them would she carefully lay away for the sick, either in her own family or among neighbors! And not alone herbs, but also dried fruits and many other such necessities for the sick and infirm, did she with Christian hands of benevolence distribute among those who were in need of them. How opportunely and refreshingly they came to them, and how sweet and comforting it is for me, to-day, to remember her, and her unselfish life of charitable works, by quietly reviewing these old letters lying before me, each one of which carries in itself a silent history of the past! I know that they are in the hands of a son who appreciates them, and can realize their true value and worth.

My mother, in her lifetime, never ceased to do good for her children, although they oftentimes failed to understand and set proper value on her acts; but I have since,

THE
PUBLISHED

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



Eng. by E. C. Williams & Bro NY
A.D. 1884.

John C. Vainer



Eng. by G. W. Harris & Bro. N. Y.
A.D. 1884.

Elizabeth S. Haide

day by day, learned to appreciate the true worth of her love and blessings, and I feel that this very hour I am reaping some of the fruit of her motherly care and frugality. Her motto, judging by her daily life, may be said to have been, simply, "Never forget economy in using what you have."

One of these letters I hold in my hand just now. I find it was written to her eighty years ago (when she was ten years of age) by a friend, Ann Perkins, with whom she had lived some time in her childhood, and is dated "Hartford, Conn., April 14, 1810." This is the oldest among these letters, is clearly and plainly written, and bears evidence of having been preserved with jealous care, as I hope it will be for many years yet to come, bringing pleasure to all who may peruse it in the future, as it has in the past.

What I could say, dear reader, about these old letters would fill many pages of this volume, for they contain much, very much, that is both instructive and interesting to me and to those yet in life who knew my mother in days gone by. A friend of mine the other day remarked to me, in the course of conversation, that we are prone to give our fathers credit for their acts, but often fail or neglect to appreciate what our mothers may have done for us. The joint partners of a good firm have equal recognition and credit in the commercial world, and surely our parents are deserving of our love, gratitude and admiration coequally and conjointly. True, our first good impressions come from our mothers by natural intuition, and as our plastic natures are, year by year, being molded for use and service in the grand arena of life, these good impressions are clinched into us, so to speak, by paternal example. Many such good impressions were stamped on my mind by my mother in her lifetime, and have been, ever since, through my blessed memory of her, a remembrance that will remain the theme of my tongue and pen while life remains to me.

F. C. WAITD.

Blooming Valley, Penn., {
January, 1891. }

THE SUCCESSFUL FARMER.*

Not long since I attended the seventeenth annual State Dairy-men's Association held in Meadville, Penn. To me it was an excellent opportunity to see, hear and learn of something on both sides of the question, Does farming pay? After an experience of over fifty years spent on the farm, I answer, *yes*. I began poor, and am in sight of that station yet, but have had some success in farming, in pursuit of the occupation I chose when a young man, because I loved it then and do so yet.

Farming includes dairying—butter and cheese making—yet that is only one branch of farming. I never followed that industry to any great extent. I do not remember of having kept more than three cows at a time; my wife had the name of making good butter, and whatever we made more than was used at home, found a ready market in our own neighborhood or in Meadville. My sons excel me in dairying, and have better cows and more of them. I question whether they were born natural dairymen; I think they are inclined more to other branches of farming, as their experience proves. Such is some of my experience in dairying, and were there no other way of a man becoming a successful farmer except by dairying, I presume I never would have attempted to write this article, and I will here state my reason for doing so. The farmer has his choice of what part of his occupation he wishes to follow. Like the branches of a tree, there are many, all equally supported by the trunk and roots, from which they derive their living. Say what you will in regard to farming. Is there any better occupation, any surer way of getting a living, a home and a success, than farming? I wonder often why so many turn aside to other occupations, and leave the farm, the most important of all pursuits. I would advise any young man, who wants a home and the comforts and blessings of this life, to stay on the farm. A degree of success, peace and happiness are found here, as in no other occupation.

I want to help my brother farmer, and encourage the young men to stay on the farm, for I consider his chances not only as good, but in many cases far better than to leave the farm and seek other occupations. I never learned this by experience, I never wanted to. Of failure and poor choice we can learn all we wish to know from observation; and sometimes our sad experience turns us in the right way. Yet is not that so much time lost, and would we not have done better to have traveled on the road to success without it?

When I listened to the interesting addresses by noted men from

* Most of this article was written for the *Pennsylvania Farmer* of March 26, 1891.

abroad and at home, and heard farmers discuss the different questions on the dairy business, my sympathy was with them, and I would like to help them, and see them prove successful. As I profited by their experience, perhaps some one may by mine. I will say I was well pleased when a few of the dairymen reported favorably, and it was evident they were successful in their business, which proves that farming pays. I was glad to see those men and hear their words of experience and encouragement in these (so-called) dull times. It was sunshine coming forth in its beauty after a long storm of dreary days. Had I been capable, and had thought it not out of place, I would have spoken some words of cheer for the farmer who was toiling so faithfully to achieve success. It might have encouraged them; at least this was my thought, and although that opportunity is gone, there still remains another: and if the editor of our good *Pennsylvania Farmer* thinks it worth while to publish this article, they may yet have my thoughts and experience.

As I sat there in Library Hall listening to so many different experiences connected with the dairy interests, I thought it a good school for the farmer. Who would achieve success, must attend to business; work, learn and economize. I stood many a day at the ladder, many a month and year on the platform of poverty, anxious if possible to rise to moderate circumstances and a comfortable condition in life. If I never know what it is to be rich, I claim to know what it is to be poor. Now do not think that because I was in poverty that I was unhappy; that was not my condition. I was happy, and I can just as easily give a reason for this as any thing else. I trusted in the Lord and hoped for success, wishing some day to be as well off as farmers who were then much better off than I who had nothing financially. But let me tell you what I did have, a good wife and my health—here was the beginning of success. Married the day I was twenty-one, April 23, 1854, I rented an old house and garden for twelve dollars a year, and worked for my father at fifteen dollars a month on the farm (boarding myself part of the time). I worked eight months the first year, then taught school in the winter for about the same wages, and as it was in our own neighborhood I had my own choice either to board around or at home, and I did both. I continued working on the farm for my father, and teaching school in the winter, for four years. Then I began to farm on shares, and later on I bought fifty acres, where I first rented of my father, the piece of land being known as the Pember Waid Farm (my grandfather's place). This has been my home ever since.

Let me ask you, who are the successful farmers or business men of to-day? Some began life with some means, more perhaps, began with very little of this world's goods, and not a few began like the

writer, empty-handed. I would like to say a word of encouragement for all, and that is let us go forth and do the best we can under all circumstances, knowing that we have some of the burden of life to bear as well as to show its prosperity. But there is a young man, who like the forgotten farmer, may at times think his case is so peculiar that he can not even get a start, in life. I think if you work by this rule you can get a start, and travel safely toward success and achieve it. *Earn more than you spend.* Let your income for the first month exceed your expenses, and so on to the end of the year, and you will find a surplus in your favor to begin the next year. When you have solved this hard problem, which constantly faces us all, you will have attained a degree of excellence, and will be marching on the road to success.

There are two things that will help you—pay as you go, and do not go in debt if you can possibly avoid it. In conclusion permit me to tell you that if you travel in this good way you will like it best, for many comforts and blessings it will bring you, and crown your efforts with success.

F. C. WAID.

February 26, 1891.



PARTIAL LIST OF NAMES OF TEACHERS

who taught school in the old school building, in Blooming Valley, from 1851 to 1890, as far as existing records inform, some having been lost.*

Francis C. Waid, 1851-52 (first teacher), Lavancha Densmore (summer).

Ann Eliza Gilmore, 1852-53.

Emmett Densmore, 1853-54.

Mary Ann Lord, Samuel Lord, Nancy Ann Lord, Pamela Lord, Mary McCullough, Lavantia Gray, Tabitha Johnson, Sarah J. Doctor, Sue Keepler, Maria Keepler, Sarah Blair, Stephen Grubb, James Martin, Asa Cole, Annette Roudebush, Ursula Wykoff, Nancy McGill (several terms and two or three terms of select school), Lucinda McGill, Anna McGill, P. M. Cutshall, Sarah A. Harrown, Ida Roudebush, Amanda Halliday (1863), Maggie Knorr (1864).

*This list was prepared by Ralph Roudebush, J. W. Heard and Mrs. Ann Eliza Odell, who have my best thanks for their kindness.—F. C. WAID.

The above-named teachers taught in the first school-house, now known as the "old schoolhouse," but since used as a dwelling house, and now (1890) being remodeled into one of the pleasant homes of Blooming Valley, to be occupied by Mrs. Ohare, daughter of N. Roudebush.

Names of teachers who have taught in the new school building, Blooming Valley:

1869—Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Cutshall, Annette Roudebush; 1870—Horace Mann, Emma McKnight, and a summer school by Horace Mann and William V. Wheeler; 1871—Horace Mann, Miss Russell; 1872—Von Johnson; 1873—Nancy Ann Floyd, C. R. Slocum, E. P. Green; 1874—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Neyland, Ellen Judd; 1875—Mrs. J. M. Gehr, Mrs. Mary L. Neyland; 1876—Stanley Drake, E. J. McCrillis; 1877—Stanley Drake, E. J. McCrillis, Lydia Frost; 1878—Alta G. Harris; 1879—Florence M. Harrown, A. G. Greenlee, E. Ida Frost, Ursula Wykoff; 1880—Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Slocum; 1881—Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Slocum; 1882—Ursula Wykoff, L. M. Morrison; 1883—John F. Humes, Ella Donnelly (summer, Ella Donnelly); 1884—H. A. Peir, Eva Selew; 1885—D. W. Humes, Louise Miller; 1886—Mary E. Hanks, Minnie Luper; 1887—George M. Bradshaw (17 days), B. W. Hosmer, Silas Smock; 1888—A. H. Wiard, Silas Smock; 1890—James R. Kern; A. C. Ridout, Minnie Luper; 1891—C. C. Leech, Minnie Luper.



RECORD OF THE LORD AND WAID FAMILIES.

On the last two leaves of an old account book kept by my father, Ira C. Waid, and which dates from March 1, 1830, to 1839, I find a record or memorandum of births, deaths and marriages in the Samuel Lord and Pember Waid families:

SAMUEL LORD'S FAMILY.

Born in Lyme, North Quarter, Connecticut.

Samuel, born June 11, 1769.	Betsey, born May 16, 1778.
Nicholas, born Feby. 17, 1771.	Lydia, born August 31, 1780.
Katharine, born Sept. 6, 1772.	Lois, born August 6, 1782.
Solomon, born May 29, 1774.	Patty, born November 22, 1784.
Anna, born May 22, 1776.	Perlina, born October 21, 1787.

PEMBER WAID'S FAMILY.

Pember Waid and Anna Lord were married May 19, 1799, and their children were as follows:

Erastus S., born May 24, 1800.	Phebe Matilda, born Sept. 24, 1811.
Ira C., born Aug. 15, 1801.	Clarissa Ursula, born Jan. 26, 1813.
Mary Ann, born Feby. 26, 1803.	Henry Augustus, born Jan. 5, 1816.
Martha L., born May 18, 1804.	Andrew Gilbert, born May 11, 1818.
Eliza Emeline, born Jan. 18, 1806.	
Samuel, born June 11, 1808.	Horace Franklin, born July 12, 1820.
George Washington, born Jan. 21, 1810.	

Martha L. Waid and Lathrop M. Allen were married September 28, 1820; Mary Ann Waid and Philander Simmons were married January 18, 1821. Martha L. (Waid) Allen died June 22, 1833. Anna Waid died February 2, 1844; Pember Waid died February 15, 1852.

Ira C. Waid was married to Elizabeth P. Morehead June 12, 1825. Children:

Robert Lyman, born May 1, 1826.	Franklin P., born April 23, 1833.
George Nicholas, born Oct. 27, 1829.	Francis C., born April 23, 1833.

 RECORD OF FRANCIS C. WAID'S FAMILY.

Francis C. Waid was born April 23, 1833; Eliza C. Masiker was born April 13, 1832. They were married April 23, 1854.

CHILDREN.

FRANKLIN L., born January 5, 1855, married March 15, 1877, to Maggie E. Moore, born May 14, 1859 (their children were as follows: Ida May, born December 25, 1878, died October, 1881; Ina Bell, born January 28, 1882; Elma Irena, born June 14, 1884; Mertie L., born August 16, 1886; Effie Jane, born June 16, 1889).

GUINNIP P., born September 22, 1859, married March 31, 1883, to Anna M. Slocum, born November 6, 1862 (they have one child, Edna Eliza, born December 11, 1886).

FRED F., born March 6, 1868, married March 7, 1889, to Minnie Haines, born August 5, 1868.

Mrs. Eliza C. (Masiker) Waid died July 4, 1888, and on July 7, 1889, Francis C. Waid was united in marriage with Anna E. Tyler, who was born October 10, 1845.



FRANCIS C. WAID, HIS THREE SONS AND THEIR WIVES, AND HIS FIVE GRANDCHILDREN,
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT MEADVILLE, PA., JULY 25, 1891.

RECORD OF ANDREW G. WAID'S FAMILY.

Andrew G. Waid was born May 11, 1818; Jane Decamp was born June 29, 1820. They were married August 27, 1840. Jane (Decamp) Waid died May 19, 1884, aged 63 years, 10 months, 19 days.

CHILDREN.

Mary Ann, born August 28, 1841. Clinton D., born May 20, 1848. Abraham, born August 2, 1845. Abigail, born February 4, 1848. Clarrissa, born August 12, 1852. Eluori, born November 12, 1860.

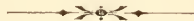


RECORD OF CYRUS GOODWILL'S FAMILY.

Cyrus Goodwill was born April 5, 1810; Phebe M. Waid* was born September 24, 1811. They were married January 8, 1829. Cyrus Goodwill died May 16, 1855.

CHILDREN.

Lydia M., born December 4, 1829; married February 19, 1846. George A., born October 4, 1831; married May 1, 1851. Martha, born July 27, 1835; married October 4, 1857. Horace H., born August 18, 1837; married April 10, 1859. Lewis, born May 1, 1843; died June 3, 1843. Adelaide F., born August 30, 1844; died March 17, 1861. Henrietta A., born January 1, 1849; married May 14, 1865. Albert F., born October 24, 1854; married October 5, 1875.



FAMILY RECORD

OF

ELEAZER AND LOIS C. SLOCUM.

My second son, Guinnip P., being married to Annie, daughter of Lewis M. Slocum and granddaughter of

*I was present at Aunt Phebe Goodwill's eightieth birthday celebration, at which there were present some thirty persons, including her three sons and two daughters, four generations of her family being represented. I had both the honor and pleasure of being seated beside her at the dinner table, and I was able to observe that, in spite of her patriarchal age, she enjoyed the celebration with genuine pleasure. The tokens of remembrance I left, for the occasion, consisted of a picture (family group), a SOUVENIR and a piece of silver.—F. C. WAID.

Eleazer Slocum, and the entire Slocum family having been lifelong acquaintances of mine, I take pleasure in here giving the record of their births and deaths:

Eleazer Slocum, born April 17, 1812, died February 3, 1867.

Lois C. Slocum, born July 5, 1813, died May 1, 1863.

CHILDREN.

C. R., born December 10, 1834.

Robert E., born November 16, 1836.

Lewis M., born January 4, 1839.

Caroline M., born February 18, 1842.

Salvador, born November 15, 1844.

James E., born April 22, 1847.

Ira C., born July 25, 1849, died November 27, 1851.

Calvin Rood, born April 23, 1853, died June, 1871.

Edward Everett, born August 13, 1855, died November 11, 1867.





WAID TWIN MONUMENTS—BLOOMING VALLEY CEMETERY.
ERECTED AUGUST 13, 1884, AND DECEMBER 11, 1888.

THE WAID TWIN MONUMENTS

IN BLOOMING VALLEY CEMETERY.

The one was erected August 13, 1884, the other bearing the date November 30, 1888, although it was not placed in position, owing to delay in shipment, until December 11, following. The chief object of this monument being to perpetuate the memory of my beloved wife, Eliza, it was a happy coincidence that it should be erected on the birthday of our little two-year-old granddaughter, who was named after her—Edna Eliza Waid—only daughter of Guinnip and Anna Waid. On this monument are the following inscriptions:

(On West Side.)

In Memory of

ELIZA,

His beloved wife;

FRANKLIN,

His twin brother;

Parents and Kindred;

These twin monuments are dedicated by

FRANCIS C. WAID,

November 30, 1888.

(On South Side.)

FRANCIS C. WAID,

Born April 23, 1833.

ELIZA,

His wife.

Born April 13, 1832; died July 4, 1888.

(On East Side.)

RECORD OF KINDRED.

Pember Waid had seven sons and five daughters.

Ira C., son of Pember Waid, had four sons, namely:

Robert L., who had three sons.

George N., who had six sons and four daughters.

Twins { Francis C., who has three sons.
 { Franklin P.

Francis C. Waid's three sons are Franklin I., who has four daughters; Guinnip P., who has one daughter, and Fred F.

Record of Jacob Masiker's Family.
Six sons and two daughters.
Jane, wife of G. W. Cutshall.
Eliza, wife of F. C. Waid.

TEMPERANCE FERGERSON,
Born December 20, 1790; died March 11, 1869.

(On North Side.)
"Have Faith in God."

*Commit thy ways unto the Lord; trust also in Him
and He shall bring it to pass.*

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

*Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness,
and all these things shall be added unto you.*

*Oh, that my words were now written; Oh, that they
were printed in a book, that they were graven with an iron
pen and lead in the rock for ever. For I know that my
Redeemer liveth.*

Jesus saith, because I live ye shall live also.

*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be
saved.*

The Waid lot in Blooming Valley Cemetery is east of the center of what was known as the first purchase (or old lot), located on the north side of the driveway. Adjoining this lot, both to the east and to the west of it, are interred near relatives. East of my twin brother's grave is that of my uncle, William Morehead. The lots of Washington Waid and William Morehead bound our lot on the east, and the lots of Cyrus Goodwill and George Roudebush on the west.

Elsewhere I give the record of others interred in this cemetery, not already mentioned in my 1886 SOUVENIR.

IN MEMORIAM.

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

—*Cowper.*

FRANCIS C. WAID, the author of the *Souvenirs*, is no more. Suddenly, "in the twinkling of an eye," while in his fifty-ninth year, he was called to his long home, and the busy hand that penned the thoughts of his active mind is forever at rest. He died as he had lived—energetic and industrious in all his undertakings—his characteristic activity continuing until his last breath.

When sixteen years of age he commenced to keep a record of the events of his life, in the form of a diary, and this he zealously carried on till almost the last moment of his life, the amount of his writing being remarkable for one who of necessity was at all times busy with many other things. His *Souvenirs* are simply gleanings from his records, and present but a mere modicum of the bulk of his literary labors.

In 1886 he began the publication of these "notes by the wayside," under the title of "*Souvenir*;" in 1890 he issued his second *Souvenir*, and in 1892 his "*Third*" and "*Twin*" *Souvenirs*, each combining family history with the biography of his own life, essays, treatises and other kindred subjects, all replete with apt allusions and gems of the loftiest thought.

In perusing Mr. Waid's book, the reader can not but be interested in his peculiar attention to detail; his incessant care to have truths recorded in intelligible simplicity; his modesty of expression, in every sentence disclosing his humanity and an unvarying consideration for his fellow creatures. He was not loth to court criticism, and never turned a deaf ear to the

counsels of friends. For rhetorical embellishment he cared little, and to any of the graces of what might be termed fine writing he made no pretensions; he thought more of the *matter* than of the *manner*, and yet his writings abound in the most salutary, practical lessons, applicable to men of every profession, and of every grade or condition of life. Of all the passions that agitate the human mind, there is, perhaps, no one more grateful in itself, or more useful to man, than sympathy; and in contemplating its benign influence, Mr. Waid perceived both the propriety and the excellency of the divine aphorism: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." His *Souvenirs*, which he published at a very considerable outlay, he distributed far and wide, "without money and without price."

Mr. Waid's death occurred about eight o'clock on the morning of February 20, 1892, while he was occupied in a kneeling position in preparing a package of his last *Souvenirs*, which he intended to convey to Meadville. He was confronted with the Grim Reaper at the old homestead of his father, Ira C. Waid, and in the very room in which his twin brother, Franklin P., had died nearly thirty-eight years before. No languishing or painful sickness prostrated him, but while he was yet busy in the beneficent work of his later life, Death summoned him without a moment's warning, and his soul fled from its earthly companion which now, in the beautiful Blooming Valley Cemetery, peacefully awaits the Resurrection Morn.

The memory of his dearly beloved wife, Eliza, the mother of his three sons, always remained with him, and materially influenced the bent of his later life, as is evidenced in his writings. She was dear to all, and especially so to him who with her shared equally the joys and sorrows of life for so many years. She was an extreme sufferer for a long time prior to her death, but fully believing God's precious promises, she endured her afflictions as "seeing Him who is invisible." When on July 4, 1888, she passed from things temporal to things eternal, on the most faithful and loving of

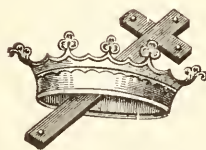
wives, the most devoted of mothers, a true Christian woman, kind-hearted, noble and amiable, fell the mantle of a blessed immortality.

The heart of Mr. Waid was highly sensitive to the religious impressions which were inculcated upon his mind from infancy by God-fearing parents, and in early life he became a follower of the lowly Nazarene. In later years he gave largely of his means for Christian and charitable purposes, and he will ever be remembered by those whom he aided in dark and desolate days. As a farmer he was successful, always closely adhering to the paths of industry and frugality. As a man he was quiet and unobtrusive, and few had more warm friends than he.

Francis C. Waid is not dead. The tenement of clay in which the real man lived has returned to dust, and his spirit has gone to its Giver, but his influence still remains. The good seed he sowed with so liberal a hand is yet developing, and has become a "harvest that grows the more with reaping." His Souvenirs remain, enduring monuments to his unceasing, unselfish, patient labors in the noble work of doing good.

Chicago, Ill., 1892.

G. A. B.





Family Record.

Marriages.

Marriages.

Births.

Births.

Deaths.

Deaths.

Memoranda.

Memoranda.

OCKER

OCT 18 1984

